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# North Hastings Review.

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JOHN R. DIX, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No. 358. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, March 6, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

## CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

Having been requested by a number of friends and acquaintances, in and around Madoc, to give a description of, and to inform them as to the resources and advantages of North Dakota, and thinking it might be of interest to your readers, we will, with your permission, endeavor to do so through the columns of your valuable paper.

North Dakota, consisting of that part of the territory lying between the 46th parallel and the Canadian boundary, is for the most part, prairie land of a rich and productive quality, especially in the valleys of the Red, Sheyenne, James, and the Missouri Rivers. Along the banks of these rivers and other smaller ones, grows most of the wood to be found in this part of the territory. We say it is productive, and to convince your readers that it is, we will give a few instances of its productiveness. On a farm of about three thousand acres near Valley City, in the Valley of The Sheyenne River, the average yield of wheat was twenty-three bushels per acre, oats on the same farm averaged fifty-five bushels per acre. On another small farm near Fargo in the Red River Valley, forty bushels of wheat to the acre was raised this season. Hundreds of other instances might be given where from twenty to thirty bushels to the acre was raised. Stock-raising is, in nearly every part of the territory, carried on successfully. Its adaptability for growing grain and raising stock, is well expressed in the following paragraph:

"Its resources are as rich and as varied as its area is vast, and within its borders lie the grandest grain fields in the world, while its millions on millions of acres of pasture land are unsurpassed beneath the sun."

The growth of north Dakota has been wonderful; little more than twelve years ago it was thought to be a "frigid alkali desert, uninhabited and unhabitable"; and only six or seven years ago, wild beasts and wilder men, roamed undisturbed over nearly all its broad plains and fertile valleys. In that brief period enterprising towns and cities like Fargo with its ten thousand inhabitants, Bismark, now the the Capitol of the territory, nearly as large, Jamestown, Valley City, Grand Forks, and many others that might be named, have sprung up from the wild prairie grass. Coal is found in abundance along the Missouri River and in other places, and in a short time coal mining will no doubt, become a leading industry in North Dakota.

The climate in the summer is all that could be desired, but in winter jack frost reigns supreme. Only last week we had such a blizzard that men in town going home from their places of business lost their way, and only after an hour, or more in some cases, accomplished a ten minute walk. On the prairie four persons, within a circle of fifteen miles, perished in the storm.

Although this is a good grain growing country, any body who has a good home in Ontario, and has not an abundance of the "wherewith" who contemplates selling out and coming to the North West, to any such we would say, think twice before you sell. The most likely to make money here is the young and steady farmer, going on the rich prairie farm and working it, his labor will most certainly meet its reward.

Lest our letter should be too lengthy we will close with the promise at some future time of giving further information about this booming territory.

Respectfully yours,
M. McKINNON.

Valley City, North Dakota, Feb. 26.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—Having been so long a citizen of Madoc, I feel fully alive to everything that will promote its interests and improve its business facilities. I have been approached by numbers of my fellow townsmen who feel that the Central Ontario Railway having no direct connection with our town will, in the near future, do Madoc great injury by carrying to another quarter many of the passengers and a great deal of the trade and freight traffic which in the past and now has been tributary to Madoc. Feeling quite satisfied in my own mind that the President and Directors of this railway had no motive in making any arrangements in respect to the working of this line except a purely commercial one, I wrote the President and afterwards had an interview with the directorate of the road on the whole subject, and was very much gratified on doing so, to find that they were disposed to do everything in their power to accommodate not only the people of Madoc but the residents of North Hastings. Of course I pointed out in the interview that took place very fully the desires of the citizens here, and also that I understood the people of the city of Belleville were greatly interested in the facilitating of intercommunication from the extreme north to the southern borders Hastings. That a great deal of business, commercially, had for years been the outcome of the enterprise of the Belleville merchants, that the County and Land business had to be transacted in Belleville, and that the educational institutions located in Belleville and Madoc to our northern residents is evident. In view of these facts I urged that everything should be done to meet the desires of those who were interested in having a proper harmony of working between the two roads—the B. & N. ... and Central Ontario.

In reply these gentleman said they were inclined to do all that lay in their power to bring about such arrangements as would be satisfactory to these interests, and to shew their good faith the President, Mr. Ritchie, addressed the following letter to myself, handed me a copy of one already mailed to Jno. Bell, Esq., Belleville, and another to A. F. Wood, M. P. P., on the subject. They are as follows:—

Toronto, Feb. 20, 1884.

John Bell, Esq.,
Att'y G. T. R'y.

DEAR SIR,—The Central Ontario R'y is desirous of making some arrangement with the Grand Trunk R'y for a connection with their line at Eldorado by which we can have communication with Belleville and Madoc. On our part we are willing to place these points upon as favorable terms for the traffic of the North Hastings district as any points upon our own line.

Yours truly,
S. J. RITCHIE, Pres.

Ottawa, Feb. 25, 1884.

Wm. Coe, Esq., Madoc.

DEAR SIR,—Your favor 23rd received. In reply to the complaints you speak of that Madoc and Belleville are to be shut out of the north country. I can but answer you by inclosing you a copy of a letter which I addressed to A. F. Wood, M. P. P., in reply to a similar complaint. I also inclose you copy of letter to John Bell, as Attorney for the G. T. R'y, which he assured me would be entirely satisfactory to them. So far from wishing to drive away any business, we are only too anxious to get it from any source that may present any just as soon as we are in shape to take it. Neither Belleville nor Madoc need have the slightest concern about lack of facilities for getting into North Hastings. Your neighbors need lose no sleep on this account and you can assure them of this.

Very truly yours,
S. J. RITCHIE.

Toronto, Feb. 20, 1884.

A. F. Wood, M. P. P.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to our verbal statements to-day. I have to say that the Central Ontario Railway is ready and very anxious to make any arrangements with the Grand Trunk Railway that will give Belleville and Madoc equal facilities for the traffic with the North Hastings district with those enjoyed by any point upon its own line.

Very truly yours,
S. J. RITCHIE.

You will perceive that this matter is now in a fair way of being arranged in some way that will be mutually advantageous to the different Railways as well as in accommodating the citizens of all parts of the county.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM COE.

Madoc, March 3, 1884.

—See our Remnant Tables.
J. DALE & SON.

## SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, Jr., Sec'y, Glanmire P.O.

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Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
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Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
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Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RAWSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389.
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MADOC LODGE, No. 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Weiss Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

JAMES WHITE, Secretary. G. A. ROLLINS, Noble Grand.

T. ROBERTS,
MADOC
BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

TEACHER WANTED.

TEACHER WANTED, male or female, for School Section No. 3, Township of Mayo. Address,
GEO. WALLBRIDGE,
Sec.-Treas., Hermon P.O.

TENDERS.

SEALED TENDERS will be received up to the 22rd of February, for the purchase of the old School Building on lot 6, 4th concession of Madoc, known as O'Hara's Schoolhouse. The Trustees do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any tender unless satisfactory.
D. ROSS, JR., Sec.
Madoc, Feb. 5, 1884. 3

MORTGAGE SALE

UNDER and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from H. Bateman to J. Bateman, bearing date of 6th September, 1882, which mortgage will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by
PUBLIC AUCTION,
—AT—
Curry's Hotel, Village of Madoc,
at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, on
Tuesday, the 4th day of March,
next, the following valuable property, namely:
Lot No. 4, on the north side of Division street, in the Village of Madoc, on which is erected a
Good and Substantial Frame Dwelling House.
Title perfect. Terms Cash.
For further particulars apply to the mortgagee's solicitors, Messrs. Gream & McDonald, Victoria Block, Madoc.
GREAM & McDONALD,
Mortgagee's Solicitors.
February 4th, 1884. 4

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted.
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc August 6th, 1879.

1883
NORTH HASTINGS
WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.
Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

GLEN LEWIS MILLS!
DOWNEY'S RAPIDS.

Are now in full operation, and all who have Grinding or Cracking to get done will find it to their interest to go to the above mills, as you get the flour from your own wheat. We do not keep your spring wheat and give you fall wheat flour instead, which is worth less money.
All who bring over 12 bushels of wheat will get it put through the Merchants Bolts, where you will get a superior article, as there are three reels to dress the Flour instead of one like the common Bolt.
Cracking Done Cheap for Cash.
NO DELAY.
Flour and Feed always on hand, cheap. First-class millers always in attendance. Please give me a call and be convinced.
M. G. EASTON.

Gray & McGregor,
GENERAL
GROCERS,
—AND—
LIQUOR
MERCHANTS,
Madoc. - Ont.

SIGN of the OX HEAD
MRS. E. LANGMAN
HAS removed to Mr. Joseph Caverly's Shop, nearly opposite his residence, on St Lawrence street, where will be found the
CHOICEST Cuts of Fresh MEATS.
Prize Package Tea,
(NO BLANKS.)
A full stock of Groceries and Provisions, Oranges, Candies, &c., always on hand.
Farm Produce taken in exchange.
MRS. E. LANGMAN.
Madoc, Feb. 19, 1884. 356 3m

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.
GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

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GREAM & McDONALD,
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JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!
LOAN at 6, 6½ and 7 per cent. Charges your mortgages. Straight loan, no commission.
J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. Office—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency
OFFICE—Second Door South from access Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 94

M. W. SINE, V. S.,
(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, Registered Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)
Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.
OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

G. W. WALKER, L. D. S.
DENTAL SURGEON.
OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.
IF you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week if possible before going, then you will be waited on as soon as the other is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.
Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 288

Mining Lands.
SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.
JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1882. 311.

NOTICE.
ALL persons having claims against the estate of the late Mrs. Stephen Fox, who died in or about the 20th of January, 1884, are hereby notified to send in their claims to the undersigned, with full particulars, on or before the 22nd day of February, 1884. Any person indebted to the estate is hereby notified to call and settle at once.
PETER WRIGHT.
Executor.
Jan'y 23rd, 1884. Eldorado P.O.

MONEY TO LOAN.
THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to
W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

GOLD MEDALS
Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1880, for
PEERLESS
AND OTHER
MACHINE OILS.
For Sale by all First-Class Dealers.
Every Barrel Guaranteed.
SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager,
20 Front St. East, Toronto.

# IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED.)

After dinner, when I was in the drawing-room with the ladies, some of them drew me on a sofa and pulled me about and petted me just as if I had been a child, and asked me a number of questions about my life at the Alders and "that handsome Mr. Rayner."

"And is it true that he is such a dreadfully wicked man, Miss Christie?" said one.

"Yes, it is; she is blushing," said another.

But I was not blushing at all; there was nothing to blush about. I said, laughing—

"No, he is not wicked. The village people think he is, because he plays the violin and goes to races. He is very kind."

"Oh, we don't doubt that, my dear!" said Mrs. Clowes, in a demure tone.

"You think I like him only just because he is kind to me," said I boldly. "But I shouldn't like him if he were wicked, however kind he might be."

"And Mrs. Rayner—is she kind and good too?"

"Oh, yes, she is just as kind!" said I.

This was not quite true; but I knew already enough of these people to be sure they would laugh if I said "No;" and it was not poor Mrs. Rayner's fault that she was not as nice as her husband. Presently Mrs. Cunningham took me to the other end of the room to look at a portrait of Lady Mills.

"It is no business of mine who gave you that pendant, my dear; but have you any more ornaments of the kind, and, if so, where do you keep them?" she said gravely.

"Oh, I have no more!" I answered, a little surprised at her manner. "And I keep this in an old case in the corner of my desk."

"Ah, I thought so, from the careless way in which you were going to slip it into your pocket when we caught you in the conservatory. Why, my dear child, I have a pet that I value very much—no finer than yours, though—diamonds and cat's-eyes—and I sleep with them under my pillow, and even my maid doesn't know where they are."

I showed my astonishment.

"Believe me, when you travel about on a series of visits, as I am doing now, and are obliged to entrust your dressing-case to a careless maid, it is no unnecessary precaution.

"But I shouldn't take so much trouble with my paste pendant," said I.

She shook her head at me, with a laugh, and said dryly—

"I should wish such paste be yours."

And then the gentlemen came in. One of them had brought from town that day a parcel of new waltzes, but the ladies all declined to play them until they had tried them over privately; and the gentlemen seemed so much disappointed that, having turned over the pages and seen that they were perfectly easy, I timidly offered offered my services. They were really pretty, and, after the difficult music I had had to read with Mr. Rayner, they were like child's play to me. When I had got to the end of the first, I received an ovation. The owner of the music was in ecstasies, and those who had begun to dance stopped and joined the rest in a chorus of admiration that made me quite ashamed of myself.

"Didn't you know that I am a governess?" said I to one gentlemen, laughing and blushing.

"Yes; but we thought you were only for show," said Mrs. Clowes.

And I played the rest of the waltzes, and thought how much nicer it was to play for these people than for those I had met at Mrs. Manners' tea-party. Then the gentleman they called Tom, whose name I had now found out to be Mr. Carrathers, led me away from the piano, saying that I was not to be made a victim all the evening for other people's amusement; and, telling a gentleman who was talking to me that he and I were going to have a serious conversation and were not to be disturbed, he took me to a deep window where there were seats, and gave me one, while he threw himself into another beside me.

"How beautifully you play!" said he, leaning over my chair and looking at me. "I never knew such a pretty girl as you take the trouble to learn anything properly before."

I had been so much spoilt that day by flattery that I only answered calmly—

"Why shouldn't pretty people learn things as well as ugly people, Mr. Carrathers?"

"Don't call me 'Mr. Carruthers'; nobody calls me 'Mr. Carruthers;'—at least, nobody nice. If you don't yet feel equal to 'Tom,' let the matter remain in abeyance for the present. Now, to continue from the point where I lost my temper, ugly people have to be accomplished and good and all sorts of things, to get a little of the attention that a pretty person can get without any trouble at all."

"Ah, but it is different if you have to earn your own living! If you are a governess, for instance, people don't care about what you look like, but about what you know."

He stroked his moustache meditatively, looked at me, and said—

"Of course; I forgot that. I suppose you have to know a lot to teach. I am sure you know more than any woman in this room."

"Oh, no, indeed I don't! They are all a great, great deal cleverer than I am. I couldn't talk as they do."

"Heaven forbid!" muttered he, as if to himself. "They know how to chaff—that's all. Did you ever meet any of them before to-day?"

"Never before to-day."

"I wonder if you know any of the people I know? Do you know the Temples of Crawley Hall?"

"No."

"Have you ever been further west than this—Staffordshire—Derbyshire?"

"No, never."

He was looking on the ground; he raised and fixed his eyes suddenly on my face as he said—

"Do you know the Dalstons?"

"No-o," said I, rather hesitatingly.

"Not Lord Dalston, with his different crests? You speak as if you were not sure."

"I am sure I don't know him," said I. "But I was trying to remember what I have heard about him, for I seem to know the name quite well."

In the most gravely persistent manner Mr. Carruthers went on probing my memory about Lord Dalston; but I could not even remember where I had heard the name mentioned before. He had to give it up at last; I believe however that he thought it was obstinacy that prevented my telling him.

When, at last, long past the hour when the household at the Alders retired to rest, we dispersed to our rooms, I made a mistake in my corridor, and found myself in one which led to the servant's wing; and I heard a man's voice that I knew saying persuasively—

"Don't be in such a hurry! She won't be up for half an hour yet, nor my man either. I never get a word with you now."

Suddenly it flashed upon me whose the voice was. It was the voice I had heard talking to Sarah in the plantation, the voice of Mr. Rayner's mysterious friend. And the person he was talking to, and with whom he proceeded to exchange a kiss, was Lady Mills' maid! It was a strange thing, but one about which I could no longer have a doubt. The respectful man-servant I had met before dinner in the corridor and the visitor who was shown into the study at the Alders as a gentlemen, and who was yet on familiar terms with Tom Parkes and Sarah, were one and the same person!

I was very sleepy and very much preoccupied with this curious discovery when I got to my room; but, before I went to bed, I put, as I thought, my beautiful but unfortunate pendant safely inside my desk, resolved not to wear it again.

CHAPTER XVII.

I got up next morning directly I was called, and was down stairs long before anybody else—but I was glad of that, for I wanted to explore the garden. It was a beautiful, warm, bright morning, and I rejoiced, for it would bring the people to Geldham Church for the harvest-thanksgiving. I went over the lawn, and down the alleys, and round and round the flower-beds, and peeped into the green-houses, and tried to see through the steaming glass of the hot-houses, which were locked, when, suddenly, turning round one of them, I came face to face with Tom Parkes in his Sunday clothes, with a key in one hand and a basket of eggs in the other. He was evidently disconcerted, and tried by turning to the door of the hot-hot to avoid me. But I accosted him at once.

"Tom—Tom Parkes, don't you know me—Miss Christie?" I said.

"Lor', yes, miss, to be sure, so it is! Who'd 'a' thought o' seeing you here?" said he, touching his hat with rather awkward surprise.

"Why, you must have known me, Tom! You looked as if you had seen a ghost?"

"Well, the truth is, miss, asking your pardon," said Tom sheepishly, "that I didn't want you to see me. You see, I've been took on here as extry under-gardener and help, and the head-gardener he don't like Londoners, and I don't want him to know as I'm a London chap. So, if you would be so good, miss, as not to mention as you've seen me before, I should take it kind."

"Very well, Tom, I won't betray you," I replied, laughing.

And he said, "Thank you, miss," and touched his hat again, and went off with his eggs. I was very much amused by this encounter and the important secret I had to keep. As if my mentioning that I had seen Tom at the Alders would necessarily entail the awful discovery that he was a Londoner!

By this time time I thought I had better go in and see if any of the other people had come down to breakfast: and I was saunt'ring along, when, as I got near the house, I heard two men's voices.

"Bells is getting jealous, Tom."

A grunt in the other voice.

"I say, ain't it rough on the little one?"

Then I heard Lady Milla's voice, and when I got to the door there were eight or ten people already assembled. But the two nearest the door, whom I had overheard, were a gentlemen named Cole and Mr. Carrathers. It was Mr. Carruthers who had grunted. Who was "Bells"? And who was "the little one?" And what did "rough on" mean?

The bells of Denham Church, which was close, had begun to ring before breakfast was over, and Lady Milla wanted to know who was going.

"I am going, for one," said Mrs. Clowes, and she looked across at Mr. Carruthers, who was helping himself to a great deal of marmalade.

"Do try to make up a respectable number," said Lady Milla. "You can do just what you like, you know, as soon as it is over; and people in the country think so much of it. We scandalise the neighborhood quite enough, as it is, by not going to bed at ten o'clock, and other wicked practices. And last week we were only three at church out of a party of seventeen."

"Are you going, Miss Christie? Yes, of course you are. I'll go, if you will find all the places for me," said Mr. Carruthers.

And when we got to church—we mustered eight altogether—he sat by me, and picked out from among the books the biggest church-service he could find, which he put in front of me when the collect was given out, whispering—

"That is for me, please."

At first I would not take any notice, for it was just like playing in church; but he began making such a disturbance, rustling the leaves of his book, looking over those of his neighbors, and dropping with a crash all those within reach of the ledge before him, that I was obliged to find it for him, and all the other places too during the service, just as if he had been a little boy. But I was very angry all the time, and when we came out I would not speak to him. He came however and walked by my side, while I talked to somebody else, and at last he said meekly—

"Have I offended you?"

"Yes," I said; "I think you are very irreverent."

"I didn't mean to be irreverent," he said, in a still meeker tone. "But it is so dull to sit in church and not be able to follow the service, and it looks so bad to be fumbling in one's book all the time and find the place only when the parson is a long way ahead. And you can always find it in a minute."

"You should go to church oftener, and then you could find the places as well as I," rejoined I severely.

"Yes, but I always have such a lot to do on Sunday mornings in town," said he mournfully—"pipes to smoke, and—and other things. But I'll try to go oftener; I dare say it will do me good."

"I don't believe going to church does people like you any good at all," remarked I gravely.

And Mr. Carruthers burst out laughing, and said it was very wrong of me to discourage him just when he wanted to try to be good.

At luncheon I sat between him and clever Mrs Clowes, who described the sermon in a way that made everybody laugh, and said a lot of amusing and sometimes unkind things, as she always did. Presently, in a rather low voice, she addressed Mr. Carruthers across me.

"Shall I pass the sherry; or is it true that you have taken to milk and water?" she asked meaningly.

"Quite true," said he. "And you can't think how nice it is—not half so insipid as you would expect, and a pleasant change after too many stimulants. Let me give you some grapes, Miss Christie."

And Mrs. Clowes turned away her head, as if there had been something that hurt her in his answer.

Most of the people spent Sunday afternoon just as if it had not been Sunday at all, except that nobody rode or drove. But some went on the river, and some played lawn-tennis, and some lounged about and read novels; and, others, of whom I was one, sat under the trees on the lawn and drank iced champagne, which is quite the nicest thing I ever tasted. I heard the mysterious man-servant give an order to Tom Parkes, calling him, "Here, you gardener, what's your name?" as if he had never seen him before, and I walked up and down Mr. Rayner's garden, and gone into Mr. Rayner's stable with him only two nights before. What a silly fellow Tom was with his little mystery! I pointed out the other man to Mr. Carruthers, and asked if he knew whose servant he was.

"He is mine, and the best I ever had. I've had him six months now, and of late I've given up thinking altogether; he does it for me so much better."

I began to wonder whether this mysterious man-servant was some poor relation of Mr. Rayner's, who had taken to this way of earning his living, but was ashamed of it, and who came privately to see his richer connections, to spare them the talk of the neighbors about what people like the Reades, for instance, would certainly consider a great disgrace. So I said nothing more about him to Mr. Carruthers, who was sitting near me, smoking, and teasing me to read a Sunday newspaper, which I did not think right. So at last he began reading it aloud to me, and then I got up and ran away with Mr. Cole to the fruit-garden, where he gathered plums for me; and we looked at the chickens, and watched the fish in the pond, and threw crumbs to them, which they would not take any notice of, until dinner-time.

Mr. Cole cut me some beautiful flowers to wear in the front of my frock, for I had resolved not to wear my pendant again; but my muslin gown did not look nearly so well without it, and I thought I would just take it out and see the effect of it at my throat close to the flowers, and then put it away again. But, when I unlocked my desk and opened the shabby case in which Mr. Rayner had given it to me, the pendant was gone. Nothing else had been disturbed; the sovereign my uncle had given me lay untouched in its little leather bag close by; the notes I had had from Laurence, tied up with pink ribbon, were just as I had left them. I searched my desk, my pockets, every corner of the room, though I knew it would be of no use. For I remembered quite well, sleepy as I had been the night before, that I had shut it up in the case carefully, turning it about for a few moments in my hand to watch it flashing in the candle-light.

It had been stolen—by whom I could not guess. I sat down after my fruitless search, trembling and too much frightened to cry. For there is something alarming in a mysterious loss like that, an uncomfortable sense of being at the mercy of some unknown power, apart from the certainty that one of the people about you is a thief. At first I thought I would go to Lady Mills and tell her privately all about it; but my courage failed me; for if my loss got known there would be an unpleasant scene for all the servants and a sense of discomfort in the entire household; besides, several of the servants in the house were those of the guests, and not under Lady Mills' authority. It was just as likely that my pendant had been taken by one of them; and everybody would be indignant at the idea of his or her servant being suspected of the theft. So I resolved to say nothing about it, but to bear my loss, which I felt more than I should have thought possible, in silence. After all, if I could never wear it without exciting more attention than I cared for, and surprising people by my possession of an ornament which they persisted in thinking extremely valuable, it was better that it should have disappeared. I began to think it had already had an unwholesome effect upon me, by my secret wish to wear it again.

So I went down-stairs to dinner with a piece of plain black velvet round my throat, told Mrs. Cunningham, who asked why I did not wear my pendant, that I had come to the conclusion that it was too handsome an ornament for a girl in my position, and heard Mr. Carruthers say that the same remark would apply to my eyes.

It was a fine night, not cold, though there was a slight breeze; and after dinner some of us went into the garden, and I among them, for I was afraid they would make me play the waltzes again, although it was Sunday. One of the gentlemen did say—

"Let us ask Miss Christie to play for us."

But the lady he spoke to replied, in a rather offended tone—

"We need not always trouble Miss Christie; and I am sure she would rather not be disturbed. I just tried the waltzes over this morning, and they are quite easy."

"Just tried 'em over?" muttered Mr. Cole, who was standing by me in the conservatory. "She was hard at it hammering at the piano all churchtime."

It was late in the evening when Mr. Carruthers, who had been in the billiard-room with some of the others, came out and sauntered, with a cigar in his mouth, up to the grape-house, where I was standing with Sir Jonas, who had taken a fancy to me and insisted on cutting me some grapes straight from the vine.

"Lady Mills wishes me to say that Miss Christie will get her death of cold if she comes out of the hot-house into the cold air with nothing round her shoulders," said Mr. Carruthers, when we were at the door.

"Bless me—so she will! Fetch her a shawl, Tom."

"I have anticipated the lady's wants; I always do," said Mr. Carruthers; and he wrapped round my head and shoulders a beautiful Indian shawl belonging to Lady Mills.

"Take her in quickly, Tom. I should never forgive myself if she caught cold," said kind old Sir Jonas anxiously, standing at the door of the grape-house with his knife still in his hand.

"Nor should I," muttered Mr. Carruthers. "Now run, Miss Christie."

I was not a bit cold, and told him so; but he said, "Never mind—won't do to run risks," and put his arm in mine, and made me run as fast as I could until we were round the corner of a wall, out of Sir Jonas' sight.

"And now," said he, "we'll run another way."

And he took me down a long path between apple and pear trees until we got to a side-gate that I had not seen before.

"I am going to take you for a walk," said he.

"But it is so late, and I am dressed so queerly."

"Never mind. You are not sleepy, are you?"—and he looked down into my face. "No, your eyes are quite bright and—wide awake. And nobody goes to bed here till they are sleepy, which is a very good plan. As for your dress, I think it is very becoming—very becoming—quite Oriental. And as it is soo late for anybody else to be about, and too dark for them to see you if they were, I am the only person you need consult."

So we went through the gate and by a narrow foot-path over the grass down to the river. We stopped when we got there, by the bath-house, and Mr. Carruthers said it would be a lovely night for a sail,

"Just down there to the broad," said he, "and along that path of moonlight, up to those trees and back again. Wouldn't it be jolly?"

"Yes, if it were not Sunday," I said timidly.

No other objections occurred to me. He looked down at me, as if hesitating about something, and then said—

"You are right. You see I respect your scruples, if I do not share them;" and he took out his watch. "It is just a quarter to twelve. By the time I have got the boat ready it will be Monday morning, and then there will be nothing against it."

He had one foot in the boat before I could do more than say—

"But, Mr. Carruthers, it is so late. What would Lady Mills say?"

"I'll make it all right with Lady Mills; and you are such a good little girl that nobody will think anything of what you do."

I did not understand this speech so well then as I did later; but it gave me a sense of uneasiness, which however was but momentary, for he talked and made me laugh until he had the boat ready, and we heard the big church-bell strike out twelve.

"Now, unless that clock is fast, our consciences are free. Give me your hand. Step carefully. There you are."

I was in the boat, smiling with pleasure, yet ready to cry out at every movement, for I had never been on the water before.

"There isn't much wind; but I think there is enough to bring us back, so I'll just scull down the stream to the broad. Take the lines—so—and pull whichever one I tell you."

I disengaged my hands from the shawl I was shrouded in, and, overwhelmed by a sense of my new responsibilities, did as I was told without a word. And, as there was not much steering required, I fell to thinking of Laurence. I had had to talk a great deal during the last two days; but whenever I was not talking my thoughts flew back at once to him, as they did now.

"You are not thinking of me," said Mr. Carruthers quietly.

I started, blushed, and pulled my wrong line at once.

"Never mind," said he meekly—"only it's ungrateful. He isn't half so much absorbed in you as I am."

"Absorbed in me! I was thinking of—Mrs. Manners."

"Happy Mrs. Manners to be able to call up such a smile of beautitude on the face of a beautiful girl!"

"Who did you think it was, Mr. Carruthers?"

"If I tell you, you will upset me, or command me to land you at once."

"No I won't. And you wouldn't pay any attention if I did."

"Let me come and sit by you, and I'll tell you. We can drift."

So he came and sat by my side, and directed our course by splashing in one of the sculls, first on one side and then on the other, as we went on talking.

"Why is it," he asked suddenly, "that a woman never cares for the man who loves her best?"

The question, which was quite new to me, startled me.

"Doesn't she—ever?" I asked anxiously.

"I—I am afraid not," said, in a very low voice, bending his face to mine with a sad look in his eyes that troubled me.

"But how is she to tell?" I asked tremulously.

"I think she can tell best by the look in his eyes when they are bent on her," he whispered, with a long steady gaze which disconcerted me.

I turned away my head.

"If," he went on, still in the same voice quite soft close to my ear, "she raises her lips to his and then tries to read in his eyes the emotion he feels for her——"

"But I did," said I quickly, turning to him with my heart beating fast at the remembrance of Laurence's first kiss.

Mr. Carruthers drew back, stroked his moustache, and looked at me in quite a different manner.

"You have not lived all your life in the country, Miss Christie, I think," said he drily

And I saw in a moment, by the change in his look and voice, what I had done. He had been making love to me, while I was thinking of nothing but Laurence. I put out my hand to his very gently, and said—

"Don't be offended with me, Mr. Carruthers. I dare say all you say is true; but I am so fond of him that I cannot help thinking he does love me best."

I said this just to comfort him, for I could not really have doubted Laurence for the world. He took my hand and kissed it, but not, I thought, as if he cared about it very much, and then he said we had better think about getting back; so he turned the boat round and put up the sail, and, the wind having freshened a little, we got back in a very short time, not talking much; but we were quite good friends again, for my mingled delight and fear amused Mr. Carruthers.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

### A Cold Day for the Geese.

Yesterday morning Hy Downs, the tunnel tender of the Virginia and Truckee railroad near Washoe Lake, went out about 5 o'clock to shoot geese. He soon discovered a flock on the ice in the lake, and crawled on his hands and knees on the ice, through the tules, to get a shot. Downs is a thorough sportsman, and never takes the advantage of a goose that is not on the wing. Coming within shooting distance he rose up and expected to see the birds fly, but they did not. Then he waved his hat, and a few of the geese flapped their wings, but did not budge an inch. He then walked up, and there, to his astonishment, found 128 birds frozen fast to the ice and helpless. It appeared they had surrounded an air hole for water the night before, and had been wading about in the overflow and slush until the cold wave came up toward evening, and before they knew it their feet had become fast in the ice. Some were dead, but the majority were living. Later in the day he went down with a cart and bagged the entire lot.

### A Splendid Speculation.

Mr. Dumley was making an evening call, and Bobby, who was allowed to sit up a little later than usual, put to him the following question:

"Mr. Dumley, do you want to make $5 in ten minutes?"

"Do I want to make $5 in ten minutes?" laughed the young man. "Certainly I do. But how can I make $5 in ten minutes, Bobby?"

"Mamma will give it to you. She told papa she would give $5 to see you hold your tongue for ten minutes."


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A P. 166.

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# FACTS FOR FARMERS.

## Tree Planting.

So small would be the money outlay, so inconsiderable the labor required, to insure for the next generation a wealth of timber land equal to that of which we have the benefit, and shade and shelter trees in even more adequate supply, that it is a great wonder to us, amid all the forcible facts brought forward against the rate at which forest destruction is going on, there has been no more general movement in favor of tree planting. In Germany and Austria, for upward of half a century, the number of trees planted has borne a good proportion to those annually cut down, and it is certain that this is the case now, year by year. In France, Italy and England, also, tree cultivation is now general. But here, with the characteristic improvidence which has come to be considered a marked feature of American character, we are destroying our great virgin forests with a rapidity never before equalled in any other country, and without taking any measures to insure their future growth.

## Treatment of Balky Horses.

Any one observing the inhuman treatment often bestowed upon balky horses, will indorse the following persuasive measure recommended by the Germantown *Telegraph*. To these remedies others may be added, but the ground is sufficiently covered by these hints to meet all ordinary cases of the sulks in horses:

As long as we can remember, this singular fit of obstinacy in the horse has been discussed, and all sorts of plans given for overcoming it. It must be remembered that what will prove a remedy for one horse will not for another. The original cause of it is, doubtless, neglect, and ill-treatment of the colt, or after it has been broken to harness. Sometimes stopping a few moments will be sufficient to start the animal again of its own accord. Kind words, patting, a handful of hay or grass, an apple, or a little black pepper put upon the tongue, will induce it to go ahead as if nothing had been the matter. Whipping, at all times, and especially in this case, is the worst resort. We have ourselves induced balky horses to quietly start by some of these means, and one was entirely cured of it by letting it stand until it went on again of its own will. Sometimes the mere turning of the head and letting the animal look in a different direction, or rubbing the nose, has answered; so has tying a string around the foreleg below the knee and drawing it rather tight. Various recipes of this kind should be adopted, but never force.

## Meat for Chickens.

We do not think that we can be mistaken in the belief that we should be far more successful in the raising of young chickens by giving them a great deal more animal food than we are in the practice of doing. Corn meal mush, boiled potatoes, and similar substances generally compose, as we all know, the principal food of young chickens; but we can see no reason why these young birds should be exceptions to the ordinary rule of young birds in general, which feed very largely, indeed chiefly, on animal food; even those which, when they are mature, live mostly on fruits and seeds, are fed when in their nests on worms, grubs, and insects. We notice the old birds all day long busily engaged in supplying their young with food, but always with animal food. In fact, it is very rare that we have seen anything else. Why, then, should chicks be an exception?

The recommendations, almost without exception, in our poultry publications are to give more animal food to our grown fowls if we expect them to give us more eggs, especially in winter, when they help themselves to none. That it is a great inducement to make them lay more generously, we have too many proofs to admit of any doubt. Besides, it is claimed that animal food has other advantages in the way of good health, etc. Why, then, let us ask again, should the young chickens not be benefited with at least a moderate supply of animal food? All chicken raisers know the great losses always suffered in the growth of them, and may it not be owing to a large extent to the witholding entirely of this strengthening food, which is of so much benefit to the matured bird? We, therefore, suggest to our farmers to change their method of feeding their young chickens by giving them a due proportion of animal food, chopped up in very small pieces, and then fling out, each one for himself, whether it is not a very decided benefit in raising to maturity an additional number of the chicks into strong, healthy fowls.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

## Modern and Ancient Rainfall.

In discussing recently the question whether we were in danger of a permanent and increasing reduction of our available water power, a question of most vital importance, we were forced to conclude that no such peril was imminent, and that the scarcity of water so troublesome for two or three years past in New England and the adjacent States was merely local, and would be but temporary. It is however well worth our while to look further. We may find reason to believe that changes are in progress, though moving too slowly to be detected within one or two generations. Our rain records cover but comparatively a very few years, but there are records to which we can refer, going back several thousand, and they tell a different story from that which our brief national history seems to show.

We do not refer in this to geological evidence, though that is by no means to be disregarded, for it is manifest that vast areas of the earth's surface were formerly covered with water which has passed away solely by evaporation. Changes in elevation have raised the continents and thus forced the ocean back into narrower limits, but these changes are of a different kind. Areas of enclosed water owe their contained extent to the relative amount of evaporation and precipitation, and nothing can be more certain than that, in some instances at least, such areas have been in steady progress of contraction since certainly the close of the Tertiary age, this steady contraction being perfectly consistent with fluctuations which might continue many years each.

Two illustrations only are sufficient. The basin of the Aral-Caspian (for the two are to be counted but as one) gives us one. Humboldt says: "The desiccation which is unquestionably going on in the basin of the Aral Sea . . . is in no way dependent on any violent revolution in the order of nature." Major Herbert Wood of the Royal Engineers says that "there is no doubt of the former vastly greater extension of the combined Aral-Caspian Seas, and extremely little as to their former connection with the Polar Ocean."

The other we find in our own continent. Every one travelling on the Central Pacific Railroad has had the opportunity to see for himself that the Great Salt Lake of Utah has formerly covered a vastly greater extent of surface than it does now. The terraces which its waters have left all along the flanks of the Wahsatch Mountains, at elevations of thirty to fifty feet and more above its present level, are as plainly to be traced, as any railroad embankment, a state of water which would flood a vast area.

But these manifestations we take only incidentally, for we know nothing of the amount of time involved in them. If we can find, however, that the same changes have been in progress within the time which we can measure by definite years, then these geological records become to us of immense importance, since they show a persistence of effects and causes that must certainly depend on natural laws, and may be expected therefore to continue in steady action new and for all time to come.

No matter what views we take of the origin of the human race, it is manifest to all that the oldest of all indications to which we can refer, written, monumental, or traditional, are mostly grouped around the eastern limits of the Mediterranean Sea, with the countries to the northeast beyond. We look in the dim light of extreme antiquity to the regions around the Euphrates and the Tigris. The Assyrian Empire is to us the embodiment of the very earliest days. Its power swayed all the Southwest of Asia, and it was because it had a thickly peopled domain. Dr. D. Fraas says: "The most fruitful land of antiquity was, as is well known, the region bordering on the Lower Euphrates and Tigris, and in particular that called in later times Mesopotamia. But as Richter says, the land of great canals is now desert and barren, without settlement, and a dried up wilderness—covered with a growth of the plants peculiar to a saline soil and all this 'where once was the garden of the world.'" Mr. Blanford, chief of the India Geological Survey, writes of Persia: "From the accounts given by ancient writers, it appears highly probable that the population was much greater and the cultivated land far more extensive 2,000 years ago than at present, and this may have been due to the country being more fertile, in consequence of the rain fall being greater."

Captain Burton says: "The once wealthy and commercial land of Midian has become a desolation among the nations; the area of some three thousand square miles, which thirty-one centuries ago could send into the field 135,000 swordsmen, is abandoned to a few hundreds—half peasants, half nomads." Once more, when the Israelites, in their exodus, came up on the east side of the Dead Sea, the whole plain of Bashan was swarmed with inhabitants. It was dotted over with walled towns, with intervals of but a very few miles in any case. The towns are there now, but where are the people? A few wandering Bedouins roam here and there, but the cities are "waste, without inhabitants." The land is in no way able to support the population, which three thousand three hundred years ago lived in prosperity. We may not deny that various causes have contributed to this decadence—moral, social, political, but the one which has been engaging our attention is of itself imperative. "Ichabod" has been written on the land, for its glory has departed with the rain.

And so we might go on; the same truth is shown everywhere over Asia and Europe and the north of Africa. But we will look at only one other single line of evidence, and that shall be among the ancient people of America. We will come nearer in space and probably nearer in time, though how much nearer we do not know. It is well known to all that in many parts of New Mexico and Arizona are found extended proofs of the former occupancy of that country by a people certainly distinct from the Indians of modern type. They have long since passed away; how long since we can only conjecture. But their houses remain—some of them single, some in villages and towns. Some are in the valleys, some on the mesas far above the valleys, while many are real cliff dwellings, recalling in their situations the homes of Edom.

The one point which at present interests us as to these ruins is this: no one now can live where they were built, simply from the *lack of water*. Dr. Bessels, speaking of those along the Hoven Weep, says: "There is no running water whatever during the greater part of the year." Mr. W. H. Jackson, describing those on the San Juan, states that "there is not a living stream throughout this whole region." Capt. Simpson, in his report to the Secretary of War, detailing those he saw along the Rio Chaco, says: "The country, as usual, on account doubtless, of constant drought, presented one wide expanse of barren waste." And yet over all that stretch of country was manifestly found long ago an abundant population.

It is evident, therefore, that then rain fell in much larger amount than now; and, inasmuch as there is nothing to indicate any sudden change, it is reasonable to infer that the change has been gradual, and hence that it may be still in progress.

One item of interest is worth mentioning as being a collateral proof of such a condition. Through all the region northward thence—New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, and Utah—the tree growth (which is very limited) gives one constantly the impression that it is about to come to an end. The nut pines, for instance, all look old; there is scarcely such a thing as a young tree to be seen. The bare, ragged branches seem as though they might have battled the storms for hundreds of years, but could scarcely do it much longer, and then when they were gone there would be *nothing* left.

All these facts apparently make one inference, and though any local droughts, even if protracted over several years, may be of small moment, yet the evidence comes strongly to us that a gradual desiccation of the earth's surface is in progress, and that this proceeds from causes not connected in any way with human agency, and of course not under human control.

## Arabi Pasha's Influence.

A correspondent of the London *Standard* writes that journal from Suakim: I have referred to the fact that the fellahs are not willing soldiers. I fear it must be accepted that their hearts are still with Arabi and the anti-foreigner movement of which he was the champion. Immediately after Arabi's trial there can be no doubt that in Egypt the British had earned some popularity. We had saved the nationalist leaders and hundreds of their followers from death and banishment. While the treatment promised to Arabi in Ceylon seemed generous in the extreme compared to that which the Khedive, if left to himself, would speedily have accorded, this popularity and sympathy of the nationalists seemed a hopeful sign for the success of the task we had undertaken in Egypt. But somehow we seem to have lost all that good will which the French said we had won through intrigue and gold more than by straight policy. We have estranged the Nationalists in some mysterious manner, and, on the other hand, have not made ourselves very popular with those who surround the Khedive. The other day I saw and conversed with Arabi in Ceylon. I found him much changed. Instead of the cheerful contentment which he manifested when he first landed in the island, he had grown morose and sulky. No attention is paid to him by the government officials of the colony. He is allowed to do as he likes and see whom he likes, and he sees few Englishmen compared with the number of foreigners who call upon him. From every Messageries steamer that puts in at Colombo, dozens of Frenchmen go to pay the exile a visit, even the saloon stewards being admitted, and with all these, of course, the theme of conversation is condolence with Arabi and his lot, and abuse of England and her selfish policy. And Arabi himself does not in any means talk in so friendly a manner now of England and her work in Egypt as he used to do after the trial. All this, perhaps, would matter little, were it not that Arabi is unrestricted in his correspondence, and he is consequently, I happen to know, in communication with his former friends in Egypt. He is well posted up in everything that is going on in that country; and it is a pity that his influence should be carelessly allowed to mitigate against us, when with a little good management it might easily have been turned the other way. One has only to talk to the Egyptian officers and soldiers here about Arabi to see that that influence even now counts for something. When I tell them that I saw their late leader only a short time ago, their faces brighten up as they eagerly ask for information concerning him.

## THE RED SUNSETS.

### No Correct Explanation of the Phenomena yet Given.

No recent phenomena has more puzzled astronomers than the remarkable appearance of the atmosphere as observed after sunset and before sunrise during the last five months. These brilliant glows have been seen in all parts of the habitable world. They were first noticed on the 28th of August, and they may still be seen, both morning and evening, when the atmosphere is favorable. It is well known, in fact, that on any clear day the matter by which the appearance is produced may be seen around the sun, extending to a distance of twenty or thirty degrees. The phenomena have been ascribed:

1. To watery vapor in the atmosphere.
2. To meteoric matter through which the earth has been supposed to be passing; and,
3. To the volcanic eruptions of Java and Alaska.

The first conjecture has been discovered by the spectroscope. The second may be said to be rendered extremely improbable by the long continuance of the glows. The earth crosses the meteoric streams of August and November in a few days at most, but the present phenomena have already lasted more than five months. The volcanic hypothesis is received with most favor, and we must either accept it or admit that the true explanation remains yet to be discovered. In the last number of *Sidereal Messenger*, I have briefly stated some objections to this theory, as follows:—"No similar results—at least to any great extent—had been known to follow volcanic eruptions. If the matter started from Java on the 26th of August, its rates of motion through the atmosphere till its appearance in Brazil was 100 miles an hour. Or, if we assume that the appearance in South America was derived from the Alaska outburst, we have the additional improbability that results of a character before unknown following volcanic eruptions in opposite hemispheres at nearly the same time. Again, what force could have maintained this volcanic matter at so great an elevation during a period of several months?"

In short, no explanation yet offered is free from serious difficulties.

## Preaching and Practice.

"See here, Mr. Blank, what are you going out to-night for?" asked Mrs. B. with a threatening look.

"Big political meeting to-night," explained Mr. B., apologetically.

"Political meeting, eh?" echoed Mrs. B. "You have been going to political meetings every night for five weeks, and if it had not been for me you would have worn your boots to bed every time."

"But just think how nice it would be if I should get nominated for something? Think of the loads of money I could rake in, and the nice furniture and new clothes and seal-skin sacques and—"

"That will do," interrupted Mrs. Blank; "I have heard that story before. You made a speech last night at a ward meeting, I see."

"Yes," responded Mr. B., with pardonable pride.

"And I see by the two or three lines notice of it in the newspaper that the burden of your remarks was 'the office should seek the man and not the man the office.' Now, you just take off that overcoat; and sit down, and if any office comes along and knocks I will let it in."

A Burlington mother has miraculously cured her young hopeful of smoking by the laying on of hands.

## LAUGHLETS.

A veteran was relating his exploits to a crowd of boys, and mentioned having been in five engagements. "That's nothing," broke in a little fellow, "My sister Sarah's been engaged eleven times."

Little Willie has been summarily corrected by his mother for repeated acts of naughtiness. The punishment being over, "Papa," he sobs, in tones of anguish, "how could you marry such an ill-tempered woman as mamma?"

"You see," said a lawyer, in summing up a case where one party had sued the other on a transaction on coal, "the coal should have gone to the buyer." "Not so," said the judge, "it should have gone to the cellar."

"There are various keys," said a young man to another, "such as sol-key, bul-key, and ris-key, but the only key to your heart is Su-key." "It may be so," replied the other, "but I defy anything to reach your heart but whis-key."

A rich old bachelor was dying. Several female cousins as old as himself came to nurse him, in hope of being remembered in his will. The first question usually asked in the morning by one of these cousins was, "Are ye ony waur?" A more kindly inquiry would have been, "Are ye ony better?"

"What do you think of my article on the political situation?" inquired Fenderson. "Everbody I have heard speak of it," replied Fogg, "praises it very highly." "Do they?" said Fenderson eagerly. "Whom have you heard speak of it?" "Nobody but yourself," said Fogg carelessly.

Sir Robert Peel told a story of a man who gave warning to his master that he must leave his place. "Well, John," said the master, "I am sorry you are going to leave me; what are your causes of discontent?" "Well," said John, "I don't wish to be unreasonable, but I want three things, sir; more wages, less work, and I should like to have the keys of the wine cellar."

An impatient Welshman called to his wife:—"Come! Come! Isn't breakfast ready? I've had nothing since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the third day!" This is equal to the call of the stirring housewife, who aroused her maid at four o'clock with—"Come, Mary get up! 'tis Monday morning; to-morrow is Tuesday; and next day's Wednesday—half the week gone, and nothing done yet!"

A gentleman who had been allured by the announcement of a quiet country hotel, came down the morning after his arrival and made complaint that his boots had been outside his door all night and until eight o'clock that morning, and nobody had touched them. The landlord, who, in his shirt sleeves, was tipped back in a chair and picking his tooth with a knife, beamingly remarked—"Law me, ye might have left yer purse out there all night, and nobody would have touched it. Honest critters down here. I tell ye."

They tell a capital story in the Temple of ex-Chief Baron Pollock, that one who wished him to resign waited on him, and hinted it, suggesting it for his own sake, entirely with a view to the prolongation of his own valued life, &c. The old man arose, and said, with his grim, dry gravity, "Will you dance with me?" The guest stood aghast as the Lord Chief Baron, who prided himself particularly upon his legs, began to caper about with a certain youthful vivacity. Seeing his visitor standing surprised, he capered up to him, and said, "Well, if you won't dance with me, will you box with me?" and with that he squared up to him, and half in jest half in earnest, fairly boxed him out of the room. The old Chief Baron had no more visitors anxiously inquiring after his health and suggesting his retirement.

## Be Somebody.

Robert J. Burdette, the facetious editor of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, has been lecturing to large audiences in different parts of the country, and in his amusing style he imparts to the rising generation some wholesome advice. The following is from one of his lectures:—

"Be somebody on your own account, my son, and don't try to get along on the reputation of your ancestors. Nobody knows and nobody cares who Adam's grandfather was, and there is not a man living who can tell the name of Brigham Young's mother-in-law." The lecturer urged upon his hearers the necessity of keeping up with the every day procession, and not pulling back in the harness. Hard work was never known to kill men; it was the fun that men had in the intervals that killed them. The fact was, most people had yet to learn what fun really was. A mad might go to Europe and spend a million dollars, and then recall the fact that he had had a great deal more fun at a picnic twenty years ago that cost him just 65 cents. The theory that the world owed every man a living was false. The world owed a man nothing. There was a living in the world for every man, however, provided that the man was willing to work for it. If he did not work for it, somebody else would earn it, and the lazy man would get left. There were greater opportunities for workers out West than in Eastern cities, but many who went out West to grow up with that country must do their own growing. There is no browsing allowed in the vigorous West. An energetic man may go out into the far West, and in two or three years possess himself of a bigger house, a bigger yard, a bigger barn, and a bigger mortgage than he could obtain by ten years' work in the East. All young men ought to marry, and no young man ought to envy old men or rich men. In conclusion, Mr. Burdette said that a man should do well whatever he was given to do, and not despise drudgery.

## Looking out for Lorne.

It is understood to be the wish of the Queen that the Marquis of Lorne should be called to the House of Lords by one of his father's minor titles, and that this will be done shortly after the opening of Parliament. It is said that Her Majesty's object in this is to prepare the way for the appointment of Lord Lorne either as Viceroy of India or as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In the one case the annual income is $500,000, and in the other $100,000.

## SNOWED UP.

### Four Days on a Rocky Mountain Train.

Charles Willis, a passenger on a train which was snowed under near Osier, was in Denver recently. In conversation with a reporter he detailed his experience. "We left Silverton last Sunday," he said. "A heavy snow storm was falling, but it wasn't very cold. When we got to Durango it commenced snowing hard. It seemed to fall in flakes as big as your hand. We had to plow through the stuff for several miles, and made headway like a ship against the wind. Above three miles from Osier we stopped, and there we remained for over three days. We made the best of it we could. The women were half scared to death, and one of them wanted to get out and walk. Her husband told her she could go if she wanted to, but after taking a survey she concluded to remain where she was. Lunch baskets were soon emptied, and a raid was made on the express car. There was little in it, but what there was was confiscated by Tuesday night. Some parties came to us from Osier on snow shoes, and were kept busy after that packing provisions until the road was cleared. We had to melt snow for water, and didn't go unwashed if we did go without a change of clothing. If our quarters had not been so narrow and confined, we would have had an excellent time, and tried to have one anyhow, if we did but partially succeed.

"At last, on Tuesday afternoon, we got an opening, but had a hard time of it until we passed Toltec gorge. I suppose there are several millions of tons of snow in that pass alone. When we reached Salt Lite it was comparatively easy traveling, and thence on we had no difficulty. I was glad when we reached Pueblo. It was like getting into Paradise after having been in the frozen circle so graphically described by Dante, but I think if Dante had ever been snowbound for four days he could have improved upon his description."

## An Electrical Exposition in Philadelphia.

Some time during the coming fall, Philadelphia will hold what it is hoped will be the most important exhibition of electrical machines and methods so far convened anywhere. Some very novel and startling events will mark this display of electrical power. It is proposed to place an electric light of 100,000 candle power in the bed of the Schuylkill River. This is to show how torpedoes and other warlike instruments can be detected before they do damage by exploding. The developments of electrical science as applied to daily necessities are simply marvelous. A vast industry has thus been created in the last few years involving tens of millions of dollars. It has so far been found impossible to procure trained experts to supply the demand for electrical machinery. In the classification adopted the different groups will consist of: First, apparatus for the production of electricity; second, electric conductors; third, measurements; fourth, applications of electricity, under which there are two subdivisions, apparatus of small power and those of large power; fifth, terrestrial physics sixth, historical apparatus, and seventh, educational and biographical. The section devoted to measurements is probably one of the most interesting to scientists and the least known to the public of any of the exhibits.

## A Wonderful Bell.

The temples at Kroto, Japan, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, are mainly of interest on account of their bell, which swings in a monster wooden belfry half way up the hillside, back of the buildings proper. This bell is a huge bronze cup with nearly perpendicular sides and a flat crown, and, like all other Japanese bells, is sounded by means of a huge beam kept in place by ropes, but, when occasion requires, brought against the rim of the bell with great force. It requires twelve coolies to manipulate this beam. Formerly it was only rung once a year, but now it may be heard two or three times every month. It is one of the greatest wonders in Japan. It is 18 feet high, 9 and a half inches thick, 9 feet in diameter, and weighs nearly 74 tons. It was cast in a monster mould in the year 1633. As the bell was cast with the rim up, the gold entering into its composition—computed to be 1,500 pounds—sunk to the crown. It has a magnificent tone, and when struck by the open palm the vibrations may be heard at a distance of one hundred yards.

## Leap Year Festivities.

The season of leap year parties is upon us, and the feelings with which these anomalous festivities are regarded by their votaries probably vary as widely as do their views of theology. There are those to whom there is always a certain savor of vulgarity about a leap year party, but those who are less fastidious the strongest sensation is that of strangeness and an emotion of topsy-turviness. The unfortunate damsels who are entrapped into acting as escort to one of these gatherings generally emerge from the trying ordeal with a new sense of the weighty nature of the masculine duties, and, as a rule, find one experience quite sufficient for four years. It is amusing, moreover, to note how few people have the imagination or observation necessary to change places socially with one of the opposite sex, and satisfactorily to act the part. What seems at first thought the easiest of undertakings, in reality requires no inconsiderable share of histrionic powers. It is usually safe for either lady or gentleman to set out for a leap year dance with the preliminary wager that before the evening is over both will have made half a dozen palpable and undeniable blunders in their respective roles, and such book-making will be found successful beyond all precedents in betting.

"Mike," said a priest to his servant, "if the Protestant minister calls to-day, remember I do not wish to see him; don't say I'm not at home, for that would be a lie, but give him an evasive answer." "Och, I will," said Mike. "Well, Mike," said the priest in the evening, "did the minister call?" "Faix, he did, your riverence." "What answer did you give him?" "I gave him an evasive answer, as your riverence towld me." "But what did you say to him?" "Why, your riverence, he asked me was ye at home, and I towld him, was his grandmother a donkey."

North Hastings Review

MADOC, MARCH 6, 1884.

## A BRITISH VICTORY.

### REBELS ROUTED BY GRAHAM'S LITTLE ARMY.

The latest news from the Soudan contains the gratifying intelligence that the British force sent against the rebellious tribes had achieved a signal victory in their first engagement, and the hitherto victorious march of the False Prophet is in a fair way of being stopped. The battle took place on Friday, and lasted a long time, the rebels finally retreating with the loss of 1100 men, while that of the British was comparatively trifling. The British numbered some 4,000 men, the rebel force being considerably greater. The rebels fought with fanatic heroism, and were only overcome by the hardest fighting. They lost all their guns and munitions at the Trinkitat camp, including 375 tents and many camals. The British were commanded by Major-General Graham.

## THE WARDENSHIP.

The legal contest over the Wardenship of the county opened in Belleville on Tuesday, before the County Judge. Mr. G. D. Dickson, Q.C., appeared for the petitioner, Mr. S. T. Wilmot, and Mr. S. B. Burdett represented the respondent.

Some preliminary objections were made by Mr. Burdett, but were overruled by the Judge. An adjournment was made to Monday next, when a day will be named for the arguing of the case.

In the event of Dr. Faulkner being unseated we presume a special meeting will be at once called for the election of a Warden. Mr. Wilmot will hardly be in position to claim the seat.

## Village Council.

The Village council met in the Town Hall on Monday evening. All the members present.

The minutes of last meeting read and confirmed.

On motion of Messrs. Kirk and Aylsworth, the account of Chas. Fox, $3.00, for work on porch in front of Sinclair's was ordered to be paid.

The following accounts were also on motion ordered to be paid: W. Gray, $3.00, for services as special police, the Alert Fire Co'y, $12.05, for work on engine and other necessaries, Jos. Stoneburgh, $1.50, as special police on 21st,

On motion of Messrs. Kirk and Maybee, the accounts of S. Wellington and S. Curry, were laid over.

The Collector reported $22.73 of uncollected taxes.

The following taxes were remitted:—Mrs. Hulin, $2.75; W. Embury, $4.60; Mrs. Stephens, $8.05.

On motion of Messrs. Aylsworth and Kirk, the Reeve was instructed to purchase 200 feet more hose, two rubber suits, a hook and clamp for the fire co'y for the use of the corporation.

A By-law appointing poundkeeper for the village was passed—Robt. Riordan to act in that capacity.

It was moved by Messrs. Aylsworth and Maybee, that the thanks of the Council be tendered through the Clerk to Alert Fire Co'y for the ability and energy displayed at the late fire.—Carried.

Mr. B. C. Sills sent in his resignation as Chief of Police for the village, which was accepted. He still retains the position of County Constable.

John Huff was, on motion of Messrs. Aylsworth and Kerr, appointed Chief of Police for one month on trial, in the place of Chief Sills, resigned.

Council adjourned to first Monday in April.

---

Chicago divorce courts are doing a rushing business. There were no less than twenty-nine cases set down for hearing in one court alone on Saturday.

The widows of five of the men killed in the recent fire-damp explosion at the Loisenring coal mine have entered actions against the company for damages for the loss of their husbands of $15,000 each.

Call and see the novelties in Lamps and Lamp Shades, at G. A. Rollins.

Fifteen thousand dollars in money was found secreted in out-of-the-way places in the dwelling of an eccentric old lady who died recently at Essex Centre.

The sea serpent hos once more made its appearance, this time near Staten Island, where it struck a boat with two men in it and crushed an oar with its teeth.

Another discovery of dynamite has been made in London, a valice of American manufacture containing the explosive and an American clock having been found in the cloak room at Ludgate hill station. One of the valices recently seized has been traced by the police to Southampton, at which place it was deposited in the depot by two passengers from New York. Overwhelming proof has been secured of the complicity of American Fenians in the plots for the destruction of life and property, and a general surprise is expressed at the inaction of the United States Government. New Jersey Fenians avow that the recent explosions were aimed against the Prince of Wales and hint at possible danger to the Queen should she make her intended visit to the continent this spring,

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter' Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all Druggists.

Holloway's Pills.—Nervousness and want of energy.—When the first nerves feel unstrung, and listlessness supplants energy, it is the right time to take some alterative as Holloway's Pills to prevent disorder running into disease. These excellent Pills correct all irregularities and weaknesses. They act so kindly, yet so energetically on the functions of digestion and assimilation, that the whole body is revived, the blood is rendered richer and purer, the muscles become firmer and stronger, and the nervous and absorbent systems are invigorated. These pills are suitable for all classes and ages. They have a most marvelous effect on persons who are out of condition; they soon rectify whatever is in fault, restore strength to the body and confidence to the mind.

*NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.*

## FOUND.

ON the night of the Madoc races, at the stables of the Madoc House, in this village, some person left a Robe. Owner must prove property and pay for this advt.

S. CURRY.

Madoc, Mar. 1st. 358

## Notice to Creditors,

—OF—

## MURDOCH McLEAN, MADOC.

NOTICE is hereby given that the said Murdoch McLean has made an assignment of his Estate and Effects to Edward R. C. Clarkson, of the city of Toronto, Accountant, *in trust* for the benefit of all his Creditors, and that persons having claims against him are required to send in their names, residences, and particulars of their claims, and the nature of security (if any) held by them, by letter, prepaid addressed to the undersigned, on or before the FIRST day of APRIL, 1884. And notice is hereby given that after that date the said Trustee will proceed to distribute the assets of the said Murdoch McLean among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which NOTICE shall have been given, and that he will not be liable for the assets, or any part thereof, so distributed to any person or persons of whose debt or claim he shall not then have had notice.

E. R. C. CLARKSON,
Trustee,
26 Wellington Street, E.
Feb. 2nd, 1884. Toronto.

## NEW ADVERTISEM'NT

## Next Week.

D. W. WRIGHT.

## ESTRAY.

CAME on the premises of the undersigned, lot 3, 14th con. Rawdon, sometime last fall, a yearling heifer. The owner to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

S. C. HOOVER.

Rawdon, Feb. 8, 1884. 355-3w

### AN EDITOR'S TRIBUTE.

Theron P. Keator, Editor of Ft. Wayne, Ind., "Gazette", writes:" For the past five years have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for coughs of most severe character, as well as for those of a milder type. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends to whom I have recommended speaks of it in same high terms. Having been cured by it of every cough I have had for five years, I consider it the only reliable and sure for Coughs, Colds, etc." For sale by all Druggists. Trial Bottle FREE. Large Size $1 00.

WALLBRIDGE & MARSELL
(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,

BARRISTERS, &c. Office—McAnnany Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.

Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Large loans preferred. Charges Moderate.

FRAN'S S. WALLBRIDGE—FRANCIS MARSELL.

## Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McGillicuddy stand, Tuanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased as a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

## LIQUOR LICENSE ACT, 1883

THE annual meeting of the Board of License Commissioners for Hastings District, under the above Act, will be held at the Court House in the City of Belleville, in said District, on WEDNESDAY, the 26th day of MARCH next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of hearing and determining all applications for License under the the above Act, at which meeting all applicants for License shall personally attend. Any petition against the granting of a license must be lodged with me not less than four clear days before said meeting. All applications for wholesale license and vessel license must be filed with me five days before above mentioned date, accompanied by the usual deposit fee.

Dated at Belleville, 23rd day of February, A. D. 1884.

ROBERT GORDON,
357 Chief Inspector, Hastings District.

—IN THE—

## HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

(CHANCERY DIVISION.)

## IN RE. CAMERON.

## *O'Flynn vs. Cameron.*

PURSUANT to Decree or Order of this Court, bearing date the 13th day of October, A. D. 1883, the following valuable mining and farming properties will with the approbation of Samuel Shaw Lazier, Esq., Master of this Court at Belleville, be sold by public auction in the

## Village of Madoc,

—ON—

## TUESDAY, 25TH OF MARCH,

A. D. 1884.

at the hour of ONE o'clock in the afternoon, being the individual halves of Lots Nos. 55, 56 and 57, on the west side of the Hastings Road, in the Township of Tudor, in the County of Hastings. The property is principally valuable for its mineral deposits, and is supposed to contain valuable gold and iron mines.

The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid fixed by the Master.

TERMS OF SALE:—The purchaser shall pay down at the time of Sale a deposit in the proportion of $10 on every $100 of his purchase money, and the balance within one month thereafter.

In other respects the conditions of sale shall be the standing conditions of sale of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice.

For further particulars apply at the Law office of S. B. Burdett, Esq., Belleville, and Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., Madoc.

Dated this 25th February, 1884.

S. S. LAZIER,
Local Master.
S. B. BURDETT,
Plaintiffs Solicitor. 357-4w

## Servant Girl Wanted.

WANTED immediately, a good general servant. Apply to

MRS. W. H. HASTINGS,
356 Madoc.

## LOST.

THE night of the fire, from Moon's Hotel a large sized black leather valise, heavy mountings. The valise was saved from the fire, but lost after being carried to the street. Any person returning the same to Mrs. Moon will be suitably rewarded. 356

## THOMAS HANLEY,

ARCHITECT & BUILDER,

BELLEVILLE, - ONTARIO.

PLANS, Specifications, Details, and Estimates prepared for all kinds of Buildings. Contracts taken at reasonable rates.

OFFICE—At Pringle's Factory 356-3m

## Teacher Wanted.

TEACHER WANTED—Male or female, for School Section No. 9, Township of Madoc. Must hold a Third Class Certificate. Salary at the rate of $300 per year will be paid. Address—

HUGH KETCHESON.
Sec'y School Board.
Madoc, Feb. 19, '84. 356-2

# Great Bargains

## AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

—o—

## $10,000 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market!

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the

## NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.

Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut **away down.**

Boots and Shoes *MUST BE RUN OFF* inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.

# FIRE, FIRE, FIRE

I have a very large assortment of Furniture, some of which was damaged in removal at the late fire, which I purpose selling cheap for cash.

*Call Early and Secure a Bargain.*

I have one $80 Raw Silk Parlor Suite, slightly damaged, which I will sell very cheap.

Also a full line of Couches, Parlor, Diningroom and Bedroom Furniture, &c., &c.

## PICTURES FRAMED

in all styles of Moulding, very cheap.

**N. M. MAYBEE.**
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

**Established - in 1862.**

—GO TO—

## WHITE'S AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

**MADOC, - ONT.**

## *PLOUGHS— Ploughs— PLOUGHS.*

WE ARE MANUFACTURING

## STEEL AND IRON PLOUGHS

OF A SUPERIOR GRADE,

**Farmers will consult their own interest by purchasing from us as we keep on hand repairs, thereby doing away with delays.**

## TO LUMBERMEN.

**We are now prepared to GUM Saws.**

**JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.**

**1858. —ESTABLISHED— 1858.**

—o—

# WRIGHT'S

## GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,
CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

**A quantity of Goods damaged by the late fi will be sold cheap. Call and see them.**

JANE WRIGHT.

## Latest Local News.

—The G. T. Railway was completely blocked upwith snow Friday.

—No trans on this end of the Midland from Thursday to Monday.

—Cross & Mouncey's new building is being rushed ahead as fast as possible.

—Belleville graduates and undergraduates of Albert University oppose Provincial aid to Toronto University.

—The exposure of Mr. R. M. Roy's spiritualist tricks, which was to have taken place on last Friday, was postponed.

—We understand Miss Lottie Elliott late head milliner in Mr. McLean's store, purposes returning to start a millinery and fancy store.

—The fast train going west on the G. T. R. last Friday morning ran off the track near Iroquois. Several persons were injured.

—On account of the disagreeable weather and water rising in the river the search for the body of Mrs Moynes has been discontinued.

—Messrs. Coleman, residing near this village, were compelled to kill their old black mare the other day. She was 32 years of age.

—Patrick Bohan, near Queensboro, will sell his farm stock, implements, household furniture, &c., by public auction on Friday, March 14th.

**An Action for Damages.**

Mrs. White, widow of the late James White, Woodstock, who was killed in the recent Humber disaster, has entered an action against the G. T. R. Co., and claims $16,000 damages.

**Licenses.**

The Town Council of Peterboro', at a late meeting, passed a by-law providing for the separation of the sale of liquors and groceries, to take effect April 30th, 1885. Only one of the twelve councillors present voted against the third reading. Twenty dollars each were added to shop and tavern licenses, making these respectively $180 and $200.

**New Bill.**

The bill introduced into the Ontario Legislature by Hon. A. M. Ross, respecting noxious weeds, extends the operation of the act respecting thistles. Municipal councils may, without petition, appoint an inspector to secure the destruction of weeds, and must do so if fifty landholders petition that such appointments be made. The inspector's duty shall be to have thistles cut when they are not destroyed after due notice is given, and the cost is to be assessed against the owner of the land.

**Rather Tough.**

A Grimsby father advertises his son and heir as follows: "$100 Reward.—I will thankfully pay $100 (and law costs if any should accrue) to any two or men finding my son Charles in any tavern or billiard room in Grimsby (he not having been forcibly taken there), who will smear him all over with rotten eggs and tar and feathers, and then gently ride him through the village. Hoping it may prove a blessing to him and his family, I remain his affectionate father, W. W. Kitchen, Grimsby, Ont., Feb. 22, 1884."

**What Sort of Boy we Want.**

We want the same kind of a boy as the Lindsay *Post*— a well-rested youth described as follows:—"Wanted, at the *Post* printing office, an intelligent, active boy to learn the printing trade. To a lad who wants to learn a good trade at which he can work winter and summer and make full time and be free from the expense of keeping a kit of tools, as in other trades, this is a fair opportunity. But remember, boys, the the boy who is tired of going to school and thinks he needs a change is not wanted. The boy whose parents wants to "get him in somewhare where he'll be out of mischief and off the streets" is not the boy we need. Nor the boy who" wants a job till spring opens up." Nor the boy who thinks he'll have a good chance to see the shows on comp. tickets—for he'll get mighty few of them. Nor the boy "who'd as leaf try it as anythiig else." Those are not wanted. But a boy who is old enough to see and active enough to do something towards earning his support and picking up a trade for the future can come right along if he's the stuff. If he isn't — well, there are openings always coming up in the fish business."

**School Statistics.**

No fewer than 430 Ontario public school teachers retired from the profession in 1883. During the same period 578 third-class certificates were extended by the Minister of education and 279 temporary certificates authorized. 17 teachers in Wentworth Co. had their certificates extended. 830 third-class certificates were granted, 308 second-class, and 30 first-class. Of the latter 28 were granted to males and 2 females.

**Recent Burglary**

The Ameliasburg post office was broken into by burglars last week. They gained an entrance by breaking in the back door. The letters were all torn open and what money was in the till was taken, besides filling the mail bag with a lot of boots, cashmere cloth, tobacco, and other goods and making off with them. The burglars also stole a horse, harness and cutter from the barn of Mr. C. Delong and drove off. The rig was afterwards found at Redners ville.

**Dr. Wild's Visit to Madoc.**

A rare treat is in store for those who hear the lecture to be delivered in the Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening next, 12th inst., by the great prophet-preacher of Toronto, Dr. Wild, on the subject of "The Prophet Jeremiah's visit to Old Ireland." Dr. Wild is considered to be a somewhat eccentric character, but his great ability, combined with the former trait, has marked him as one of the foremost pulpit and platform orators on the continent. He is a thorough master of Biblical knowledge, and his remarkable prophecies from events mentioned in the Bible have gained for him a great reputation as a prophet himself. He is particularly sincere in his manner of proving that the British people are the direct descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel, and the above lecture, we believe, bears particularly to this conclusion. As an evidence of the correctness of his views we may say that Dr. Wild predicted some years ago the late Egyptian war, also the British victory and the taking possession of that country by England. We would advise all who would desire to hear something new to hear what the Dr. has to say about the prophet Jeremiah's visit to old Ireland. Tickets 25 and 35 cents.

**Model School.**

Report of the 4th division Madoc Model School for the fortnight ending Friday, Feb. 22 :—

There are at present 30 pupils in the fifth class. The number of marks obtainable was 500. The names of pupils who obtained a place on the honor roll in order of merit are Minnie Geary 443 Jennie Wright 433, Ida White 428, Maggie Breakell 424, Hattie Burnside 382, Alice Robertson 376, Jennie Sinclair 363, Beatrice Cross 356, May Jenkins 355, Bertha Harris 349, Lizzie Brown 348, Sarah Broad 329, G. A. Love 302, Alice Ross 289, Martha Whytock 272, Annie Doyle 269, Willie Moore 254, Fred Davis 251.

There are at present 25 pupils in the 4th class. The total number of marks obtainable was 500. The names of the pupils who gained a place on the honor roll are Gussie Grier 492, Jennie Dafoe 482, Maria Whytock 480, Maud Guffin 455, Annie Miller 427, Libbie Thompson 412, Alice Sinclair 412, Annie McCay 394, Jennie Francis 377, Blanche Francis 345, Dennis Gillen 340, Chas. Curry 325, Alex. Robertson 323, Chas. Morrison 302, Jas. Harper 297, Willie Morrison 291, Melita Smith 274, D. E. Ketcheson 261.

To gain a place on the honor roll a pupil must obtain half of the whole number of marks obtainable.

☞Mrs. Wright has received a large stock of flower pots. All sizes. Call and see them.

**Died.**

ARMSTRONG.— At Millbridge, on the 2nd inst., Alice Blanche, infant daughter of John and Alice Armstrong.

WOOD.—In the township of Huntingdon, on Thursday, 28th ult., Mrs. John Wood, Aged 64 years and 6 months.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of the Queen City Oil Company in another column.

**Many Thanks**

At the meeting of the fire company last night it was resolved that the sincere thanks of the company be and is hereby tendered Mrs. Wright for the handsome manner in which she entertained them on the 26th ult.; also to Messrs. Gray & McGregor, for a handsome sum of money presented the company on Tuesday last, as tokens of their warm appreciation of the services of the company on the night of the 4th ult. The company fully appreciate the kindness and liberality of these parties, and thank them most heartily.

☞ Fifty cents per hundred for Rags, at G. A. Rollins.

**Advice to Mothers.**

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle.

VERY REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes:—"My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is able now to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed for them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only 50 cents a bottle at all Drug Stores.

## Notice of Opening Road.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Municipal Council of the Township of Madoc will at its next regular meeting pass a by-law establishing a new road in the said Township of Madoc, as follows:—commencing on the 10th concession between lots 28 and 29 and running east on the line between said lots for about 30 rods, then diagonally across lot 28 in the 11th concession until it intersects the town line between Madoc and Elzevir. All persons interested are requested to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.
Madoc, Feb. 11, 1884. 355-4

## Tenders Wanted.

TENDERS are invited until the 15th day of April next for the purchase of Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. No tender necessarily accepted. Offers strictly confidential. For further particulars apply to W. M. SPURR,
Feb. 7, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

AS OUR LANDLORD

Is pushing us out to make alterations (he says), we announce

AUCTION SALES

of the whole of our

NEW FURNITURE

One first-class Bed-room set, Sideboards, a variety of Bedsteads, Bureaux, enclosed wash stands, rocking and other chairs, first-class what-nots, superior hardwood extension table, large bar-room, show-room and other looking glasses, a great variety of pictures such as large oil paintings in frames, among which will be found a set of four in oil, of old England stage coaching, (very rare pictures), a quantity of extra mattresses, etc. This is a chance for cheap goods that may never occur again. Cash on delivery. Sales positive on Saturdays 16th and 23rd, and on Monday 25th to Friday 29th February, in Madoc village,

at M. SCOTT'S,

THOS. SCOTT, Auctioneer.

P. S.—Will sell by private sale at less than manufacturers prices until all is sold.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLET BOOK CO., Portland, Maine, U. S. A.

**Madoc Markets.**

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Flour, per bbl | | $5 20 | to | $5 50 |
| Wheat, per bushel | | 1 02 | to | 1 07 |
| Rye, | " | 0 50 | to | 0 00 |
| Oats, | " | 0 35 | to | 0 00 |
| Barley, | " | 0 50 | to | 0 57 |
| Peas, | " | 0 65 | to | 0 00 |
| Potatoes, per bag | | 0 75 | to | 0 80 |
| Eggs, per doz | | 0 20 | to | 0 00 |
| Butter, per lb | | 0 20 | to | 0 00 |
| Wool, per lb | | 0 00 | to | 0 20 |
| Hides, per cwt | | 5 00 | to | 7 00 |
| Hogs | " | 5 00 | to | 5 50 |

**Belleville Markets.**

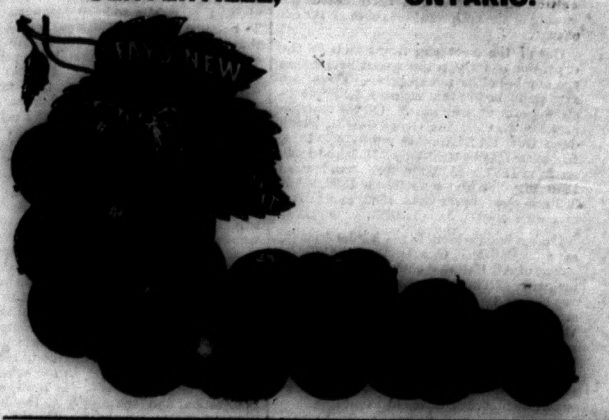
| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat, per bushel | | $0 80 | to | $1 05 |
| Barley, | " | 0 65 | to | 0 00 |
| Rye, | " | 0 55 | to | 0 00 |
| Oats, | " | 0 35 | to | 0 00 |
| Peas, | " | 0 70 | to | 0 75 |
| Potatoes, | " | 0 00 | to | 0 00 |
| Potatoes, per bag | | 0 65 | to | 0 75 |
| Butter, per lb | | 0 20 | to | 0 25 |
| Eggs, per doz | | 0 20 | to | 0 25 |
| Flour, per bbl | | 5 00 | to | 5 50 |
| Sheepskins, | | 0 70 | to | 0 00 |
| Hides, per cwt | | 5 00 | to | 7 00 |
| Wool, per lb | | 0 18 | to | 0 00 |

W. C. REID,

—DEALER IN—

Fruit and Ornamental Trees,

CENTERVILLE, - ONTARIO.



CHAMBERS & WHITE!

THE | BIG | TEA | POT | SIGN.

(Successors to J. A. Chambers.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - MADOC, ONT.,

where will be found a choice stock of fine

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY.
GLASSWARE, &C.,

—ALSO—

FANCY CHINA WARE, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Fine goods always a specialty with us.

James White. J. A. Chambers.

1858.—ESTABLISHED—1858.

—G. D. RAWE—

Takes this opportunity to notify his numerous friends and customers, that his stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods is now complete, and has been selected with great care from the Best Houses in the Dominion.

His stock of Albums is the largest, cheapest and most varied in design that was ever (in Madoc) presented to those requiring such articles.

He would also call especial attention to the other portion of his stock, intended specially for Xmas and New Year Gifts, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, young men and misses.

One glance at the stock will prove that it is all new and offered at remarkably low prices.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, December 5th, 1883.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. - Please Give me a Call.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

## FOREIGN ECHOES.

An indignant writer in a German paper calls attention to the fact that a town in which two thousand workmen were employed in the manufacture of harmonicas now sees them idle, as the American demand for these instruments having ceased, the factory is closed. The writer assigns as a cause the cessation of the pork trade, the cutting off of which has necessitated the closing of the reciprocal branches of the exchange.

One of the most significant facts in the expansion of Italy is the recent increase in the number of its newspapers. There are now published in that country 1,378 journals and other periodicals. Of the newspapers the oldest is the Genoa *Gazette*, which dates from 1797. Another saw light in 1814, five came into being between 1820 and 1830, six from 1830 to 1850, nineteen from 1840 to 1850, fifty-two between 1850 and 1860, while 333 new ones appeared in 1882, and thirty-four were started Jan. 1, 1883.

Horses have seldom found kinder friends, says the Pall Mall *Gazette*, than the late organist of All Hallows' church, Barking, and his wife. The organist left a bequest amounting to more than £100 a year for strewing gravel in slippery weather along the steep inclines of Tower Hill, Nightingale lane, and the Minories. On his death his widow supervised the operations in person every morning. The work is still carried on, but the horses miss the energy and superintendence of their old friends.

A party of Persian pilgrims once started for Mecca. They were, however, forbidden to leave the steamer on which they took passage, it being reported that cholera prevailed in Persia. They were carried unwillingly from port to port, and finally deposited almost friendless in London. There fortune favored them, and, after seeing the sights and making money, two married an actress and settled in Bayswater, two others went to Paris, and the rest returned home with much worldly wisdom, though a lessened interest in the prophet.

The London correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal* says: I learn on good authority, that the will of Mrs. Stapleton Bethertton, who recently bequeathed a sum of £600,000 to the pope, is likely to become the subject of litigation. Some of the relatives have already taken the initial step toward contesting the validity of the instrument, on the ground of want of testamentary capacity. The legality of the bequest will be further disputed as being made to an alien, but this does not appear to afford a very strong ground of objection, if, indeed, it is admissible at all.

The Roman correspondent of the London *Morning Post* telegraphs: A letter from Nice states that last week a rich foreign gentleman shot himself at the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo, after having lost a considerable sum the previous night. A merchant shot himself on Friday evening at 10 o'clock at the Place des Phoceens. On the same day the dead body of a man had been found hanging behind the Hotel de Londres. On Thursday night a gentleman who had won 7,000 francs at roulette was murdered when returning home. The authorities of Monte Carlo have, as usual, hushed up the affair and pretend to know nothing.

As a new part in the equipment of a Russian soldier, the St. Petersburg *Gazette* describes a military handkerchief, designed by a Russian officer, and manufactured in a large factory at St. Petersburg. The cotton handkerchief has a border representing the most lively battle scenes, with full descriptions of each picture, while from the middle the soldier may take a lesson in the mechanism of all kinds of rifles and guns, of which clear and accurate drawings and minute explanations are given. It is said that these handkerchiefs are becoming very popular among the soldiers, which is not astonishing, if the eager desire of the Russian for information of all kinds of machinery is considered. This information has, however, to be imparted to their childlike nature in the simplest possible form, and therefore the idea of imparting it by pocket-handkerchiefs, absurd as it may appear, is not ill adapted to the requirements of those for whom it was intended.

Statistics are being collected in France for the purpose of forming an estimate as to whether the total number of the inhabitants in the country will be greater or less than it is now at the close of the century. Thus far the figures tend to show that there is likely to be a decrease rather than an increase in the population. There are not upon an average more than two children now to each family in France, and, though there has always been an increase in population since 1807, the rate of the increase has been constantly declining from 38 per 10,000 yearly to 26 per 10,000. Returns also state that out of every 100 inhabitants in Paris only 26 are born in the department, 57 coming from the provinces and 7 from abroad. Moreover, while the number of births remains nearly stationary in France, the rate of infant mortality is enormous, being as much as 27 per cent. in Normandy, and 15 per cent. for the whole of France.

At a recent meeting of Paris rag-gatherers a resolution was passed protesting against the order of the prefect of the Seine as to depositing rubbish henceforth in boxes. The master rag-gatherer, who presided, said there were thirty thousand persons in Paris who lived by rag-gathering, and that the prefect of the Seine in choosing a time of commercial crisis for his measure had chosen a time when such a measure fell hardest on them, which, indeed, seems admitted to be true. Another speaker said that long ago a similar measure had been adopted and withdrawn. The paper and rags collected by his fellow-workers were employed in different industries, the rags thus collected forming 70 per cent of the composition of certain cheap textiles, and if not collected within twenty-fours both paper and rags through decomposition lost their utility.

The experiment of opening South Kensington and Bethnal Green museums to the public three evenings in the week has been so successful that a resolution will be moved in the house of commons during the present session in favor of keeping the British museums and the National gallery open till 10 o'clock at night. At the Bethnal Green museum, situated in a district which is densely populated by people of the laboring classes, out of a total of 447,722 visitors in 1881 217,914 went between the hours of six and 10 p.m., on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays (twelve hours) in each week, and 230,838 (between the hours of 10 a.m., and 4, 5, or 6 p.m. (thirty-six, or forty-eight hours) on six days per week.

## On Fainting.

It is surprising how everybody rushes at a fainting person and strives to raise him up, and especially to keep his head erect. There must be an instinctive apprehension that if a person seized with a fainting or other fit fall into a recumbent position, death is more imminent. I must have driven a mile to-day while a lady fainting was held upright. I found her pulseless, white, and apparently dying, and I believe if I had delayed ten minutes longer she would have really died. I laid her head down on a lower level than her body, and immediately color returned to her lips and cheeks, and she became conscious. To the excited group of friends I said:—Always remember this fact, namely:—Fainting is caused by a want of blood in the brain; the heart ceases to act with sufficient force to send the usual amount of blood to the brain, and hence the person loses consciousness because the function of the brain ceases. Restore the blood to the brain, and instantly the person recovers. Now, though the blood is propelled to all parts of the body by the action of the heart, yet it is still under the influence of the laws of gravitation. In the erect position the blood ascends to the head against gravitation, and the supply to the brain is diminished, as compared with the recumbent position, the heart's pulsation being equal. If, then, you place a person sitting whose heart has nearly ceased to beat, his brain will fail to receive blood, while if you lay him down, with the head lower than the heart, blood will run into the brain by the mere force of gravity; and in fainting, in sufficient quantity to restore consciousness. Indeed, nature teaches us how to manage the fainting persons, for they always fall, and frequently are at once restored by the recumbent position into which they are thrown.

## Dosing Infants With Drugs.

There is far too much of "physicking" practised, with good or evil intentions, at the cost of the young. Many mothers and nurses, especially the inexperienced, remarks the *Lancet*, seem never to feel satisfied as to the health and well-doing of their little ones unless they have them "under treatment." They are perpetually "purging" or "cooling," or "soothing" or "strengthening" the helpless victims of their solicitude. This is the more to be deprecated because the great majority of the so-called ailments with which very young children are troubled are the direct effects of bad feeding or ill-management of some sort, or are in themselves efforts of nature to get rid of the stomach-hardening or irritating masses with which children are fed or physicked. The practice of administering sedatives to infants is particularly reprehensible, and ought to be strongly denounced. There is no sedative which can be used with safety in the case of infants, except by medical men versed in the action of drugs and familiar with the indicative phenomena of health and disease. The use of cordials and drams is simply a reckless play with poisons.

If mother and nurses who mean well to those under their care could only know one half of the pain they inflict and the mischief they do under the guise of solicitous domestic doctoring, they would not readily forgive themselves. No inconsiderable proportion of the maladies of very young children are made, and therefore are needless. There are faults of a fussy endeavour to treat diseases which have no existence, and to preserve health which is only jeopardised by the measures taken to render it doubly assured.

## A Snake's Philosophy.

In Senora, Mex., they have lots of snakes. Among the rest is a handsome specimen, mixed red and black, called the coral snake. It is singular that in that country everything, instead of having longitudinal stripes, as with us, has crosswise stripes or rings. The snakes are ringed, and it is said that all ringed snakes are poisonous. The doves are ringed around crosswise instead of lengthwise, and the trees are checkered around their trunks.

In one corner of the blacksnake's cage is a little hole belonging to some industrious rat. A good fat toad had crawled into this hole, and the snake darted in his head after him and speedily swallowed him. But with this incumbrance he found he could not withdraw himself. Then he at once disgorged the toad, which, finding himself free, began to move off. This was too much for snake philosophy, and the snake again swallowed him, and a second time was compelled to disgorge him, for he could not get his head out. But he reflected. He had learned something. He reached out a third time, and grabbing the toad by the leg backed out with ease.

## "They Never Come Singly."

Landsmen seem to think the weird stories and what are termed the "superstitions of sailors" fit subjects for ridicule and laughter. The fact is while some of these stories and peculiar notions may be wholly fictitious yet the majority of them are undoubtedly based upon scientific facts. For instance the writer has heard the statement that "three heavy seas are invariably followed by three lighter ones" laughed at a score of time and yet surfmen know from actual experience that it is true and by taking advantage of this peculiarity of the seas have saved many lives. So the statement that one calamity is almost invariably followed by another of similiar character may be called a foolish superstition, yet it is a statement which has been corroborated in numerous instances both on the land and on the sea. The recent murders in the Town of Oyster Bay may be cited as an illustration. It may be said that one murder or suicide suggests to the vicious or weak minded a desire to duplicate it, or that atmospheric conditions which cause the wreck of one vessel are likely to wreck others.—J. H. G.

Because church bells sometimes have wedding songs, it does not follow that they are married.

## FASHION NOTES.

Condor brown is a very fashionable color.

New towels have elaborate Roman borders.

Shot and shell are again among the new importations.

The new name for ashes of roses is Isard color.

Champignon mushroom is a new shade of soft pinkish drab.

Pink shades in gray or cafe au lait velvets are much in favor.

Belts and side-bags will appear with the new spring costumes.

The favorite paletot for pet dogs is of velvet trimmed with fox fur.

The waistcoat ending in panniers is revived on new demi-saison dresses.

Among pronounced novelties in bonnets are some with very high crowns.

Large plaids and small checks will be equally fashionable in the early spring.

Pet dogs wear buttonhole bouquets pinned on their gorgets with a jeweled clasp.

Colored straw bunnets form the bulk of the first importations of spring millinery.

Blue and gold colors are combined in lovely gradations of shades in the new spring batistes and zephyrs.

Pretty bedroom curtains are made of a single width of crimson Ottoman cloth over a second pair of antique lace.

Evening dresses of great taste and elegance are made of the new ecru batistes nearly covered by gold or silver figures that make sham look like cloths of gold or silver, but this stuff comes among millinery goods only.

The costliest dog-collars, generally worn by pugs, are of gold and silver set with diamonds, opals, rubies, emeralds, and other jewels, the initial letters of which spell out the name of the wearer of its fair owner.

Brilliant-hued arabesques, leaf designs, small flowers and vines, heraldic figures, and small fruits are now exhibited in new dress and cloak garnitures of plush and chenille. These are displayed on the fronts of the Louis XIV. waistcoats, the edges of the panels, cutaway jackets, deep collar and cuffs. Medium-sized buttons to correspond accompany these effective and elegant trimmings.

Serge, cashmere, and finest Australian wool dresses in pin check patterns, with stripes of colored satin alternating, will be very fashionably worn this spring on the promenade. Many of these costumes will be formed entirely of the striped material, while others will be made up in conjunction with one-colored fabrics, the polonaise or waistcoat and panels being made of the latter material.

Narrow bands of fur, despite their inappropriateness, are still used to trim both house and evening dresses. One magnificent trained robe of velvet, recently made was further enriched with sable trimmings; a tea gown of snowdrop cashmere was simply bordered down the front, around the bottom, and at the throat and waist with narrow bands of long-haired, dark brown fur, while a stylish matinee of pink Indian cashmere had its wide lace ruffles headed by wide bands of swansdown.

Among the newest imported jerseys are those which are nearly covered with an elaborately beaded embroidery, either in black or with those iridescent hues, in odd Indian designs, which give them a very Oriental appearance. One very handsome style shows a black silk stockinet jersey embroidered with small stars in brilliant cut-jet beads. A chenille drop and jet fringe finish the lower end of the bodice. Sometimes, and generally where there is no braiding or embroidery on the jersey collars, cuffs of velvet are now added to relieve the usual plain appearance. These are invariably of the same color as the jersey.

Though plain fabrics are just now less in request than plaids, pin checks, and brocaded and shot materials, the former are always popular and ladylike, and do not weary the eye as patterns must do when constantly before it. Seal brown, laurel or bottle green, telegraph or royal blue, and other self-colors look very pretty trimmed with several rows of very narrow gold or silver braid. There is a great improvement in the manufacture of this kind of trimming. Good qualities do not readily tarnish, and are guaranteed to stand the action of a salty atmosphere, which will be a thing much in its favor as a commendable garniture for seaside costumes the coming season.

## Snubbing.

This is a serious business in any view that can be taken of it. And it is certainly a most disagreeable one. Those who are snubbed are generally taken off their guard, and this constitutes their main annoyance. They are given a sudden blow when they are careless and at ease in the security of social intercourse, and thus they are placed at a great disadvantage.

A snub, says one, is a check, a blank; it is a curtain suddenly drawn down; it is pulling up against a dead wall; it is cold obstruction and recoil. Either the snubber has authority on his side, and we have laid ourselves open by some inadvertence, by a misplaced trust in his condescension, and we have seen parents painfully snub their children in this sort, first allow them liberties, then stop them with a harsh check in mid-career of spirits and in the presence of strangers, or perhaps we have given way to enthusiasm and are met by ridicule. Or we have made a confidence which we think tender, and it is received with indifference. Or we tell a story, and are asked for the point of it. Or we are given to understand that we are mistaken were we have assumed ourselves well informed. Or our taste is cooly set at naught; or we talk, and are reminded that we are prosy; or we are brought face to face with our ignorance in a way to make us feel it most keenly. The strength of a snub lies in the sudden apprehension that we have committed ourselves, and a consequent painful sense of insignificance, that there is somebody quite close to us, regardless of our feelings, looking down on us, and ostentatiously unsympathizing.

Beware of snubbing any one. It makes a most painful and permanent impression. It may be done in a moment, and yet is not likely to be forgotten for years, if not for an entire lifetime.

## EXCELLENT HINTS FOR THRIFTY HOUSEKEEPERS.

CREAM GEMS (with fruit).—Mix one pint of whole meal with cream enough to make a stiff batter. Then stir in one cup of currants or seedless raisins, well dredged with a portion of the flour; the currants should be picked, washed, and dried, before dredging. Bake in a brisk but even oven, and be careful not to scorch in finishing.

CORN GRIDDLE CAKES.—Two cups coarse oatmeal, two cups sour milk, or buttermilk, one egg, one tablespoonful Graham flour, one teaspoonful soda, dissolved in boiling water. Make a batter of the meal, milk, eggs, and flour; if it is too thick, add a little milk. Then stir in the dissolved soda, beat well, and bake immediately on a hot griddle: do not scorch the cakes.

POTATO AND CORN MUFFINS.—One cup of cold mashed potato, one cup of sweet milk, one egg, well beaten, one cup cornmeal—or enough for gem-batter. Time—Twenty to thirty minutes. Soften the potato with the milk, working out all the lumps; then stir in cornmeal till the batter is just thick enough to drop easily from the spoon; add the whipped egg, and beat hard. Drop into hot gem-pans, oiled, and bake in an even oven twenty to thirty minutes.

CRUMB GRIDDLE-CAKES.—Two cups sour milk, or buttermilk, two cups stale breadcrumbs, one-half cup sifted Graham flour, one egg, well beaten, one teaspoonful soda, dissolved in boiling water. Soak the crumbs in the milk till soft; then work till smooth, and add enough flour to bind the mixture together. Stir in the beaten egg and dissolved soda, beat very hard, and bake to a good brown; the griddle should be well oiled. If prefered, use part sour cream, and leave out the egg.

GRAHAM AND CORN MUFFINS.—Two full cups cornmeal, one cup Graham flour, one cup sweet milk, two cups boiling water, one egg. Time—twenty minutes. Pour the boiling water into the meal, and stir well; let the mixture stand till lukewarm. Then add the cup of milk, or enough to form a batter about as stiff as will drop from the spoon, and beat well. Set this in a warm place two hours; then break in the egg, and beat hard. Sift into hot gem-pans, well oiled, and bake twenty minutes in a brisk oven.

CORN CUSTARD.—One pint (heaping cornmeal, two teaspoonsful white flour, one quart sour milk, or buttermilk, three eggs—yolks and whites separate, two teaspoonsful soda, dissolved in boiling water. Time—twenty minutes.

See that the oven is just right; then stir together the meal, flour, milk, and beaten yolks. When these are well mixed, add the dissolved soda, and the whites cut to a stiff froth, and beat hard. Pour into two pans, well oiled, and bake immediately. The custard should not be more than an inch in thickness when done; it should bake in about twenty minutes.

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES.—One cup cold boiled rice, one cup sour milk, or buttermilk, one cup sifted Graham flour, one egg, well beaten, one teaspoonful soda, dissolved in boiling water.

Moisten the rice with the milk, and mix them well together; if there are lumps remaining mash fine with a spoon—or a fork, which is better. Stir in the Graham flour and beaten egg, forming a thin fritter batter; then the dissolved soda and beat well. Bake in small, thin cakes to a good brown; the griddle must be cleaned and well oiled. Cold mush (fine hominy) mixed in the same way, is excellent.

BACHELOR'S JOHNNY CAKE.—Three cups cornmeal, one cup Graham flour, three cups new milk, one tablespoonful sugar, one teaspoonful soda, dissolved in boiling water. Time—twenty to thirty minutes.

Mix the meal, flour, and milk over night, and set the batter where it will keep moderately warm, but will not sour. In the morning add the sugar and the dissolved soda, and beat hard. Pour into two pans, well oiled, and bake for breakfast; the cakes should not be more than an inch thick when done. They will require a hot oven and twenty to thirty minutes.

KENTUCKY CORN CAKE.—Take, say two cups of cornmeal, and half scald by stirring into it a cup of boiling water; then add cold water or cold sweet milk, to form a batter as stiff as can be stirred with a spoon; beat very thoroughly. Spread it two-thirds of an inch thick on an oiled griddle, and bake ten to fifteen minutes, or till the bottom is well browned; then remove the griddle from the top of the stove, place it in a moderate oven, on the topmost grate, and let it bake from thirty to forty minutes; longer if mixed with water. If more convenient, you can dispense with the griddle, pour the batter into a bread-pan, and bake in the oven forty to fifty minutes.

RICE AND CORN BREAD.—One and one-half cups cold rice, two cups sour milk, one egg, well beaten, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in boiling water, three cups coarse cornmeal—or enough to make a tolerably soft gem-batter. Time—thirty minutes.

Soften the rice with the milk, and mash all the lumps; add the beaten egg, and enough of the cornmeal to form a thin batter. Stir well; then add more meal—enough to make the batter stiff enough to mould with the hands; add also the dissolved soda, and beat hard. Form into small oval cakes, say three inches long and an inch and half in thickness, and bake in a hot oven thirty minutes.

IRISH POTATO PIE.—One quart of sweet milk—or part cream, one and one-half cups mashed potato, dry and mealy, one-half cup (nearly) sugar, three eggs, yolks and whites separate, juice of one lemon.

Mix the potato well with the milk, and put through a colander, to remove lumps. Then beat the yolks, lemon, and sugar together, and stir them in; add the whites cut to a stiff froth, and stir well. Line three pie pans with a good cream paste mixed stiff. Fill with the batter, and bake in an even oven till the pies are done; see that the crust is well browned. Serve cold the same day.

"ALL THE GARDEN" SOUP.—Six quarts cold water, four potatoes, medium size, four tomatoes, medium size, two onions, medium size, two tablespoonful chopped parsley, two stalks celery, if you have it; one cup green peas, shelled—if you have them; one cup chopped cabbage; one small parsnip; ten cent soup-bone. Time—three hours and a half.

Crack the soup-bone without completely crushing it, cover with the cold water, and when it comes to a boil, skim. Then prepare the vegetables, slicing and chopping all—save the peas—till they are fine; and as soon as the meat is skimmed add them (except the peas and parsley), and stew moderately two hours and a half. Then strain the soup through a coarse colander, and skim off any fat that rises; return it to the kettle, put in the cup of green peas, and parsley, finely chopped, ten minutes before finishing.

Later in the season, substitute for green peas either a pint of canned ones, or a cup of shelled beans fresh from the garden; put the beans into the pot with the potatoes, turnips, and other vegetables. If canned peas are used, add them half an hour before the soup is done.

BREAKFAST. (spring or summer).—*Sunday.*—Ripe fruits, as apples, peaches grapes. Hard Graham rolls; Graham loaf bread, or dry toast. Cornmeal, or farina mush. Baked potatoes, peeled or unpeeled. Stewed sweet currants or canned pears. Compromise.—Soft boiled eggs

*Monday.*—Ripe fruit. Hard Graham rolls; cream biscuits. Oatmeal mush. Boiled or mashed potatoes. Stewed or canned apples, or stewed dried apples.

*Tuesday.*—Hard Graham rolls; mush biscuits, or mush rolls. Graham or oatmeal mush. Browned potatoes. Strawberries or raspberries; these ripe, stewed, or canned.

Compromise—Eggs and toast.

*Wednesday.*—Ripe fruit. Hard Graham rolls; leavened Graham bread. Oatmeal or farina mush. Mashed or baked potatoes. Stewed dried peaches (peeled), baked apples, or canned plums.

*Thursday.*—Ripe fruit. Hard Graham rolls; currant gems, or dry toast. Oatmeal mush, or steamed rice. Boiled or baked potatoes. Stewed apples, canned peaches or stewed cherries.

Compromise.—Corn cake; or leavened Graham bread (half white flour) with fresh butter.

*Friday.*—Ripe fruit. Hard Graham rolls; leavened Graham bread; Graham or oatmeal mush. Browned or mashed potatoes. Raspberries and currants (mixed); these stewed or canned—or blackberries or cherries, stewed or canned.

*Saturday.*—Hard Graham rolls; corn gems, or hot-water rolls. Oatmeal mush. Boiled or baked potatoes. Stewed or canned plums, strawberries, or baked apples.

Compromise.—Green corn, griddle-cakes, or milk toast.

## The Greatest of All.

Mercy, how the fellows ate, how peremptory they were in order, how eager in contemplation, how earnest in cutting up, how vigorous in putting down. They hurried through the operation as though they were having a tooth pulled, and the quicker it was over the better. I was particularly struck by one man who finished a pork pie, a cup of custard, some cold coffee, and fifteen or twenty pieces of cheese in less time, I was going to say, than it takes me to tell it, who asked, while the tumbler was still resting in his mouth and the milk was gurgling down his throat "Check, please," and, snatching out the other hand for the ticket as he moved away, pressing his fingers into his side-pocket for change with which to pay. No wonder liver-pills are sold by the billions, no wonder stomachic regulators of various sorts and kinds find quick and ready sale, no wonder doctors retire rich, no wonder, indeed, that our graveyards grow and our cemeteries extend their boundaries year by year. It apparently makes no difference what time of year it is, the icy breath of winter, the sweltering of dog-day August, the lassitude-breeding fogs of spring, and the pleasant atmosphere of autumn, each in its way inspires appetite and drives the human race pell-mell into the modern restaurant. New York is a great place for restaurants. We have them from the humble doughnut-stand on the sidewalk, or, for that matter, a lower grade still, a hot-corn man who sells his fragrant cobs from the curb of the pavement, through many, many styles and ranks until we reach those gilded palaces where luxury is the normal condition and extravagance the customary rule. The great physical sin today is against the human stomach. Sins against the ten commandments, we are told, can be forgiven, sins against human laws can be expiated, sins against individuals may be condoned, but sins against the stomach remain uncanceled and unforgiven. A disordered stomach breeds disease of every sort and kind; it unmans the nerves, it unbalances the brain; it dims the eye, it paralyzes the ear, and makes life so wretched that the conundrum of ten arises: "Is it worth while to go through so much to gain so little in the end?"

Everybody has his nostrum. All the way from hot-water baths inside to red flannel bandages outside there can be found doctors, nurses, patent-medicine men, old women, to prescribe this, that and the other. I pity the man whose stomach is out of order. John Gilbert, whose stomach is a long one, looks as though he had never been troubled. I envy such as he. I envy Gen. Grant, who smokes from morning until night, and drinks from night to morning. I envy Ben Butler, whose stomach capacity is simply eminent. People talk about Beecher and Beecher's brain, but what gave him one or the other? Without doubt Beecher's stomach. Next time you see him on the platform, in the pulpit, or bowling down the street like a tremendous lightning express under full headway, take him in. Look at his magnificent head thickly thatched with whitening hair, see his furrowless forehead, mark the keen glitter of his full blue eye, see the ruddy hot glow rushing through his rosy cheeks, mark the leonine aspect of his entirety. What is it? Brain, muscle, nerve, disposition? Nonsense, it's stomach!

Scientists now assert that the earth was peopled fifty million years before Adam located the garden of Eden as a tree claim. However, they can advance no clinching argument in support of the claim. Fashion-plates cannot be traced beyond the period when Adam and Eve were the leaders of their set in society.

# Ned Clopper's Little Game,

## OF LOVE AND LUCK.

BY C. M. FARMER.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

Ned Clopper was only twenty-one, but he was in love. It was no doubt foolish in Ned, seeing he was only a country swain born and bred on a farm—his only playmates in childhood and youth being the pigs and goats—his only education the hebdominal tuition of an itinerant pedagogue who imparted to his young mind a limited instalment of questionable knowledge every Saturday morning in consideration of a good supper and bed on Saturday night and a good breakfast on Sunday morning. Beyond these delectations and an occasional half holiday for angling in a neighboring mill pond when that gentle pastime was in season, Ned knew no change from youth to early manhood, save a gradual increase in appetite and a tendency in later years to cultivate and encourage a sandy mustache and goatee; and when surveying these hirsute appendages in his four by six inch mirror one fair morning, on getting out of bed, he suddenly bethought him that he was in love. He had not seriously considered the subject before because there was only one young lady in the neighborhood (except his mother's Irish cook) and although he had seen her (not the cook) many a time in early morning gathering flowers in her father's garden as he passed by on his way to the hay field, and had admired the dainty brown curls and the little coquettish summer hat that crowned them, the delicate round wrist and the white cambric apron embracing it, the rosy cheeks and coral lips, far outblooming the flowers and buds she held in her soft little hands, and most of all the bright eyes and sunny smiles with which she bade him good morning—he had no suspicion until now what a bewitching spell had been at work all the time through those silent influences for the overthrow of his happiness. But now he all at once realised the fact that the dainty brown curls, and coquettish summer hat, and white cambric apron, the rosy cheeks and coral lips, the bright eyes and sunny smiles of Angelica Bruce had been so many barbed arrows from the quiver of the mischievous little fat legged urchin which had, one and all, pierced him through and through, and that he loved Angelica to distraction.

"Why, what a soft-headed chap I am!" he said to himself, as he gently and gingerly smoothed his little sandy mustache with his finger and thumb. "Here I am, a man grown—never been five miles from this blessed old cabbage patch in my life—know nothing of life beyond the barn yard and pig pen—never read any books worth reading but Gil Blas and Robinson Crusoe (and these I've had to keep hidden from the old folks ever since old Plegitt gave them to me, and to read them by candle light)—never kissed a girl—never drank a glass of whisky nor mug of beer—never had more than a dollar at one time since I was born—in short never did anything fit for me since I first came into the world. I'm not going to stand this, you know—I guess not—not if I know myself! My mind's made up. I'll do it or burst!"

This sounded like a bloody threat. It might mean suicide, or going into the army, or taking summary vengeance on those under whose control he had so long been kept down and, as it were, squelched. But he contemplated none of these rash but meritorious measures. His heart was passionate but pacific, and he neither meditated bloodshed nor bluster.

His resolve being taken he put on his best clothes and calfskin boots, although it was the middle of the week, and with his new straw hat in one hand and a little red cane in the other, answered the call of his mother and went down to breakfast.

"Why, what'n the name o' sense! What's the matter with the boy?" exclaimed Clopper senior, laying down his knife and fork and staring at his son and heir, while Mrs. C. raised her hands and eyes piously to the ceiling, as Ned laid aside his hat and cane and dropped into his allotted chair at the breakfast table, full of blushes and confusion. "Edward, my son," continued the old gentleman, "what are you up to—dressed up in your store clothes? This ain't Sunday, my boy, nor the Fourth o' July neither, and don't you know Jim Slade and Peter Raynor's a coming to-day to help git in the hay?"

"The hay be blowed!" remarked Ned. "I've got something to attend to besides the hay," and he emphasized the last word with supreme contempt.

"But Ned my dear—" his mother, began.

"Hold on," said the young gentleman impatiently, "I've got a little particular business on hand this morning up at the squire's. I'll finish it up in an hour or two and get back in time to go ahead with the hay."

"Business with the squire," gasped the father, "oh lord!"

"It's more business with his daughter Angelica," replied Ned, very red in the face, but it may lead to business with the old game cock too. I'm going to—to—ask Angelina to be my wife. There. That's what's the matter."

Ned said this slowly and with an air of confidence, as if he were some feudal lord who had made up his mind to espouse some vassal's fair daughter, and only need to announce his gracious intention to have her gratefully placed in his arms by her plebeian sire.

His parents were too much astonished at this presumptuous speech to utter a word in reply. They could only look at the youngster with eyes and mouth wide open. Taking advantage of their helpless state, Ned hastily swallowed his cup of coffee, and leaving his plate untouched, bolted from the house.

As Ned slowly approached the little flower garden where he naturally expected to see the fair object of his devotion engaged in her usual playful pastime of gathering her morning bouquet, he felt a warm streak of bashful timidity tingling through his nerves and began to fear he was about to put his foot in it, as the saying is. He had never made love to a girl, and wondering how he ought to begin. Should he walk boldly up, take the little hand in his and say, "Angelica, my darling, I'm desperately in love with you, and shall die at sunset this evening if you don't at once consent to be my wife?" Or should he drop on one knee and with outstretched hands, in the posture of a ball catcher, exclaim, "Oh, Angelica, my first and only love, look down in pity on your captive slave and bid him rise your accepted husband, or a pistol bullet shall penetrate his brain ere the shades of evening fall upon the landscape!" Here his mental rhapsody was suddenly put to flight by a sight that staggered him and caused a cold chill to run all the way down his spine. Emerging from the house, and attended to the gate by the squire and his daughter, came a gay young swell of the latest metropolitan breed and dressed regardless of hard times and high tariffs, who mounted the squire's favorite thorough bred cob, touched his hat to the squire, kissed his gloved fingers to Angelica and cantered away towards the railway station.

Ned suddenly thought he'd go home, take off his clothes and resume his labors in the hay field. Then he thought he wouldn't. His first impulse was to turn and run away without any definite thought of where he should run to; but the next moment his new-born passion got the better of this rash proceeding, and he boldly advanced to the gate which though a frail and delicate wooden wicket, seemed to him a grim iron barrier that shut him out from his fair idol. Recognizing him at once the charming little Angelica came forward to greet him (she was more beautiful than ever), while the squire, with a slight nod, returned to the house.

"Miss Angy," stammered Ned, as he took the small white hand she extended, "I've come over early to settle a little business with you before the boys come to cart in the hay. I hope you are pretty well this morning. You look lovely, I'm nearly crazy with—never mind that—who was that chap who rode off? I hope he don't know you—at least I hope you don't know him—that is there's nothing serious between—as I was saying—I mean as I was passing by I thought I'd just call and ask how the squire is, But upon my word you are looking more beautiful than—"

"Why good gracious me, Mr. Clopper!" exclaimed the young lady, "how funny you do talk! What sort of business did you want to see me about? I don't know anything about business. You'd better go in and see papa. Oh look now—you've crushed my pretty flowers all to pieces." Ned had grasped the little bouquet she held lightly in her disengaged hand, and convulsively thrust it inside his white duck waistcoat.

"Excuse haste," said Ned, "I don't exactly remember what I was going to say—but the amount of it is that I've come over to make you an offer of marriage. There now, hang it, you understand me, I'm dead in love with you, and can't live four and twenty hours unless you say yes."

"My stars!" cried Angelica, jerking away her hand which Ned had grasped in the frenzy of his declaration. "You must be crazy. I'll run in and get papa to come and—"

"No—no," gasped Ned. "Hold on—nothing's the matter with me, but who was that that chap that just—"

"It was Mr. Van Dyke Nostrand, of New York, a very rich young man; one of the oldest families. We met him last summer at Saratoga. He's immensely rich and handsome, and papa says we are going to be married. I'm engaged to him, you know, and I don't mind—I rather like the idea in fact. Won't it be splendid to live in the city in winter and have balls and parties and go to the theatres and opera and all that sort of thing? And he's so rich and so handsome and owns, he says, a castle on Murray Hill, beside a cottage at Long Branch and a steam yacht and ever so many fine things. Ain't it nice?"

"Goodbye, Angy—Angelica—I mean Miss Bruce," said poor Ned (not taking her hand this time) "I must be getting back. I think we shall have a fine day for haying. No, thank you—I wouldn't choose any," he added, resisting a tiny rosebud almost as down and lovely as her own lips, which she offered him, as if a rosebud—a basket of rosebuds and full blown roses, not to speak of peonies and hollyhocks, could compensate for the cruel stab beneath his white waistcoat which she had inflicted through the false and malignant Van Dyke Nostrand of fashionable Murray Hill, whom may the fates confound.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

### People who Live on the Railroads.

There is a distinct railroad population that is constantly growing. It is composed of commercial travellers, lecturers, show agents, actors and actresses. They eat more meals in hotel cars and railroad meal stations than they do at home or in hotels. They spend more nights in sleeping-car bunks than in beds. To a person who travels only occasionally it is interesting to note how thoroughly equipped these professional journeyers are. Upon entering the sleeping-car early in the evening, for instance, they remove their shoes and put on slippers, hang their hat up and don silk travelling caps, take off their coats and put on short sack coats or smoking jackets.

In the morning, when the occasional traveller, obliged to wear the only clothing he has brought, goes to the toilet compartment in his coat and vest, and thus struggles in an effort to cleanse his skin without soaping his sleeves or his coat coller, these professionals again excite his envy. They hang up their smoking jackets and display snowy white robes, ornamented with colored binding and braid, and capable of being thrown open at the neck and rolled up above the elbows. From a pocket in the suspended jacket one produces an ivory-backed brush and costly comb, a tooth-brush and perhaps a nickle-plated soap-box. Another opens out a prettily embroidered receptacle, composed of many folds, each one a pocket and each one labelled. In these pockets are a comb, a brush, a tooth-brush, shaving-brush, soap box, pair of razor cases, nail-brush, whisk broom, hand glass and cologne bottle.

Their familiarity with their surroundings is as noticeable a part of their equipment. A glance out of the car window is almost certain to reveal to them their whereabouts when they arise or when they are waked up, or are about to go to bed. They carry their time-table, and give good advice as to which station has the best caterer. They are sociable and democratic.

To all mankind death is but a question of time; with womankind the length of life is often merely a question of veracity.

## THE RAILROAD TATTLER.

### A Mechanical Detective Invented by a Methodist Minister.

A Scranton despatch in the New York *Times* says: A mechanical contrivance, invented by a Methodist minister, and now in use on the railroads centering in this city, for the purpose of checking the manner in which freight trains are run by the employes, has recently attracted a good deal of attention, and been vigorously denounced by railroad men. The claim is made by the employers that some such thing was necessary to prevent the deceptions practiced upon the companies by the crews running freight and coal trains faster than schedule time to make up for the unnecessary delays at the various stations. The officials allege that no matter how faithfully a conductor and engineer may promise not to run faster than fifteen miles an hour, there are times when they will disregard all obligations and run as fast as thirty miles an hour to make up time squandered with their cronies at some of the stations along the line. The invention already alluded to makes it impossible for railroad men to practice any such deception. It is a simple piece of mechanism constructed much on the principle of the "tape" that checks off the condition of the stock market. It is wound up like a clock, locked within a box, and placed in the caboose, where it is geared to the axle of the car. On a large sheet of stiff paper, marked into small squares, a pencil or tracer keeps moving with the train and records the revolutions of the axle, the delay made at any given point, the number of jolts and jars sustained on the trip, and where they occurred, together, with other facts going to make an accurate record of the journey. The record is laid before the superintendent, who sees at a glance how any particular train was run, and acts accordingly. It is claimed on the part of the companies that the irregularity of running coal and freight trains and the "soldering" of the men at the stations, as well as their method of making up for lost time, have in the past been prolific of many serious accidents, resulting in much loss to railroad property in wreckage, as well as in wear and tear. With the "tattling machine" at work in the caboose, recording every throb of the locomotive with the precision of a shorthand reporter, this will be impossible. But "the tattler" is not liked by railroad men. They consider it not only a nuisance, but a blunt warning on the part of the companies that their men are untrustworthy and cannot be relied upon.

## PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Whatever our plans alloted to us by providence, that for us is the post of duty. God estimates us not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.

"In their afflictions He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them." It is between Christ and his Church as between two lute strings—no sooner one is struck but the other trembles.

Work and play are the universal ordinances of God for the living races, in which they symbolize the fortune and interpret the brand of man. No creature lives that must not work and may not play.

The speech of the tongue is best known to men; God best understands the heart. I had rather speak three words in a speech that God knows, than pray three hours in a language that he understands not.

Confidence and fear are almost one thing rather than two when we speak of God. He that fears most trusts most. To none is death so little of a change as to those whose life has been one long confidence in God.

Christian faith is a grand cathedral with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendor.

Our best friend is our Father's house on high. Our hearts and our treasures are there. Why should we not "look up and lift our heads" toward the land where we shall "see the King in his beauty," and meet the dear ones who are waiting our coming?

In self-examination, take no account of yourself by your thoughts and resolutions in the days of religion and solemnity; but examine how it is with you in the days of ordinary conversation, and in the circumstances of secular employment.

God is love; and, toward the fuller possession and fruition of this life there is but the straight road—devotion. Other things are good and useful; one is vital—heart communion with God. We may well fear that not only the world, but the church also, is growing too busy to pray.

The crown is in the distance, but the glory is already begun. The immortality which outflows from Christ is consummated at the day of Resurrection; but it starts from that threshold over which the ransomed soul passes into the radiant joys and blissful expectancies of Paradise.

God makes crosses of great variety; He makes some of iron and lead, that look as if they must crush; some of straw, that seem so light, and yet are no less difficult to carry; some He makes of gold and precious stones, that dazzle the eye, and excite the envy of spectators, but in reality are as well able to crucify as those which are so much dreaded.

### Sleeping Together.

Somebody has said that more quarrels occur between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between clerks in stores, between apprentices in mechanics' shops, between hired men, between husbands and wives, owing to electrical changes which their nervous systems undergo by lodging together night after night under the same bedclothes, than by any other disturbing cause. There is nothing that will so derange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous force than to lie all night in bed with another person who is absorbent in nervous force. The absorber will go to sleep and rest all night; while the eliminator will be tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish, fault-finding, and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive and the other will lose.

## A MODERN RESURRECTION.

### A Miracle that Took Place in our Midst Unknown to the Public—The Details in Full.

*(Detroit Free Press.)*

One of the most remarkable occurrences ever given to the public, which took place here in our midst, has just come to our knowledge and will undoubtedly awaken as much surprise and attract as great attention as it has already in newspaper circles. The facts are, briefly, as follows: Mr. William A. Crombie, a young man formerly residing at Birmingham, a suburb of Detroit, and now living at 287 Michigan Avenue in this city, can truthfully say that he has looked into the future world and yet returned to this. A representative of this paper has interviewed him upon this important subject and his experiences are given to the public for the first time. He said:

"I had been having most peculiar sensations for a long while. My head felt dull and heavy; my eyesight did not seem so clear as formerly; my appetite was uncertain and I was unaccountably tired. It was an effort to rise in the morning and yet I could not sleep at night. My mouth tasted badly, I had a faint all-gone sensation in the pit of my stomach that food did not satisfy, while my hands and feet felt cold and clammy. I was nervous and irritable, and lost all enthusiasm. At times my head would seem to whirl and my heart palpitated terribly. I had no energy, no ambition, and I seemed indifferent of the present and thoughtless for the future. I tried to shake the feeling off and persuade myself it was simply a cold or a little malaria. But it would not go. I was determined not to give up, and so time passed along and all the while I was getting worse. It was about this time that I noticed I had begun to bloat fearfully. My limbs were swollen so that by pressing my fingers upon them deep depressions would be made. My face also began to enlarge, and continued to until I could scarcely see out of my eyes. One of my friends, describing my appearance at that time, said: "*It is* an animated *something*, but I should like to know what." In this condition I passed several weeks of the greatest agony.

"Finally, one Saturday night, the misery culminated. Nature could endure no more. I became irrational and apparently insensible. Cold sweat gathered on my forehead: my eyes became glazed and my throat rattled. I seemed to be in another sphere and with other surroundings. I knew nothing of what occurred around me, although I have since learned it was considered as death by those who stood by. It was to me a quiet state, and yet one of great agony. I was helpless, hopeless and pain was my only companion. I remember trying to see what was beyond me, but the mist before my eyes was too great. I tried to reason, but I had lost all power. I felt that it was death and realized how terrible it was. At last the strain upon my mind gave way and all was a blank. How long this continued I do not know, but at last I realized the presence of friends and recognized my mother. I then thought it was earth, but was not certain. I gradually regained consciousness, however, and the pain lessened. I found that my friends had, during my unconsciousness, been giving me a preparation I had never taken before, and the next day, under the influence of this treatment, the bloating began to disappear, and from that time on I steadily improved, until to-day I am as well as ever before in my life, have no traces of the terrible acute Bright's disease, which so nearly killed me, and all through the wonderful instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure the remedy that brought me to life after I was virtually in another world."

"You have had an unusual experience. Mr. Crombie," said the writer who had been breathlessly listening to the recital,

"Yes I think I have," was the reply, "and it has been a valuable lesson to me. I am certain, though, there are thousands of men and women at this very moment who have the same ailment which came so near killing me, and they do not know it. I believe kidney disease is the most deceptive trouble in the world. It comes like a thief in the night. It has no certain symptoms, but seems to attack each one differently. It is quiet, treacherous, and all the more dangerous. It is killing more people, to-day, than any one other complaint. If I had the power I would warn the entire world against it and urge them to remove it from the system before it is too late."

One of the members of the firm of Whitehead & Mitchell, proprietors of the Birmingham *Eccentric*, paid a fraternal visit to this office yesterday, and in the course of conversation, Mr. Crombie's name was mentioned.

"I knew about his sickness," said the editor, "and his remarkable recovery. I had his obituary all in type and announced in the *Eccentric* that he could not live until its next issue. It was certainly a most remarkable case."

Rev. A. R. Bartlett, formerly pastor of the M. E. Church, at Birmingham, and now of schoolcraft, Mich., in response to a telegram, replied:

"Mr. W. A. Crombie, was a member of my congregation at the time of his sickness. The prayers of the church were requested for him on two different occasions. I was with him the day he was reported by his physician as dying, and consider his recovery almost a miracle."

Not one person in a million ever comes so near death as did Mr. Crombie and then recover, but the men and women who are drifting toward the same end, are legion. To note the slightest symptoms, to realize their significance and to meet them in time by the remedy which has been shown to be most efficient, is a duty from which there can be no escape. They are fortunate who do this; they are on the sure road to death who neglect it.

The wages of sin is death. It is strange that sin does not strike for higher wages.

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One of the Vanderbilts has been elected a director of the Young Men's Christian association. Now look out for a corner on salvation.

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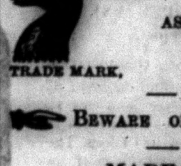
Circulars free, of new and most productive varieties known of Seed Grain. Testimonials of 110 bushels per acre of Boyds Egyptian Oats. Samples of 3 ots., 20 cents. JAS BOYD JR., Cedar Grove, Ont.

1883.-ST. JOHN EXHIBITION.-1883

Leather Belting, Fire Engine Hose, &c. Four First Prizes and Two Diplomas. The highest of all Awards for Leather Belting, and Fire Engine Hose were accorded by the Judges at the St. John Centennial and Dominion Exhibition, to ROBIN & SADLER, Montreal, over all competitors.

Newell Patent Universal Grinder.



Award of Gold and Silver Medals.

NEWELL & CHAPIN
*Proprietors*,
95 St. James-st. west
Montreal.

These Mills save time, grind any kind of grain very fast and wet or dry. Also Mills working on same principle with different style of cutter, grinding phosphates, gold and silver ores, quartz, plaster, clay, bones, fish scrap, bark, &c. Please call or write for particulars.

RENNIE'S SELECT Field, Garden AND Flower SEEDS

ARE THE BEST

THE HANDSOMEST AND MOST COMPLETE CATALOGUE FOR 1884

FREE TO ALL INTENDING PURCHASERS.

WM. RENNIE, TORONTO.

Dominion Line of Steamships

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from

| PORTLAND TO LIVERPOOL. | | QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Sarnia, | Feb. 28. | Ontario, | Mar. 29. |
| Montreal, | Mar. 6. | Toronto, | Mar. 27. |
| *Oregon, | Mar. 13. | Dominion, | Apr. 3. |

Rates of passage: Cabin, Portland to Liverpool $50, $60, $70. Return $90, $110, $130, according to steamer and berth, all outside rooms and comfortably heated by steam. Intermediate $40. Steerage, $24. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal

THE QUEEN'S

LAUNDRY BAR.

ASK FOR IT AND TAKE NO OTHER.

TRADE MARK.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

—MADE BY—

The Albert Toilet Soap Co.

M. W. DUNHAM
HAS IMPORTED
90 PER CENT OF ALL HORSES
Ever Imported
From France to America,



Whose Purity of Blood is established by their Records in Paris, as shown in the Private Stud Book of France, which is the only Draft Horse Record of this country.

Mr. Dunham has just published a 32,000 edition of his 1884 SCRAPBOOK, illustrated by 140 fine engravings by 1884 containing descriptions and pedigrees (many for 10 generations) of

90 STALLIONS & MARES

Now on hand. All Stallions Guaranteed Foal Getters. Catalogues free. Address M. W. DUNHAM, Importer and Breeder, Wayne, DuPage Co., Illinois. (30 miles west of Chicago, on C. & N. W. R'y.

# J. H. FORD,

PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the genera public give very little attention to any thing he may say about his business. There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been advertised thus time and again and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intended as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we submit the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28, 1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

Yours faithfully,
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in recept of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no doubt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

LAKESIDE, Nov. 2nd, 1883.

J. H. Ford, Esq.—Dear Sir: I received the photo's all right. They were sent to Embro and were transferred to Lakeside. They were well executed and give entire satisfaction. My wife says they are first-class, and so say they all. &c, &c.

Yours &c.,
CHARLES KITMER.

HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Photos to hand. I like them very well. Will you please print 38 more, making 50 in all, and on their receipt I will send you the balance of the money as per agreement. I would like them soon.

Yours truly,
REV. J. S. WILLIAMSON.

To J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

Bond St., TORONTO, Oct. 24, '83.

DEAR SIR,—The photo to hand and am much pleased with its excellent finish. Enclosed you will please find pay for half a dozen, which you will oblige me by sending as early as possible.

Yours truly,
REV. J. COOPER ANLLEFF.

To J. H. Ford. Belleville.

248 Simcoe St., TORONTO, Oct.

DEAR SIR,—Please find enclosed pay for the dozen photos you sent me last week. I must give you credit for the the best picture I ever had taken. They give great satisfactron to myself and family. You may expect an order for some more soon.

Yours as ever,
REV. ROBERTS,
Pres. of B. C. Con.

To J. H. Ford, Belleville.


**GOLD** for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 5 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address TRUE & Co., Portland, Maine.


# HARDWARE. - HARDWARE.

We have the following Brands of Axes and Saws in stock at lowest prices:

**AXES.**

CHOPPERS' TRUST,
SOLID STEEL,
SILVER STEEL,
BLACK PRINCE,
BURRELL'S DIFFERENT BRANDS,
BROAD AXES.

**SAWS.**

LANCE SAWS,
SHIRLEY & DIETRICH,
MAPLE LEAF,
SMITH'S CHAMPION.

Also a full stock of all other Lumbermen's supplies.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Madoc, Oct. 25, 1883.

# C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.

# JAS. WHYTOCK.

*Grocer & Provision*

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

*CHOICE GROCERIES*

AND

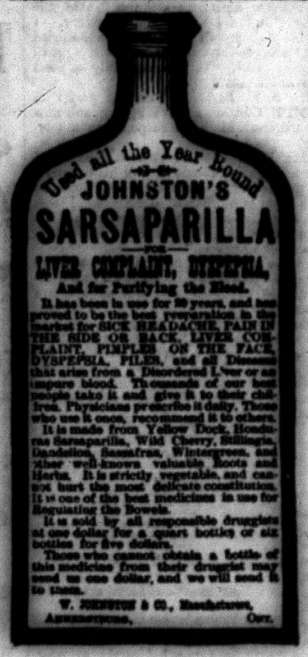
Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.




It has been in use for 30 years, and has proved to be the best preparation in the market for SICK HEADACHE, PAIN IN THE SIDE OR BACK, LIVER COMPLAINT, PIMPLES ON THE FACE, DYSPEPSIA, PILES, and all Diseases that arise from a Disordered Liver or an impure blood. Thousands of our best people take it and give it to their children. Physicians prescribe it daily. Those who use it once, recommend it to others.

It is made from Yellow Dock, Honduras Sarsaparilla, Wild Cherry, Stillingia, Dandelion, Sassafras, Wintergreen, and other well-known valuable Roots and Herbs. It is strictly vegetable, and cannot hurt the most delicate constitution. It is one of the best medicines in use for Regulating the Bowels.

It is sold by all responsible druggists at one dollar for a quart bottle or six bottles for five dollars.

Those who cannot obtain a bottle of this medicine from their druggist may send us one dollar, and we will send it to them.

W. JOHNSTON & CO., Manufacturers,
ARMSTRONG, ONT.

# Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

*HOME-MADE WORK*

FOR SALE,

*OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,*

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

*Terms in Future Strictly Cash.*

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

# PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

**This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.**

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

*The Liver Stomach Kidneys*

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

*Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.*

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

**Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,**

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

**GOUT, RHEUMATISM,**

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look at the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

BEST VALUE IN

AXES,
AXE HANDLES,
BUCKSAWS,
CROSS-CUT SAWS,

and all other seasonable Hardware.

SPECIAL VALUE IN

*STOVES, STOVEPIPES,*
*DRUM STOVES and TINWARE*

FULL LINES OF

PAINTS AND OILS,
STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

# WATCHES, CLOKGS AND JEWELRY

I always keep on hand a fine and full stock of

AMERICAN | AND | SWISS | WATCHES

of all grades and prices.

My stock of fine

COLOURED AND PLATED JEWELRY!

for quality and variety of design, cannot be surpassed,

A full line of

**SOLID GOLD RINGS,**

from $2.00 up to $22.00, the largest assortment in town.

Black and Pearl goods in great variety. A full line of the best Silver Plated Spoons, Knives etc. Clocks of all grades and designs constantly on hand.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 5th, 1883.

# *YOU CAN SAVE 20 PER CENT.*

BY BUYING YOUR

## Overcoats and ready-made Clothing

—AT—

O'FLYNN & O'HARA'S,

**We are offering tremendous bargains. Don't fail to see them.**

POST OFFICE BLOCK,

# Cheap Goods

FOR THE NEXT SIXTY DAYS, at

# T. W. JEFFS, QUEENSBOROUGH.

In order to make room for SPRING GOODS, I will offer the balance of my Winter Stock at greatly reduced prices, consisting of

**Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furs, Boots and Shoes, &c.**

Wincies, from 3 cents up.
Cottons, from 5 cents up.
Overcoats, from $4.00 up.
Ladies' Overshoes from 75 cents up.
Ladies' Leather Boots from 85c up.

All goods marked in plain figures. Produce taken in exchange. A call respectfully solicited.

T. W. JEFFS.

Queensboro, January 31st, 1884. (2m.)

B.B. Casement & Co's Nails from Stock A 33 GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc Ont.

# North Hastings Review.

B.B. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. DEAN, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 359. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, March 13, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

## COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

**Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges**

No billiard licenses have been granted this year in Picton.

An agitation is on foot to have a vote under the Scott Act in Lennox.

The annual report of the Belleville Chief of Police shows that 789 arrests were made by the police last year.

Residents of Belleville living near the mouth of the Moira are in fears of another severe flood this spring.

"B" Battery, of Kingston, has been ordered to hold itself in readiness for service in the Northwest, if necessary.

Mr. T. P. Pearce, late of Marmora, has purchased the bankrupt stock of the Syndicate Store, Belleville, at 66½ cents on the dollar.

It is the intention of the C. O. Railway Company to raise the track between Picton and Trenton, from 6 inches to a foot, the coming summer.

Belleville has a four-year old boy who is regarded as a musical prodigy, playing the piano expertly. He is a son of Prof. Riggs, leader of the Oddfellows' Band.

The American Humane Society have complimented W. S. Hunter, on his patent cattle car. The car is said to be the best yet invented for carrying cattle long distances by rail.

Mr. W. S. Hunter, of Belleville, has brought out an invention for preventing postage stamps that are cancelled from being again cleaned off and used, thus defrauding the government.

Deer are said to be numerous in the vicinity of Cloyne, and it is rumored a few thoughtless persons take advantage of their enfeebled and helpless condition to slaughter them, notwithstanding a strict prohibitory law during the close season.

A novelty in hen fruit was exhibited by A. Harold in Belleville a few days ago. It was an egg which weighed a quarter of a pound, within which was another full shelled. Mr. Harold is going to set the hen that laid that in business for herself.

The *Intelligencer* says is among the probabilities that a passenger station for the use of the Midland Railway will be erected in Belleville during the coming summer. The location will be in the vicinity of Church, Great St. James and Pinnacle Streets.

It is related that a farmer residing near Demorestville left that part of Prince Edward County last week very hurriedly. He bought a farm for $4,500, mortgaged it for $5,500, got the money and left. He is now said to be on the other side of the line.

The merchants of Belleville will assist the City Council to grant $500 for the establishment of a second ferry between the city and Amelisburg. Capt. Jellatt has agreed that if he be granted that sum he will build docks, procure the right of way, and charge one-third less than present rates.

A young man named Eugene Fairfield attempted to outrage Miss Minnie McMasters, both residents of the front of Sidney, on Thursday last. The timely arrival of a friend happily prevented the villain from accomplishing his purpose. The father of the young man paid the girl a handsome sum of money to stay proceedings.

The debt of the City of Montreal reaches to within a fraction of the enormous amount of twelve million dollars.

Between forty and fifty sheep were worried to death by dogs on Friday night in an enclosure just outside Windsor.

Over two thousand persons have signed the pledge within a week at Plainfield, N.J., where night and day meetings are being held in furtherance of the temperance cause.

For advocating assassination in a Socialist journal published in Paris the Franco-Irish anarchist Murphy has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of one thousand francs.

Immense damage has been done at Caliente, California, by a cloud-burst, the railroad track being covered two feet deep with sand and adjoining houses being flooded to the depth of eighteen inches.

—See our Remnant Tables.
J. DALE & SON.

## A BIG DYNAMITE SCARE.

**LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA, TORONTO AND HALIFAX GUARDED.**

[Toronto World.]

The government of the province some time ago received information sufficient to justify them in putting the parliament buildings and the lieutenant-governor's residence under an extra military guard. Men have been detailed for this special duty from several of the city corps. The streets and grounds surrounding these buildings are patrolled nightly and the government detectives are on extra lookout.

The same precautions, to a much greater extent, have been taken at Ottawa. Rideau hall is carefully looked after. The same has been done at Halifax.

Just what the facts in the possession of the government are could not be ascertained, but it is hinted that the agents of the British authorities in New York, and at Buffalo picked up information that shows that the fenians are looking again towards Canada as a field of operation, and that dynamite is to be their chief weapon of assault.

A telegram from Grand Forks, Dak., says:—It is reported that a convention will be held here by the fenians and others on the 17th, to consider the subject of the invasion of Canada.

☞ TAKE NOTICE—The TRADE supplied at WHOLESALE PRICES with D. M. Ferry & Co's. New Garden Seeds by the *pound* or *ounce* or in papers at DEANS' DRUG & SEED STORE.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of the Queen City Oil Company in another column.

### WIDE AWAKE DRUGGISTS.

Our Druggists are always alive to their business, and spare no pains to secure the best of every article in their line. They have secured the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. The only certain cure known for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis or any affection of the Throat and Lungs. Sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free. Regular size $1.

☞ Fifty cents per hundred for Rags, at G. A. Rollins.

### Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle.

—We have a very fine uncolored Japan Tea, put up in Japan in 1 lb. papers, at 50c. per pound. Extra value.
JOHN DALE & SON.

### BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter' Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all Druggists.

—See our Remnant Tables.
J. DALE & SON.

### Madoc Markets.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Flour, per bbl | | $5 20 | to | $5 50 |
| Wheat, per bushel | | 1 02 | to | 1 07 |
| Rye, | " | 0 50 | to | 0 00 |
| Oats, | " | 0 35 | to | 0 00 |
| Barley, | " | 0 50 | to | 0 57 |
| Peas, | " | 0 65 | to | 0 00 |
| Potatoes, per bag | | 0 75 | to | 0 80 |
| Eggs, per doz | | 0 20 | to | 0 00 |
| Butter, per lb | | 0 20 | to | 0 00 |
| Wool, per lb | | 0 00 | to | 0 20 |
| Hides, per cwt | | 5 00 | to | 7 00 |
| Hogs | " | 5 00 | to | 5 50 |

### Belleville Markets.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat, per bushel | | $0 90 | to | $1 05 |
| Barley, | " | 0 65 | to | 0 00 |
| Rye, | " | 0 55 | to | 0 00 |
| Oats, | " | 0 35 | to | 0 00 |
| Peas, | " | 0 70 | to | 0 75 |
| Potatoes, | " | 0 00 | to | 0 00 |
| Potatoes, per bag | | 0 65 | to | 0 75 |
| Butter, per lb | | 0 20 | to | 0 25 |
| Eggs, per doz | | 0 20 | to | 0 25 |
| Flour, per bbl | | 5 00 | to | 5 50 |
| Sheepskins, | | 0 70 | to | 0 00 |
| Hides, per cwt | | 5 00 | to | 7 00 |
| Wool, per lb | | 0 18 | to | 0 00 |

### FOUND.

ON the night of the Madoc races, at the stables of the Madoc House, in this village, some person left a Robe. Owner must prove property and pay for this advt.

S. CURRY.
Madoc, Mar. 1st. 358

### *SOCIETY DIRECTORY.*

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, GlanmireP. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Milnoridge.

**MADOC LODGE,** No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Weiss Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

JAMES WHITE, *Secretary.* G. A. ROLLINS, *Noble Grand.*

**THOMAS HANLEY,**
ARCHITECT & BUILDER,
BELLEVILLE, - ONTARIO.

PLANS, Specifications, Details, and Estimates prepared for all kinds of Buildings.
Contracts taken at reasonable rates.
OFFICE—At Pringle's Factory 356-3m

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MUNN & CO., of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, for the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany, etc. Hand Book about Patents sent free. Thirty-seven years' experience. Patents obtained through MUNN & CO. are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, the largest, best, and most widely circulated scientific paper. $3.20 a year. Weekly. Splendid engravings and interesting information. Specimen copy of the Scientific American sent free. Address MUNN & CO., SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN Office, 261 Broadway, New York.

**T. ROBERTS,**
MADOC
BOOT
AND
SHOE
**STORE.**

**AS OUR LANDLORD**
Is pushing us out to make alterations (he says), we announce
**AUCTION SALES**
of the whole of our
**NEW FURNITURE**
One first-class Bed-room set, Sideboards, a variety of Bedsteads, Bureaus, enclosed wash stands, rocking and other chairs, first-class what-nots, superior hardwood extension table, large bar-room, show-room and other looking glasses, a great variety of pictures such as large oil paintings in frames, among which will be found a set of four in oil, of old England stage coaching, (very rare pictures), a quantity of extra mattresses, etc. This is a chance for cheap goods that may never occur again. Cash on delivery. Sales positive on Saturdays 16th and 23rd, and on Monday 25th to Friday 29th February, in Madoc village,
**at M. SCOTT'S,**
THOS. SCOTT, Auctioneer.
P. S.—Will sell by private sale at less than manufacturers prices until all is sold.

**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

### *BUSINESS CARDS.*

**JOHN G. DEANS,**
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

**Banking House!**
—OF—
**E. D. O'FLYNN,**
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
**DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD**
☞ Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

1883
**NORTH HASTINGS**
WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.
Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

**GLEN LEWIS MILLS!**
DOWNEY'S RAPIDS.
Are now in full operation, and all who have Grinding or Cracking to get done will find it to their benefit to go to the above mills, as you get the flour from your own wheat. We do not keep your spring wheat and give you fall wheat flour instead, which is worth less money.
All who bring over 12 bushels of wheat will get it put through the Merchants Bolts, where you will get a superior article, as there are three reels to dress the Flour instead of one like the common Bolt.

**Cracking Done Cheap for Cash.**
NO DELAY.
Flour and Feed always on hand, cheap. First-class millers always in attendance. Please give me a call and be convinced.
M. G. EASTON.

**Gray & McGregor,**
GENERAL
GROCERS,
—AND—
LIQUOR
MERCHANTS,
**Madoc. - Ont.**

*SIGN of the OX HEAD*
**MRS. E. LANGMAN**
HAS removed to Mr. Joseph Caverly's Shop, nearly opposite his residence, on St Lawrence street, where will be found the
**CHOICEST Cuts of Fresh MEATS.**
**Prize Package Tea,**
(NO BLANKS.)
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# IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

When we landed at the boat-house, the church clock was just chiming the half-hour past one. The lateness of the hour shocked me.

"Never mind," said he. "They are sure not to have gone to bed yet. I'll take you in by a side-door I know, and you shall slip into the library and open a big book before you. And I'll bring in Cole and one or two others, and say we didn't know what had become of you; and you can pretend to have fallen asleep over a book."

"But why should I do all that?" said I. "I haven't done anything to be ashamed of. You said Lady Mills would not mind."

"No, of course not, my dear child; I'll tell Lady Mills all about it. Don't trouble your head about that. She won't say a word to you, and you need not say a word to her. But none of the other ladies could have done a thing so unusual as you have in your innocence—and—and Sir Jonas would scold you for your rashness, and say you might have taken cold."

"But it wouldn't look innocent to pretend I had never been out at all, Mr. Carruthers. And I wasn't alone; I was with you—so I was all right. I dare say Lady Mills has not gone to bed yet. I'll go and see."

And I ran away before he could prevent me, and found Lady Mills and Mrs. Clowes in the drawing-room, the former looking anxious and grave, the latter hard and angry.

"My dear child, where have you been?" We thought you were lost!" Her voice trembled.

"Oh, Lady Mills, I am so sorry! I went on the water with Mr. Carruthers. He said you would not mind; but I ought to have known better when it was so late."

"The later the better, my dear, I should say," said Mrs. Clowes, in her most cutting tone.

But Lady Mill's face was lightening as she looked at me.

"Don't you know, my dear, that Mr. Carruthers is one of the most dangerous men——"

Then she stopped, for Mr. Carruthers had come into the room; and turning from me to him, she said, in such a stern voice that it made me tremble—

"Tom, aren't you just a little ashamed of yourself?"

And he answered very gravely—

"Perhaps; but that doesn't matter. But this inquisition is out of place, Stephane, for it is easy to see that to that child night and day are all the same; and, if I had been my respected father in infinity himself, she would have been none the worse for my society. It was very sensible of you to come to Lady Mills, child," he said to me very kindly.

And he shook hands with me, and Lady Mills kissed me, and Mrs. Clowes gave me a cold little bow; and they sent me off to bed without knowing even then the enormity of the breach of propriety I had committed.

Sir Jonas, who was going up to town the next morning, was to drive me to the Alders, and then go on to Beaconsburg station. Every one—nearly every one, for Mrs. Clowes, never came near me at all—bade me a very kind good-bye; and just as I was sitting in the phæton waiting for Sir Jonas to take his place beside me, Gordon, Mr. Carruther's mysterious servant, came up to me in his stolidly respectful manner, and said—

"I think this is something of yours, ma'am. You must have dropped it, for I found it on the stairs, and I am afraid it has been slightly injured." And he put my pendant into my hands.

I was so much astonished that he was gone before I could even thank him; and then, turning it over in my hands, I found the little shield on which the initials were engraved had been wrenched off.

Was Gordon himself the thief, and had he repented? Or had the person who took it been ashamed to restore it in person? Or had I really dropped it, and only dreamt that I put it away?

## CHAPTER XVIII.

When Sir Jonas left me at the gate of the Alders that morning, a sense of desolation crept over me as I walked down the drive, followed by the gaunt Sarah carrying my little trunk—like a gaoler rejoicing over a recaptured prisoner, I thought ungratefully to myself as I came in sight of the dark red ivy-covered walls of this house on the marsh, which, though I had lived in it two months, still had mysteries for me.

All the questions which had puzzled me about this household came into my mind again with new force after my short absence, which seemed, with its fresh experiences, to have lasted so long, together with others which had arisen while I listened to the talk of my new friends. Was Mrs. Raynor really mad? If so, how was it that no suspicion of the fact had reached that gossip-loving company I had just left, who had tales to tell of almost every family in the neighborhood? Why had the ladies called kind Mr. Rayner, who always went to church and led the simplest of lives, "dreadfully wicked?" They did not think it wrong to play the violin or to go to races. And why, if they thought him "dreadfully wicked," did they all say they would give the world to know him? What was the relation between Mr. Raynor and Gordon, Mr. Carruther's servant? Then was Sarah really Mrs. Rayner's guardian; and was she not herself a little mad too? What had become of the wild jealousy of Jane which she had expressed to the stranger in the plantation? And why did she hate me so? Had she stifled her hatred once and for all, or would she—— Oh, what would she not do, if her wicked, senseless dislike of me should get the better of her again?

It was better to talk to her than to think of her, and I turned and asked after Mr. and Mrs. Rayner and Haidee. My pupil was not well, and had not got up that day; but Sarah would ask if I could could go and see her.

"She caught cold, miss, wandering round the pond late Saturday night, because she said she could talk to you there. Such nonsence! But you know she is full of her fancies."

I was touched by the proof of little Haidee's affection for me, and I wanted to go to her at once; but Sarah said Mrs. Rayner was with her and did not wish to be disturbed. So I went up-stairs, having asked in as careless a manner as I could, if there were any letters for me, and having been told that there were not. Laurence might have sent me just a little note; I had been so longing for one. He had not been nearly so nice since I told him I loved him, I thought to myself mournfully; and I sat with my head on my arms and cried. But I had not much time to indulge my grief, for it was nearly dinner-time, and I did not want Mr. and Mrs. Rayner to see my eyes red and swollen, and to think that my holiday had made me discontented. But I think that Mr. Rayner saw that something was wrong, for he looked at me very closely, and said I did not look any better for the change, and that it was plain dissipation did not agree with me. And, as I was still rather pensive and my voice a little tremulous, he asked me only a few questions about my visit and then left me to myself, for which I was very grateful.

In the afternoon I was allowed to go into Haidee's room. It was a cold day, and the room itself and the long corridor which led to it struck me as feeling damp and chilly. It was the first time that I had been in the left wing. Haidee's chamber was a little dressing-room without a fireplace, and I wondered why they did not move the child, who was really ill, into another room. She jumped up in bed and clasped her hot little hands round my neck as soon as I came in, and then drew my head down on the pillow beside her and told me to tell her everything I had done from the first moment I went away. So I made a little story of it all, leaving out the parts it would have been improper for her to hear, such as the behaviour of Mr. Carruthers in church, and laying particular stress upon such points of interest as my feeding the chickens and cutting the grapes and the flowers. Mr. Rayner peeped in once, and, after listening to part of my narrative, said—

"I shall want to hear about all that too, bye-and-by, Miss Christie; but shall want another edition, one not revised for the use of infants."

I felt a little disconcerted, for he said this rathermischievously; and I began to wonder whether he would approve of the governess having enjoyed herself quite so much, for I had forgotten to be dignified and prim altogether while I was at Denham Court.

Haidee begged me so hard to have tea with her that I was obliged to consent, the more willingly that Mrs. Rayner, who had never once came in to see her child while I was in the room, had seemed, by the way she greeted me on my return, to have exchanged her attitude of apathy towards me for one of dislike. While we were alone together over our tea, Haidee said very softly—

"Miss Christie, will you please go to the door and see if anybody's listening?"

I went to the door to content her, opened it, and saw that there was no one.

"And now will you listen at the other door—mamma's door?"

This was looked; but I put my head against it, listened, and assured her there was no one there. Then she beckoned me back to her and put up her head to whisper.

"Last night that hateful Sarah made mamma cry. I heard her through the door. Mamma's frightened of Sarah—and so am I. Hush! Somebody is always listening."

But no listener could have heard her soft whisper; even I, with my ear close to the lips, could scarcely catch the faint sounds. I comforted her, told her Sarah would not hurt her or "mamma" either—though I felt by no means so sure of her good will as I pretended to be—and stayed with her until she went to sleep.

Then I wrapped myself up in a shawl and went into the plantation to look at my "nest." And there, leaning with his back against the tree which formed my seat, was Laurence. I gave a cry of delight and ran forward, but he only raised his hat and said.

"Good evening, Miss Christie."

I stopped short, overwhelmed with dismay. Then I said in quite a low husky voice, for I could scarcely get the words out—

"Laurence, why do you speak like that? Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Why should I be glad to see you, Miss Christie? I can't hope to show to advantage in your eyes after the more amusing society you have just left."

"What do you mean? What society do I like better than yours?"

"Oh, you are very kind; and I dare say I do very well as a make-shift when there is no more exciting amusement to be had!"

"Oh, Laurence, how can you say such cruel things? Are you angry because I went to Denham Court, and because I enjoyed myself? I couldn't help it, every body was so kind. But I thought of you all the time, and I wished with all my heart that you had been there."

"Did you think of me while you were letting Mr. Carruthers whisper to you in the conservatory? Ah, I don't wonder you start! And did you think of me when you were sitting in the window-seat with Mr. Carruthers leaning over your chair, and when you were using the same book in church with Mr. Carruthers, and letting Mr. Carruthers gather fruit and flowers for you, and feeding the fish with him in, oh, such an idyllic manner, and playing his accompaniments, and talking about poetry, and——"

"Stop, Laurence—it isn't true, it isn't true! It was Mr. Cole who gathered flowers and fruit for me, and who looked at the fish with me—not Mr. Carruthers at all. And it was Mr. Standing whose accompaniments I played and who talked about poetry with me, not——"

"Mr. Standing? He's another beauty! You choose your friends well, Miss Christie. I feel I am not worthy to be admitted among the number. I am too dull."

"You are too rude," said I, my spirit rising. "I don't know what you mean by calling them 'beauties;' but none of the gentlemen you sneer at would have thought of insulting me and trying to make me unhappy, just because I sometimes talk to other people."

"No, you tried to be impartial, I see," he sneered again. "But I don't think you succeeded. You were not on the river between twelve and two o'clock in the morning with all the men-visitors at Denham Court, were you?"

"No," said I; then, stung to the quick by sneers—"I wasn't at Denham Court long enough."

"Oh!" said Laurence, more angrily than ever. He was so angry that he began to speak again two or three times, but only stammered and broke off. At last he said, "You—you were not there long; but you—you made good use of your time or by this morning the fame of your exploits has spread all over the neighborhood."

"My exploits!"

"Yes. This morning, before you arrived, Mr. Rayner had heard of them."

"Mr. Rayner! Oh, that is not surprising!"

Laurence turned upon me sharply.

"Mr. Rayner has a friend staying there," said I, with sudden caution. I must not let out things concerning the people I was living with which they did not wish to have known.

"Oh, more mysteries! So Mr. Rayner set a spy upon you; I can't quite believe it of him."

"I did not mean that. Of course he would not think of such a thing. And there is no need of a spy to watch my actions, for I don't do anything to be ashamed of. And Mr. Rayner knows that, for he has said nothing to me about my conduct, which you seem to think so disgraceful."

"Mr. Rayner! No, of course he would not mind. It is nothing to him whether you endanger your reputation by going out alone late at night with one of the most notorious fast men about town."

"But how could I tell he was notorious, Laurence?" said I—I couldn't be spirited any longer; I wanted to cry. "Lady Mills said afterwards that he was dangerous; but could I tell before? Nobody ran away from him, and all the ladies seemed fond of him, and rather jealous because he talked to me. And he didn't say wicked things—not half so wicked as the things they said. Oh, Laurence, don't be harsh to me! How could I tell?

He was touched at last; the hand with which he had been angrily pulling at his moustache dropped, and he was turning slowly towards me, when the church clock and the far-off Beaconsburgh town hall clock began to strike seven together.

"Oh!" said I, turning instictively towards the house.

"What is it?" asked Laurence, suddenly stiffening again.

"Mr. Rayner. I promised to be in the drawing-room to accompany his violin at a quarter to seven"

"Pray don't let me detain you," said he between his teeth. "I am sorry I came at all to disturb you in your meditations upon your late enjoyment. But, as I shall leave Goldham for the Riviera in two days, and shall not have another opportunity of seeing you before I go, I took the liberty of coming round this way to-night, to congratulate you on having become an accomplished coquette. Good-night and good-bye, Miss Caristie. I wish you another pleasant evening with Mr. Rayner."

He shook hands with me, trembling all over with passion, and dashed away through the plantation before I could find voice to call him back. I was too utterly miserable to cry; I sank upon my seat, with a confused sense that all joy and brightness and hope had gone out of my life, since Laurence had left me angry and unforgiving; but I could not think. I sat there staring at the pond until Mr. Rayner himself came out in search of me; and, seeing how unhappy I looked, he very kindly told me that I was tired and should not play that night; but I said that I would rather; so we went in and I sat down to the piano, and he took out his violin.

But the spirit was not in me on that night, and I played the notes loudly or softly as was marked, without a spark of the fire which is the soul of music. At last Mr. Rayner went out of the room. It was to go and see Haidee; but in my despondent state it flashed through my mind that it was because my heartless playing was spoiling the music, and a tear rolled at last down my cheek on to one of my hands. Mr. Rayner stopped, put down his violin, and said, oh, so kindly—

"What is it, my poor child? I did not mean to make a martyr of you. But I saw you were in a sad mood, and I thought the music might divert your thoughts."

"Oh, it is nothing, Mr. Rayner! Let me go on please."

"No, child, I am not so selfish as that. It would hurt me more than you. Come and sit by the fire, and I will bring you Nap to play with."

Nap was his big retriever. Mr. Rayner drew my arm in his, seated me by the fire, and left the room; and I dried my eyes, feeling heartily ashamed of myself. What would he think of a governess who went away on a short visit, did things that shocked people, and came back and cried, and could not play, and made herself a burden to everybody? He came back with Nap at his heels, and a glass and decanter in his hand; then, sitting down by me, he poured me out some wine and told me to drink it.

I began apologetically—

"Oh, Mr. Rayner, I am so——"

"Yes, I know. You are so very sorry that you can't help thinking Denham Court a livelier place than the Alders, and so very sorry that you were obliged to leave a lot of nice, bright, amusing people there to come back to a couple of very worthy, but prosy people who——"

"Oh, no, no, no, Mr. Rayner, not that at all!" said I, alarmed.

"Wasn't that what you were going to say? No, my child, you were going to say something far more civil, but not half so true. We may be worthy, but we are prosy; and why should we not own it? And why should you not own that you enjoyed yourself more at Denham Court than you can possibly do here? Why, that is the very thing you went there for!"

"I ought never to have gone at all."

"Now that is a mistake, my dear child. If you were to remain always boxed up in this dreary old vault, you would soon take to spectacles and a crutch. Take all the amusement that comes in your way, little woman, and, after the first natural reaction, you will work all the better for it. And now tell me all about Denham Court; I've been saving myself up for your description as a little treat, though I've heard something of your doings, Miss Prim, from another quarter."

And this was what Laurence, in his passion, called "spying upon me," when Mr. Rayner owned that he heard what went on at Denham Court!

"I heard, for one thing, that you wore the pendant I gave you."

He seemed pleased at this, I thought.

"Yes, it looked so beautiful with my muslin frock. And, oh, do you know, some of the people thought it was made of real diamonds!"

"Did they really?"

"Yes; I knew you would laugh when I told you that. But now you see it wasn't so silly of me not to know the difference when you first showed them to me, when those people who have worn diamonds and beautiful jewels all their lives were taken in by them. One of the gentlemen, Mr. Carruthers, said he once saw a pendant just like it in real ones, and it was worth fifteen hundred pounds. Do you think it is true?"

"I dare say it is. Stones of that size would be very valuable. To whom did it belong?

"He didn't say. And it had initials behind it too just like mine."

"How very curious! The same initials?"

"Oh, I don't know! I shouldn't think they were the same."

"I thought he said they were the same?"

"Oh, no! He wanted to see the back of the pendant; but I wouldn't let him."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Rayner, I—I thought, if he still went on thinking they were real, as I believed he did, and he were to find out by the initials who gave it me, why—why he would think you must be mad, Mr. Rayner, to give diamonds to a governess!" said I, laughingly. "Fifteen hundred pounds! Why, it would be about thirty-eight year's salary!"

Mr. Rayner laughed too.

"That was very sharp of you," he said. "If he had been as sharp as you, he would have got at it, and found out the initials, if he really wanted to know them."

"But I didn't wear my pendant again.

"Why not?"

"Because people noticed it too much, and—and Mr. Rayner, it is really too handsome for me."

"Nonsense! Nothing is too handsome for you, child; haven't your new admirers told you that?"

I laughed and blushed.

"But, Mr. Rayner," I went on gravely and rather timidly, "then such a strange thing happened that I must tell you about. I put my pendant into my desk—at least, I am almost sure I did—on Saturday night, and next day it was gone."

"Well, we must find you another."

"Oh, no! But this is the strangest part. Just befor I left this morning, Mr. Carruther's servant put it into my hand, saying he had picked it up on the stairs. And the little shield with the initials was broken off and lost. Isn't it strange?"

"Well, not considering that they were paste. If they had been diamonds, I should say it was very strange that he gave it back again. You careless little puss, you don't deserve to have any finery at all! What will you do when you have real jewels, if you are not more careful with mock ones?"

"Oh, Mr. Rayner, I hope I never shall!"

"Do you mean that?"

I hesitated.

"I mean they seem to be such a heavy responsibility to the ladies that wear them."

"I suppose there were some ladies there with jewellery that made your eyes water."

"They didn't wear much; but I believe some of them had a great deal. One lady—she was the wife of a very rich husband who wasn't there—had dazzling diamonds, they said."

"And what was the name of that fortunate lady?"

"Mrs. Cunningham."

"What did Mrs. Cunningham think of your pendant?"

"She would not believe it was not real, and she scolded me for my carelessness; but I really did——"

"I suppose she is very careful of hers?" interrupted Mr. Rayner.

"Oh, yes—you don't know how careful! She has one set, diamonds and cat's eyes——"

By a sudden movement he trod on Nap's tail, and the dog howled. I broke off to comfort him.

"Go on, go on," said Mr. Rayner, touching my arm impatiently.

"What was I saying? Oh, I know—about Mrs. Cunningham's jewels. She has one set of what they call cat's-eyes and large diamonds, which she keeps——"

"That she keeps where?" said Mr. Rayner, yawning, as if tired.

"Oh, that she keeps always concealed about her person!" said I.

"Do you mean it?" he asked, much interested.

"Yes, really. She told me so. And nobody in the house, not even her maid, knows where they are. She sleeps with them under her pillow."

Mr. Rayner rose.

"Well, I don't think even the responsibility of diamonds under your pillow would keep you awake to-night, for you must be tired out."

He was fidgeting about the room, as if he were anxious about going to bed too. But he did not look sleepy; his eyes were quite bright and restless. He gave me my candle.

"Pleasant dreams of Denham Court, madam, though you don't deserve them! What business have you to repeat secrets that have been told to you in confidence?"

"Oh, Mr. Rayner, as if it mattered—to you!" said I, laughing as I left the room.

"Yes, it is lucky you told it to me," he answered laughing back.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Fast English Trains.

The longest run without stopping, on the Great Northern, and the longest in the kingdom, are between Grantham and King's Cross, 105½ miles, in 2 hours and 4 minutes, an average speed of 51 miles an hour. This distance is done by no less than four trains each day, all of which perform the journey within 2 hours and 6 minutes. The highest average speed attained on this line, 52¼ miles, is between Grantham and Doncaster (51¼ miles in 58 minutes.) The longest run on the North eastern is from York to Newcastle, 80¼ miles, in 1 hour and 42 minutes; and the quickest, York to Darlington, 44¼ miles, in 53 minutes—an average speed of 50 miles an hour.

"Mamma," said a precocious little boy who, against his will, was made to rock his little baby brother, "if the Lord has any more babies to give away, don't you take them."

## OVER THE CATARACT.

**The Current Leading to Death's Whirlpool, and How a Prominent Man Avoided It.**

*(Albany, N. Y., Journal.)*

Among the hundreds of thousands of tourists who have visited Niagara Falls and stood in awe before its miracle of power, there is, probably, not one who has failed to notice the large stone building which stands directly opposite the cataract and a short distance below the railroad suspension and cantilever bridges. This building is known to all as the "Monteagle House," and it has been a popular place of resort for hundreds of travellers during many years. Nearly every place in America possessing unusual natural scenery has its legend, and a most tragical one is located on the site where this stone building now stands. Monteagle, a young chieftain of the Miami Indians, loved the daughter of a mighty chief among the Iroquois. His wooing, unlike that of Hiawatha, was not received with favor by the father chief, and hence he was compelled to resort to the usual method of abduction and flight. The escaping pair were overtaken on the banks of the Niagara where the hotel now stands, and rather than submit to capture the lovers cast themselves into the cataract below. Their bodies were subsequently found at the mouth of the river clasped in an embrace which even the cataract could not sunder. Many occurrences since that time have tended to make the Monteagle famous, and it was with surprise that it was learned a short time since that the edifice was to be entirely transformed, re arranged and refurnished for the benefit of tourists, and especially invalids.

Feeling that this is a subject in which the public would take unusual interest, especially as the National Park question is being so strongly agitated, a representative of this paper visited Niagara Falls yesterday and learned the following facts:

Dr. W. R. Crumb, who is about undertaking this important task, is a gentleman who is well known throughout the land, having successfully practiced medicine in the city of Buffalo for nearly thirty years. He is exceedingly well preserved, though nearly 60 years of age, while his energy and ambition are something wonderful. In conversation with the reporter he said:

"I anticipate great success here, although a few years ago I should not have dared undertake it, for I was then what people call 'a dead man.'"

"How was that, Doctor? How did it occur?

"It was brought about, as such troubles usually are, by mental and physical depression, arising out of troubles and reverses. The mind has a remarkable effect upon the body, and when one meets with misfortunes financially, or in any other form they are likely to be accompanied by misfortunes physically. Such, at all events, was my case. I was irritable, restless and feverish. I had a heavy and irregular pulse, my food did not assimilate, my heart would throb violently and then stop and the fluids I passed were profuse, high-colored and thick with deposits. I was obliged to abandon my practice, and also to suspend pushing my valuable invention, known as 'Crumb's pocket inhaler,' for the cure of catarrh and asthma."

"How long did this continue?"

"For about two years. I realized that I was quite sick but like everyone else I felt it would only be temporary. The majority of people drift along the way a man might who knew nothing about these great Falls and was floating with the current. It is so easy to drift, you see. At the end of a year, however, my condition became simply horrible. I had a serious irritation of the throat, a hard, sluggish pulse, a swelling of the limbs and numbness extending down the thighs. I had terrible night sweats and my urine was loaded with albumen and acids. I called in several of the most skillful physicians but I continued to sink rapidly. I was the victim of Bright's disease of the kidneys, and I looked forward with almost certainty to a few weeks of terrible agony and then — death!" * * * It is painful to describe this experience and it is sufficient to say that I am entirely well and that my life has been saved by means of Warner's Safe Cure, which arrested the disease, effected a cure and has preserved me in health ever since."

"Then it was this remedy that saved your life, doctor?"

"Yes, I can testify from a grateful heart that it is invaluable for men or women who are depressed by reason of disappointment's and reverses; who are losing flesh and strength and who must find relief or a fatal termination awaits them. I prescribe this great remedy to my patients constantly and the wonderful effects I observed in my own case I see repeated in their experiences. It is this that makes me certain I can endure the cures of the great Sanitarium I am about to establish."

A man's collective dispositions constitute his character.

PECTORIA! Pectoria Pectoria! the great remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Influenzas, Hoarseness, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat, or Chest. Pectoria loosens the phlegm and breaks up the Cough. 25 cents per Bottle. Don't give up until you have tried Pectoria; all Druggists and General Storekeepers sell it.

Really good men think of opportunity, and not of time. Time is the excuse of feeble and puzzled minds.

CORNS! CORNS! Tender corns, painful corns, soft corns, bleeding corns, hard corns, corns of all kinds and of all sizes, are alike removed in a few days by the use of PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR. Never fails to cure, never causes pain, never leaves deep spots that are more annoying than the original discomfort. Give Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor a trial. Beware of substitutes. Sold by druggists everywhere. Pelson & Co., Kingston, propra.

Nothing makes us more agreeable to God and man than to have great merit and a little opinion of ourselves.

A. P. 167.


**BANK BARNS, CHEESE FACTORIES,**

Creameries, Farm Houses, Granaries, Grist, Flour and Saw Mills, Stables, Bridges, Drainage of Lands, etc. Plans and Estimates prepared and advice given for alterations, improvements, or new buildings.

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**Alan Macdougall,**

Consulting, Civil and Sanitary Engineer.

MAIL BUILDING, TORONTO, ONT.

# AGRICULTURAL.

## English Cheeses.

Pro. Sheldon has written the following interesting article for the *Rural New Yorker*. Now that cheese making and cheese exporting have become such important branches of business in Canada the subject is one of much interest to us.

We have many distinct kinds of cheese made in England, some of which have a world-wide reputation. With one single exception, they are all of the class known as "hard cheese," in distinction from the many kinds of "soft cheese" which are so generally made in France and Germany and which are now being imported in rather considerable volume into London. That one exception is the Slipcote cheese, and it is made in Rutlandshire. There is an odd conjunction of littleness about this cheese made in England, it is made in the smallest quantity, and its home is in the smallest county of the Kingdom. There is, of course, cream cheese, which is also very small, but it is not a cheese properly so called, because it is made from cream only and it is not coagulated artificially and it is made in small quantities in various counties.

The Slipcote cheese is made from milk, which is coagulated in the ordinary manner by the aid of rennet; the coagulum is placed in a strainer to drain, and afterwards in quantities of about one pound each, on plates, where it drains still more, and next it is placed between cabbage leaves, which are regularly changed, and there it ripens. The ripening takes from one to three weeks, according to the weather, and is completed when the cheese begins to ooze out a thick, curdy liquid, and when the skin or coat is ready to slip off—hence the name of "Slipcote." This singular cheese is purely local and has a very limited reputation. Few people in England have heard of it, and fewer still have seen or eaten it. It has been on exhibition once or twice at our London Dairy Shows.

Cream cheese is made by pouring cream into muslin which is placed in a small box or wicker mold; here the cream coagulates by reason of its own accumulating acidity, and forms itself into shape as the whey drains from it. It is ready for consumption as soon as it is firm enough. A limited demand exists for it in London and elsewhere, but it will propably give way to the Camembert, the Neufchatel and other Continental soft cheeses.

The Stilton is at once the most modern and the most famous of English cheeses, and has no antiquity to compare with that of the Cheshire, the Derby, the Gloucester, the Wilts, or the Cheddar. Records appertaining to our ancient methods of cheese-making are, unfortunately, very scanty, and only incidental allusions are made to them in a few old books here and there. It is a matter for regret, in this age of interesting investigation, that so little is known about the habits and customs of our agricultural forefathers; and yet it is probable that a good deal might be learned from the musty and mildewed parchments on which the archives of counties and ancient families are inscribed, if only a search were made. The search, however, would involve enormous trouble, and practically, could never be completed; for in many places such archives are not accessible, while in others they are probably more or less illegible. We must be content, therefore, to rely on the nebulous tale of tradition, the rest being buried in the grave of the centuries.

But in any case it is tolerably certain that several of our systems of cream-making, as we have them to-day, date back to a very early period, and these systems, owing to local practices, and to the influence of soil and climate in given localities, are well defined and clearly distinct from each other. It may be said, moreover, that certain kinds of English cheese, to wit, the Stilton, the Cheshire, the Derby, the Leicester, the Wilts Truckles, etc., can only be produced in integrity of character, flavor, and quality in the districts to which they are peculiar. The cheese of Leicestershire, when we get a good sample of it, is probably the best cheese in England, and it has certain peculiarities which, so far as my observation and inquiry go, have not been successfully imitated in any other sections of the country. This is true also of the Cheshire cheese, which, like the Leicester, cannot be made with complete success on any other soil that the hunter sandstone and the keuper marl. It is true also of the Derby cheese, which is made from a carboniferous limestone soil, and of the Gloucester, which belongs to the oolitic formation. It is true most of all, perhaps, of the Stilton, which belongs to the deep marly clay of Leicestershire—a soil which communicates a quality and flavor that, so far as I am aware, cannot be obtained in any other soil, be it never so rich. Stilton cheese is made in various parts of England, and in other countries too, but I have yet to find any sample of it equal in all respects to that made in the Melton Mowbray district.

## FARM ITEMS.

SEED POTATOES.—*Rural New Yorker* says: Of upwards of 100 different kinds of potatoes raised last season, only two seed-balls formed on those from which it was desired to save seeds. Our plan for raising seedling potatoes, as has been stated several times, is to sow the seeds in flower pots now; transplant when three or four leaves have formed to little (three-inch) pots, turning these out in open ground with the soil intact when there is no longer any fear of frosts.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURE.—At Washington, recently, the House Committee on Agriculture completed the agricultural appropriation bill. The aggregate amount appropriated is $330,590, an increase of about $24,000 over the last appropriation. The bill differs from last year's appropriation in an increase of $24,000 for the Statistical Department, the appropriation of $3,000 for the propagation of tea plant, and the refusal to appropriate $10,000 for the reclamation of arid land by sinking artesian wells. The experiments hitherto made by the Government in this line have met with very little success, but two bills have been introduced into Congress for the formation of companies with very large capital to sink artesian wells for irrigating and stock watering purposes in the "arid region." The Senate may make some slight changes in the House appropriation bill, but such changes will probably be insignificant.

LIVE STOCK INSPECTION.—In consequence of the suspicion of allowing American cattle to be imported into England, because of the danger of infectious diseases, a good deal of attention has been given to the subject at Washington. A bill has been introduced into Congress, by Senator Logan, to provide for the appointment of inspectors of live stock, dressed meats and hog products intended for foreign shipment, the inspectors to be located in the custom districts where their services may be needed, but not more than six to be appointed in any district. The examination of meats is not to be compulsory; but on the application of a packer, and the payment of "reasonable fees and charges," the inspector will examine the products and furnish a written certificate setting forth the time and place of the examination and the condition and quality of the articles examined. It is expected that the meats, the sound condition of which is thus officially certified, will find such ready sale in the European markets that the cost of inspection will be easily repaid.

## Uselessness of Blinders on Horses.

"Blinders," says a writer in "Our Dumb Animals," "originated in the pride of persons who imagined their horses presented a finer appearance when provided with these senseless appendages. Custom and ignorance combined in perpetuating their use, so that to-day probably nineteen-twentieths of our horses are disfigured by these *worse* than useless contrivances, including multitudes of miserable, broken-down animals employed in the severer grades of labor, and which could not, from sheer weariness and lifelessness, be induced to shy, or run away, by anything short of a bomb bursting in their immediate vicinity.

"The unsoundness of that logic which insists horses are less frightened by objects which are screened from their *view* by blinders, but which they can *hear* (such, for instance, as locomotives), than when they can see just what the object is, is proven wholly false by the experience of all who have dispensed with blinders on their animals. *It is the unseen object which most terrifies a horse.* The animal who will become unmanageable when made to face *away* from an approaching train, will quietly stand its ground if allowed to *face* the object. I know this from personal experience with many restless horses.

"Blinders do not prevent horses from observing each object in *front*, and *upon each side* of them, as they approach it while travelling upon the road, and hence blinders can only serve to prevent their seeing objects overtaking them from *behind*, which is an end never to be desired. I have frequently seen horses shy so violently as to nearly overturn the vehicle on being passed from the rear by a noiselessly-gliding bicycle, which fright would have been avoided had the animal been unblindered, and thus aware of the approach of the machine.

"Blinders also much diminish the beauty of a horse, the eye being one of its finest features. But the greatest objection of all is the cruelty (and injury, as well) resulting from their use. The vast majority of blinders are made *nearly flat*, so that they commonly press *directly against the eye-lashes and eyes* of the horse, which causes pain to the animal, besides frequently destroying its sight.

"I strongly and earnestly wish there could be legislation to compel all horse-owners who insist upon using blinders, to use only heavily *convexed* ones, which shall not press in the present cruel manner against the eye-lashes and eyes."

## Our Forefathers' Homes.

Bad as the dwellings of the poor are in cities, and in the country also, they are as a class far superior to those in which our Anglo-Saxon ancestors lived. If a serf, the Saxon lived in a hut not as genteel as some of our modern pig-styes, and far less comfortable.

If he was a gentleman, his home consisted of a hall, with little rooms on the outside surrounded by an earthwork. The rude walls of the hall were covered with some sort of hangings, on which were hung arms and tropies of the chase. The floor was of earth strewn with rushes.

In this rude hall he breakfasted at nine and dined at three o'clock. It was considered disgraceful for a gentleman to dine alone. Everybody was welcomed with a lavish hospitality.

The stranger brought news, no mean gift to an out-of-the-way country squire, who had no newspaper and couldn't have read it if one had been placed alongside of his breakfast plate, or rather bread-slice. For they used thick slices of bread, as plates were then unknown, on which to place portions of meat. These slices were called *trenchers*, because they were to be carved upon. Forks were unknown.

A Norman baron is reported to have been so hospitable that he turned the king's highway through the middle of the hall of his manor. He did so in order that no traveller might have an excuse for passing without partaking of his hospitality.

Seated on a high wooden seat, the Anglo-Saxon gentleman presided at his dinner of boiled bacon, which, with bread and vegetables, mead and beer, was the principal dish. Quantity made up for the deficiency in quality.

He and his guests drank heavily. Drunkenness and sloth marked his daily life. Drinking-cups were so made as not to stand upright. They had to be emptied at a draught. Buckets were used to carry the mead or oil to the guests. When the Saxon gentleman or lady slept, he rested on a bench upon which a sack filled with straw had been placed. Neither he nor his wife wore a night-dress.

The change from these rude customs into a more refined style of living was due to the Norman conquest. It polished the Saxons' manners, and infused into their sloth the energy characteristic of the English race. The transition required time. For a long period the Saxons resisted the advance of the refined Norman manners and customs, as reminding them of their servile condition.

The conquered, however, had his revenge—he forced his language upon his conqueror. The process was simple but effective. The unmarried Normans selected their wives from among the beautiful Saxon maidens, and these naturally taught their children their native tongue

# FOREIGN ECHOES.

## Interesting News Items from all over the World.

The body of Prof. Giovagnoli was cremated the other day at Rome. The operation was perfectly successful in forty-five minutes.

It is seriously proposed at Antwerp to bring there during the universal exhibition in 1855 the Great Eastern as a floating restaurant and hotel.

According to the last census the population of Spain and its possessions in northern Africa is 16,634,345; that of Cuba, 1,521,684, and that of the Philippines, 5 567,685; total population of Spain and its possessions 24,456,468, with a slight preponderance of females (145,000) over males.

Julia Hatcher, who lives near Salisbury, in England, has been awarded the Order of St. John of Jerusalem for bravery in saving the life of James Lodder, a boy who had been several times gored and tossed by a bull. The medal has an inscription stating that it was awarded "for service in the cause of humanity."

Male education and female education in India, when compared with each other, present a striking contrast. The total female population is 99 500,000 and the total male population 103 000,000, but only 127,000 females are under instruction at school, as against 2,517,629 males. In one case the percentage at school is 84, in the other it is 16 28.

It appears from a work soon to be published by Louis Fagan, the author of a well-known life of Panizzi, that the British museum possesses the only authentic manuscript of Raphael, the manuscript being a sonnet written on a sheet containing sketches for some of the figures in the "Dispute of the Sacrament," which was painted in the Vatican about the year 1508.

The *North German Gazette* replies to the "attacks of the Spanish republican Castelar on the elevated person of the German emperor" by as hearty an attack on the character of his assailant, ascribing his rancor to the fact that Germany was one of the first powers to recognize Alfonso XII. after the fall of the republic, and his motive to a desire to fish with selfish ends in the troubled waters of a new republic.

The treasury of the German empire has just undergone its annual inspection. Every year three important financial officials visit and verify the imperial funds kept in the Julius tower at Spandau, and divided into four sections—that intended for the expenses of fortifications, the share for pensions and invalids, that set apart for building the parliament house, and the war portion, which now amounts to $30,000,000.

Nothing whatever is known at the Vatican of the £500,000 said to have been left the pope by the late Mrs. Stapleton. It is safe to conclude that the report was a tantalizing invention of some "anti-clerical." Half a million pounds, or even francs, would be a welcome addition to the papal treasury, which is decidedly dry just now. The want of money to pay cardinals is said to be the chief reason for the long delay in creating new ones.

While the Austrian crown princess was driving recently through the Rothethurmstrasse, one of the most frequented streets of Vienna, a little boy of 5 years old ran against the wheels of her carriage and fell. He suffered only a slight abrasion of the skin on the nose, but was taken at once to the hospital. The crown princess, with her maid of honor, subsequently went to inquire about him at the hospital, and also called to reassure his parents.

A correspondent at Suakim writes:—While encamped lately near Osman Digma's quarters, some of our allied Arabs showed a perfectly ridiculous cowardice, walking about the camp on their hands and knees at the first sound of a musketry attack, which they piteously declared "caused them stomach-ache." One Arab officer also, in a late reconnaissance of the Turkish cavalry, behaved very badly, and another officer positively bolted. This gentleman has been tried by court-martial and sentenced to death, but the sentence will be most likely commuted by reason of the offender's youth, and because the Turks were themselves in the act of turning their backs.

A few days ago, says a correspondent at Nice, at the hour when all fashionable Nice was abroad, a great crowd assembled at the entrance of the Rue Adelaide, drawn thither by a crime then just committed, and now already forgotten. A woman of 57 years of age, who had made money by keeping a private gambling saloon, had married a young husband. This man made continual demands upon her savings in order to meet his own losses at the roulette-table of Monte Carlo, and she at length refused to comply with his requests, which became daily more exorbitant and imperious. In a moment of fury he first cut her throat and then shot himself through the heart.

The Athenæum club of Madrid recently inaugurated their new house, which has cost £30,000, raised by subscription among its own members. Though it is neither remarkable for its architectural merit nor for its comfort, it has a noble library with 30,000 volumes, and its corridors are hung with portraits of former presidents and of the greatest statesmen of all parties during the last fifty years. Its saloons, adorned with frescoes and fine paintings by modern artists, members of the club, and the lecture hall, with seats for 1,200 persons, were filled by the *elite* of Madrid society and the diplomatic corps. The king, queen, and princess honored the inauguration with their presence, at the invitation of Senor Canovas, who is at present President of the Athenæum, and who provided the inaugural entertainment. The king desired to be inscribed at the head of the list of 1,100 members.

According to the *Militarische Nachrichten*, the works for the construction of a canal which will unite the Baltic with the North sea are on the point of being taken in hand. The canal will commence at a point between Brunsbuttel and St. Margarethen, on the Elbe, will pass Readsburg, and end at the bay of Kiel, near Halteman, south of the great fortifications of Friedrichfort. The length will be ninety-seven kilometers; the canal will have a depth of nine meters at low water, and will be a hundred meters wide. The largest ships will be able to pass at all hours of the tide in both directions. The canal being entirely under the control of Germany, her men of war will be able to avoid the perilous passage of the belt, which Denmark is at present able to impede by her coast batteries and by torpedoes. When the Baltic is frozen over the ships can be utilised in the North Sea.

A whole family has been poisoned at Ofen (Buda), on the opposite side of the Danube to Pesth, by an escape of gas. The gas had penetrated into the house from a disused pipe buried under the ruins of another house at some distance, which had been burned down several years ago. The doctor was sent for, as everybody in the house felt ill. Symptoms of gas-poisoning were apparent, but as no gas was used in the house the doctor was unable to account for it, and left after administering medicine. The patients were relieved and went to sleep, but next morning five of them were found dead, and four others in a hopeless condition. Only a nurse and a child have recovered, being saved, probably, owing to their faces being buried in the bedclothes. One of the victims was the grandmother of the children who had come the night before on hearing of the illness of the family.

## Harems in Morocco.

Yesterday we were guests in two Moorish harems. The inmates gave us a very kind reception. The gloomy appearance of the outer walls contrasted strongly with the inside of the houses. The halls were tiled. Marble pillars, bright colors, and rugs gave the rooms a bright appearance. Mattresses were laid on the carpets in apartments facing the court-yard. They were the bedrooms of the wives. There were no windows. Each wife leaves her slippers at the entrance of her bedroom. We saw no chairs and only an occasional cushion. The wives prefer to recline or to sit on the floor. One or two sat on sheepskins.

The second harem belonged to a rich Moor. We saw there several clocks and mirrors, evidently a recent importation from Paris, but they looked out of place. The Moor had only one wife, and she was just 13 years old. She had been married two years. She sat on the floor barefooted with three other women, who were either relatives or visitors. She was very pretty. With an engaging smile she motioned us to sit near her. She looked animated, gay and happy. Several servants in the Oriental attire were in attendance. The life of Moorish wives must, however, be very wearisome. They are shut up in apartments with grated windows, high above mankind, with only occasional glimpses of the great world without.

In the first harem I saw a widow with seven children, all girls. Two were playing cards and two were sewing. None of the girls had ever seen a man. On Friday only the widow is allowed to go to the Moslem cemetery to weep and to pray over her dead husband. We were offered coffee and cakes. Etiquette required that we should drink four cups of coffee and eat as many cakes. Our visit was made very early in the morning.

The poor wives seemed glad to see us. They admired our dresses and called each other's attention to what took their fancy in the way of jewelry. They were dressed gayly, but they had a slovenly look and had an ungraceful walk.—*Tangiers Cor. New York Sun.*

## A Parisian Novelty.

Leaders of fashion in Paris deserve the rare praise of having discovered—not, indeed, a new pleasure, but a new variety of an old one. This is the very heart of the dancing season, Paris being in all things a month earlier than London; and after Cinderellas, fancy balls, and costume reunions, in which inventive eccentricity was to be confined entirely to (the outsides of) the heads of the guests, it seemed that nothing new in that line could be devised. Something new has been devised, and is now in the full swing of Parisian patronage and popularity. Dances are given in which the hostess assumes a nationality. The Parisienne is content for the night to be a Spaniard, a Pole, a Neapolitan, and as is the hostess so must be her guests. The *mise en scene* is rigorously correct. In one salon you might fancy yourself in Madrid, especially if you had ever been there. You have the sarabande and the bolero, the short petticoats, the gay flounces; and, where nature (or art) can supply them, the olive complexions, the lustrous locks, and the rather wanton eyes of the country of bull-fights; dark beauties are much admired and Spanish lace is in high request. A few doors off you are in Poland, Chopin's dreamy waltzes giving the music and the slow, swinging step so inexplicable to a Frenchman accustomed to sestotum gyrations. German manners and customs are not yet very popular; but there seems a craze for the Russian mode. On the whole, the boulevardier boasts with reason that after it has struck 12 he can make a tour of the world in forty minutes.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

## Nothing New Under the Sun.

A discovery has been made which again lays the honesty of our ancestors open to serious suspicion. The jerry-builder, it seems, was not unknown in the middle ages; in fact he must have flourished and waxed mighty, seeing that he occasionally got such a job as the building of a cathedral into his unclean hands. In the course of "restoring" Peterborough cathedral some insight has been gained into the ways of the builder of the "Norman" and "early English" periods. Like his successor, he was an adept at concealing the practices by which he, no doubt, amassed a considerable fortune. The walls of the lantern at Peterborough being carefully examined, it appeared that, though the outside facing was of good Barnack stone, beneath this thin surface there was nothing but rubble and "pit mortar." So, too, with the great central tower and the piers which support it, or rather do not support it any longer. The core of these piers "was nothing but dust," and even their foundations were of the shallowest and poorest kind. Under the circumstances it is astonishing that the work should have lasted so long.—*St. James' Gazette.*

A Canadian farmer, who recently lost a small pig, after long search found him drowned in the cream can. "Sh," he said, "poor piggy's creamated."

# DUELING IN GERMANY.

## An Interchange of Opinion on Various Phases of University Life.

A Berlin telegram to the London *Times* says: In connection with the debate on the estimates of the ministry of public works in the Prussian chamber of deputies there were some interesting interchanges of opinion on various phases of university life. A prominent clerical member, Herr Reichensperger, opened the discussion by complaining of the idleness, the drinking and duelling habits of students, of the academic system of cramming, and of the clique existence led by the professors at some universities.

But it was on the subject of duelling that the conversation mainly turned, and it was not difficult to divine how the tacit sympathies of the great majority of the house tended. Even the remarks of Herr von Gossler, the minister of public worship, drew from Dr. Windthorst an expression of surprise that "while duelling had been made penal by law it was nevertheless defended in this place." The ultramontane leader here referred to a decision of the supreme court of Leipsic, according to which, as one speaker put it, a duel with sharpened blades or rapiers might, but not of necessity must, be held to be a combat with mortal weapons—which was opening a door of escape with a vengeance. And it was plainly a matter of secret satisfaction to most that this indulgent door of escape had been created. Dr. Windthorst, it is true, displayed more than the half-heartedness of his colleagues when he declared that "in contrast to the opinions of the herr minister uttered last year, he regarded duelling as a decided evil, and in no way beneficial to the human character." But other members openly and boldly advocated a moderate encouragement of the barbarous and brutalizing practice of the national universities.

To this very practice Prince Bismarck once ascribed the prevalence of that combative and party spirit in parliament which had caused him so much woe—a spirit that men learned and brought away with them from the fencing ground; but in legislative quarters the practice is still countenanced as much as ever, and when the legal decision above referred to was issued, there was even a movement among the members of all factions, as Minister von Gossler reminded the house, for mitigating the effect of the judge's dictum. Most deputies have themselves been students, and look back with affectionate remembrance to their university life with all its swaggering and militant pleasures; and they still continue to have a sneaking sympathy with a habit which has been discarded by most civilized countries except Germany.

The foundation of duelling is the feeling of honor, but the Germans have not yet come to see that the honor of a man can only suffer a taint by the actions of his own and not by the words or actions of another, or that the sure foundation of dishonor is not without, but within a man. Duellists, however, think otherwise, and so do the Germans, and as long as they do so, it is no wonder that they are so sensitive of criticism, (especially from France), and so quick to resent it.

## Tyndall on Rainbows.

"I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a covenant between me and the earth." The sublime conception of the theologian exceeded that desire for exact knowledge which was characteristic of modern science. Whatever the ultimate cause of a rainbow might have been, the proximate cause was physical, and the aim of science was to refer a rainbow to its physical principles. The explanation of the rainbow was due to Descartes. Descartes looked at he drops of rain; he pictured one liquid sphere falling in the air; he pictured the rays of the sun falling upon a liquid sphere. he saw that certain portions of the light would be refracted, would be driven to the other side of the drop, beak again, and would be again refracted as their emergence from the drop. He took a pen in his hand, and calculated the entire course of the rays through the drop and their direction after their emergence from the drop. He found that the vast body of the rays, after quitting the drop, diverged at one particular angle; they came out as a parallel sheaf. There was a certain form of emotion called intellectual pleasure. It might be caused by poetry, literature, nature or art, but he, (Prof. Tyndall) doubted whether there was a pleasure of the intellect more pure and concentrated than that of a scientific man, who looking at a difficulty that had challenged the human mind for ages saw that difficulty melt before his eyes and recrystallize as an illustration of a law of nature. Such pleasure he thought must have been that of Descartes when he succeeded in uncovering the laws which ruled the appearance of the most brilliant meteor in nature.

## Elegant New York Homes.

New York is full of elegant homes, hardly excelled in the world. All our American cities abound in noble homes, but here, where wealth has been so bountiful, these homes are upon a scale hardly to be found in the world. The merchants and successful men of New York live like veritable kings and princes. In other countries society is organized round men; here the men serve the women, not only for seven years, like Jacob to Laban's daughter, but for seventy and seven. This is the golden age of women. Nowhere else are women without rank or quality maintained as if they were descended from princes. New York homes are replete with everything that money can buy. Almost every house hold has its special devotion; some run to prints, some to coins, some to elegant bindings of books, some to antique and venerable editions of books, some to rugs, some to placques, some to paintings. I venture to say that in this city if the private houses could be thrown inside out we would stand amazed at our own treasures. Sometimes the most magnificent tastes and qualifications are found in the most modest New Yorkers. Self-made men feel like ornamenting their homes with the treasures of their own occupations, pleasures, or origins.—*Gath.*

A fool may have an coat embroidered, but it will always be a fool's coat.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, MARCH 13, 1884.

### A SETTLER'S GRIEVANCE.

During our visit to the northern townships of this county last week our attention was called to a particular case where it would seem a settler is experiencing great injustice through the present laws affecting our Crown Lands. On lot 5 in the 18th concession of Tudor was erected some twenty-four years ago a saw mill, and the present owner, Mr. George Dulmage, some time ago applied to the Department through Mr. Johnson at Toronto, for permission to cut some pine in the neighborhood to be converted into lumber for home requirements, not for foreign markets. He even offered to buy the land on which the pine stood, and pay the same amount for license limit as paid by any company. In reply the Department graciously offered to sell the land *after* it was stripped, but not a tree of pine could he get. All must be handed over to the interests of the large lumbering concerns, such as the Gilmour's or the Rathbun's. This is encouraging settlement and settlers with a vengeance. It seemed hard to believe, but we were informed such was the fact, that the settler cannot touch any timber of this description on these lands, even for necessary use, until such times as the owners of the limits get what they want. If this is the case we think there is just cause for complaint. The men who locate such lands, who build the roads, pay the taxes, who are in fact the "bone and sinew" of the country, they, we think, are the ones the Government should take under its wings and assist. We understand Mr. Dulmage had addressed a letter on the above subject to our local member, Mr. Wood, and asked him to urge the Government to change such pernicious regulations of the Crown Lands to a more equitable basis for the struggling settlers.

### A QUEER AMENDMENT.

Some time ago in the Local Legislature the member for North Hastings, Mr. A. F. Wood, gave notice of introducing a Bill to amend the Railway Act of Ontario. Among his constituents it was understood that his proposed amendments were for the purpose of preventing Railway companies from acquiring mines by running their road over them and taking advantage of the powers conferred on railway companies by the said Act by compelling the owner of the mines to sell to the company at nominal figures the same as of ordinary right of way. The people of North Hastings were peculiarly interested in such amendments being made, this being a mining district, and it having been alleged that certain acts of injustice in this direction had already taken place. It was deemed highly desirable that such amendments should be made for the protection of private mine owners, who had just reason to fear that at any time a railway company having a charter to run anywhere might locate their road or station grounds directly over a valuable bed of ore, and force the owner to an unjust sale. While this would encourage and satisfy owners of mines to open and develope the same, it would not in the least interfere with the rights of the companies in building their roads, or even in acquiring the mining properties by legitimate agreements with the owners. Instead, however, of Mr. Wood's Bill, we find one introduced to the Legislature by Hon. Mr. Pardee, entitled "An Act to Amend the Railway Act of Ontario," which is anything but what we have pointed out above as required for a mining section such as North Hastings. We find that as heretofore a company may locate their line where they please, although the opening section of the Act states that "the company shall not be entitled to any mines of iron, slate or "other minerals under any land purchased by them except only such "parts thereof as shall be necessary "to be dug or carried away, or used "in the construction of the works, "unless the same shall have been expressly purchased." This leaves the owner in possession of his mine, it is true, but the very next and succeeding clauses of the Bill make the working of the mine practicably impossible if the company so desires, or considers it would be of injury to their line overhead. Then the unfortunate owner must either sell to the company or allow his mine to remain unworked. Another gross favoritism to companies at the expense of the owner is that the latter must give the former thirty days notice, in writing, of his intention to commence work, while, at twenty-four hours' notice, the company may enter upon any properties and inspect the same, and stop work if they consider it likely to be of injury to their line. The Act virtually leaves railway companies so disposed masters of the whole situation in a mining country, as by pursuing an aggressive policy they could compel all mine owners to accede to their wishes or cause their mines to lie undeveloped under the railway track. Owners of mines, who risk both money and time in acquiring these properties, and farmers or settlers who are fortunate enough to own the land on which a good mine is situated, ought rather to be protected and encouraged by the Government than oppressed by wealthy monopolies. It will be a great injustice if such a law as the above is placed on the statute book.

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The Canadian House of Commons and the Local Legislature have on several occasions within our recollection been brought into undue prominence through undignified proceedings during heated debates, but it cannot be said of of our representatives that they ever descended so low in this direction as did the members of the United States House of Representatives at a recent all-night session. An American paper reports the event as a thoroughly disgraceful affair. According to reports, they whistled and shouted, and guyed those arraigned for absence without permission, threw paper wads at each other, and sat on the desks and smoked and took loving excursions down stairs for more lunch and firewater. Finally, the session, or rather the riot, ceased to be funny. The members began to quarrel. The associated press reporters' tables were tipped over. The reporters had already fled, together with the frightened pages. The official reporters discreetly laid down their pens, for it was useless to attempt to catch a connected sentence in this babble of frantic yells, and if they did take down the blackguardism, it must never go in the Record. Fists were shaken under each other's noses, but the crowd behind pressed the would-be combatants so closely that blows were impossible. In another instant the sergeant-at-arms, with the silver mace, sprang into the arena, and the angry crowd gave back before his badge of authority. This restored order for a time, but the riot was soon renewed with increased fierceness and lasted until adjournment. Such scenes as these cannot be repeated very often before the people will lose all respect for that house of congress.

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Call and see the novelties in Lamps and Lamp Shades, at G. A. Rollins.

An eloquent Jesuit has been banished from Spain for delivering sermons offensive to royalty.

THOUSANDS SAY SO.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes; "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver Complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by all Druggists.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills are the best, the cheapest and the most popular remedies. At all seasons and under all circumstances they may be used with safety and with the certainty of doing good. Eruptions rashes, and all descriptions of skin diseases, sores, ulcerations, and burns are presently benefited and ultimately cured by these healing, soothing, and purifying medicaments. The Ointment rubbed upon the abdomen, checks all tendency to irritation of the bowels, and adverts dysentery and other disorders of the intestines. Pimples, blotches, inflammations of the skin, muscular pains, neuralgic affections, and enlarged glands can be effectively overcome by using Holloway's remedies according to the instructions accompanying each packet.

## Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

**D. W. WRIGHT.**

## Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased as a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

## Tenders Wanted.

TENDERS are invited until the 15th day of April next for the purchase of Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. No tender necessarily accepted. Offers strictly confidential. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,

Feb. 7, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

## LIQUOR LICENSE ACT, 1883.

THE annual meeting of the Board of License Commissioners for Hastings District, under the above Act, will be held at the Court House in the City of Belleville, in said District, on WEDNESDAY, the 26th day of MARCH next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of hearing and determining all applications for License under the the above Act, at which meeting all applicants for License shall personally attend. Any petition against the granting of a license must be lodged with me not less than four clear days before said meeting. All applications for wholesale license and vessel license must be filed with me five days before above mentioned date, accompanied by the usual deposit fee.

Dated at Belleville, 23rd day of February, A. D. 1884.

ROBERT GORDON,

357 Chief Inspector, Hastings District.

—IN THE—

## HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

(CHANCERY DIVISION.)

### IN RE. CAMERON.

### O'Flynn vs. Cameron.

PURSUANT to Decree or Order of this Court, bearing date the 13th day of October, A. D. 1883, the following valuable mining and farming properties will with the approbation of Samuel Shaw Lazier, Esq., Master of this Court at Belleville, be sold by public auction in the

**Village of Madoc,**

—ON—

**TUESDAY, 25TH OF MARCH,**

A. D. 1884,

at the hour of ONE o'clock in the afternoon, being the individual halves of Lots Nos. 55, 56 and 57, on the west side of the Hastings Road, in the Township of Tudor, in the County of Hastings. The property is principally valuable for its mineral deposits, and is supposed to contain valuable gold and iron mines.

The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid fixed by the Master.

Terms of Sale:—The purchaser shall pay down at the time of Sale a deposit in the proportion of $10 on every $100 of his purchase money, and the balance within one month thereafter.

In other respects the conditions of sale shall be the standing conditions of sale of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice.

For further particulars apply at the Law office of S. B. Burdett, Esq., Belleville, and Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., Madoc.

Dated this 25th February, 1884.

S. S. LAZIER,

S. B. BURDETT, Local Master.

Plaintiffs Solicitor. 357-4w

**AGENTS** wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine, U. S. A.

Great Bargains

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

—o—

$10,000 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market!

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the

NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.

Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut away down.

Boots and Shoes MUST BE RUN OFF inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.

FIRE, FIRE, FIRE.

I have a very large assortment of Furniture, some of which was damaged in removal at the late fire, which I purpose selling cheap for cash.

*Call Early and Secure a Bargain.*

I have one $80 Raw Silk Parlor Suite, slightly damaged, which I will sell very cheap.

Also a full line of Couches, Parlor, Diningroom and Bedroom Furniture, &c., &c.

PICTURES FRAMED

in all styles of Moulding, very cheap.

N. M. MAYBEE.

Weiss' Block, Madoc.

Established - in 1862.

—GO TO—

WHITE'S AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

PLOUGHS—Ploughs—PLOUGHS.

WE ARE MANUFACTURING

STEEL AND IRON PLOUGHS

OF A SUPERIOR GRADE.

Farmers will consult their own interest by purchasing from us as we keep on hand repairs, thereby doing away with delays.

TO LUMBERMEN.

We are now prepared to GUM Saws.

JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.

1858. —ESTABLISHED— 1858.

—o—

WRIGHT'S

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

A quantity of Goods damaged by the late fire will be sold cheap. Call and see them.

JANE WRIGHT.

## Latest Local News.

—Maple Sugar!

—See D. W. Wright's new advt.

—The committee on County separation matters has settled down to work.

—Mrs. Morton, wife of Mr. Wm. Morton, of St. Ola, died at her residence on Thursday last.

—An eclipse of the moon will be visible in this region on the morning of the 10th of April, between 4 and 6 o'clock.

—The *Intelligencer* says the Wardenship question will be decided on the 20th inst., when the case will be submitted to the County Judge.

—An old grudge between two residents led to blows and blood, in Moon's Hotel a few evenings ago. These old sores are bad things to go poking up.

—The Methodist Union Bill has passed the private bills committee in the House of Commons, without amendment. There is little doubt but it will be passed in the House as well.

—Parts 27 and 28 of Picturesque Canada will soon be here. They will contain views of scenes near home amongst which are the Bay of Quinte, Belleville, and scenes in the mining district of Madoc.

—"Pancake socials" are the latest novelties in this line in Napanee. Why don't some of the drowsy ladies' aid societies in this village introduce something new, and they would reap the benefit.

—It speaks well for the moral status of Madoc that the salvation army has not yet made its attack on the place. The army is having a hard fight with wickedness in Belleville, Picton, Napanee and other places in the district.

—It is proposed that Picton and Trenton get up a union excursion over the Central Ontario to the mines, as soon as the road is completed, which will be early in the spring. Just as well to let the people of those places see something.

—We insert notices of births, marriages and deaths in the REVIEW free of charge. These events are constantly happening throughout the county, and we would be glad if parties interested would put the facts on a post card and send it along to this office.

—The snow has not been so deep in the northern townships for a long time as if has been lately. When a horse gets off the beaten track the driver generally imagines it is it is the last he will see of the animal for some time. In the woods horses are being badly cut up.

—They had a big wedding at Maynooth the week before last, when a young merchant of that village took unto himself a partner. The event was celebrated by a grand dance and supper, which had the effect of "breaking all up" hal. the people of that place for the next day or two afterwards.

—Our recent visit to Maynooth confirmed an opinion we have before heard expressed that more liquor is drank in that place than in any other village of its size in the province. During our twenty-four hours stay around those lively "corners" we encountered about a dozen individuals whooping under its influence. Where are our temperance missionaries?

—A party of noble red men and women from Rice Lake are encamped in the woods a short distance north of Bannockburn, where they have been the most of this winter. They are engaged in the industrious occupation of basket making, which goods they dispose of principally at Millbridge. They then "dispose" of considerable "fire water" purchased with the money earned.

### Tweed Races.

Tweed winter races come off on Tuesday. Visitors from Madoc say there was a "hard" crowd present.

### Liquor Licenses.

We understand all the liquor dealers in this village have applied for license under both the Dominion and Ontario laws. In the northern townships they take them out as usual under the Ontario law only.

### Union Tea-meeting.

On Monday evening next, 17th inst., a union tea-meeting will be held in the B. C. Church, English's neighborhood, the proceeds being for the erection of a new church. Rev. Messrs. McAmmond, Baker, Brown, and Ockley will deliver addresses which will be interspersed by vocal and instrumental music. Tea served at 6 o'clock. Tickets, 40 cents; double, 75 cents.

### Killed in the Woods.

Although the news is pretty late, we have only just heard of the sad death of a young man named Gannon, whose parents reside some miles east of Maynooth, which took place in the woods near Bancroft, on Thursday the 21st February. He was engaged in lumbering, and while driving through the bush a large limb fell from a tree top, striking him on the head and killing him instantly. He was a young man of good habits and highly respected in that neighborhood.

### Getting his Hand In.

Mr. John Huff, the new Chief of Police for this village, on trial, although a young man, takes to the duties of the office like a duck to water. He made his first capture on Saturday night, and although his prisoner offered considerable resistance, the manner in which he yanked him along to the lockup would have done credit to a veteran "peeler." Notwithstanding his being young, scarcely yet out of his "teens," he possesses the necessary muscular development and fearless disposition for the office, and if he is permanently appointed we have no doubt but he will make the village exceedingly warm for disorderly characters of every description.

## Our Trip North.

We returned last week from a long contemplated trip to the northern part of the county, our visit extending over a week. We intended in this issue giving a brief description of interesting things we saw and heard on the trip but have been so busy since our return with office work, accumulated in our absence as to be able to find time for its preparation. Particularly do we wish to let our readers know what is being done at the celebrated Coe hill mine in Wollaston, which we visited and through which we were courteously shown by the genial manager, Captain James. Good things, however, will keep.

### Large Moose.

Some few weeks ago a large moose was killed a short distance north of Maynooth, which weighed over 800 pounds. The owner asked $30 for the hide. It was the largest ever known to be killed in that district.

### Travelling Fraud.

It is reported that a man assuming to be a doctor from Toronto is going the rounds of the country and palming off bogus prescriptions, which cannot be filled in any drug store in Canada, on the people, charging a good figure, and as an evidence of good faith promises to return the money should the medicine not have the desired effect. The public should beware of such swindlers.

### A Villainous Deed.

A few mornings ago a horse belonging to Mr. Charles Price, living near this village, suffered a horrible cruelty at the hands of some hardened scoundrel. The poor animal was found with a deep gash in the backbone just above the root of the tail, that member being nearly severed off, the deed evidently having been done by a blow from an axe, the blanket being also cut through. It is too bad that the perpetrator of such an inhuman act should go unpunished.

### County Town.

A meeting of the Committee appointed at the late public meeting to collect statistics relating to the advisability of moving to have a new county set apart with Madoc as the County Town, was held in Mr. O'Flynn's office on Monday evening. This being the first meeting there was not a full attendance of the members of the Committee, and after some discussion, it was adjourned to Friday evening. We understand from what information has already been obtained that the project seems very favorable.

### New Mining Company.

A new mining company, to be known as "The Arthur Mining Company, of Ontario," has been incorporated, with a capital stock of $75,000, for the purpose of mining and all other business incidental thereto, and of smelting and assaying the minerals taken out or acquired by the company. The incorporators are:—William Coe, Arthur Wm. Coe, miners of Madoc; Samuel J. Ritchie, of Akron, Ohio, gentleman; James Bates McMullen and George Whiteman McMullen, railway managers, of Prince Edward. The headquarters of the Company are at Trenton.

### Obit.

Windfield Scott, Jr., a resident of this village for a year or two past, is dead. The lamented event took place last week. He was found poisoned in his apartments; whether foully murdered or the victim of an unfortunate accident there is no evidence to determine, but the sad result has called forth many expressions of regret from a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Windfield Scott, Jr., was a stallion belonging to Mr. Jacob Huff. Jake says the people of this neighborhood will not look upon his like again for a long time.

### A Musical Treat.

The choir of the R. C. Church, in this village, under the direction of Mr. Freman, will give a grand concert in the Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening next, 19th inst., which promises to be as fine a musical treat as we have had in this village for some time. Three gentlemen from Montreal will assist, Mr. Reichling, solo violinist, Mr. Frasir, pianist, and Mr. Baker (a blind gentleman), flute and piccalo player. The latter gentleman has a wide reputation as a musician. Miss O'Carroll and Mr. Bayeur, of Belleville, and local talent consisting of Mrs. W.H. O'Flynn, Mrs. B. O'Hara, Miss Blanche Francis, Miss Seymour, Miss Deans and Mr. E. L. Weiss will also contribute vocal and instrumental music. Tickets, 35 cts; reserved seats 50c.

### A Bad Man.

Thomas Hill is a bad man. He has been a resident of this village for some months past, and of late has shown a decided penchant for thrashing his better half, especially when he goes home under the benign influence of liquor, to which he is somewhat addicted, but his indulgence of the desire to lick her at last got him into trouble. Two or three nights last week he deemed it his duty to make things lively for Mrs. H., even threatening to shoot her and producing a revolver for the purpose, but which happily was taken from him. Saturday night he was worse than usual and Chief Huff had to be called in, who quickly settled the matter by landing him in that little place where many (not all by any means), bad men invariably have to go—the lockup. Here he spent the night, and from the solitude of which he went out the next morning we trust a much better man.

## "Jeremiah in Ireland."

### Dr. Wild locates the Divine Prophet in Erin for a certainty.

INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LECTURE.

Those who paid their money to hear Dr Wild last night have no reason to regret the investment. Perhaps there were few in the audience who have thought as much during their whole life about the great prophecies and truths of the Bible as they did during the two hours the gifted speaker was addressing them. The tenor of the lecture was the attempt to prove that the British people were descended from the lost tribes of Israel, that the Prophet Jeremiah after his escape from the land of Egypt was wafted in time to the shores of Ireland, and that through his instrumentality a race of rulers was perpetuated in that country which had its origin in David and of which Queen Victoria is a direct descendant in the long line which has reigned successively over Ireland, Scotland and England. The Dr. does not vouch for the literal correctness of all his conclusions, but he places his deductions in the position of being not only possible but very probable; he backs them up with passages from the words of God as revealed in the Bible; he supports them with scripture prophecies which have and are being literally fulfilled. We imagine it would be interesting to see any person rise up and dispute his ground.

Dr. Wild says that 100 years from now there will be but one nation and people and that nation will be Great Britain. In support of this he instanced the rise and fall of great nations in the past, and showed that the nation that would secure the largest amount of territory from those that were becoming extinct must eventually absorb, all the others. While other countries now were losing ground, Great Britain was serenely sailing on the the even tenor of her way, acquiring territory, adding to her population and resources, extending her power and influence, always rising higher in the scale that composed a nation's greatness. In territory, population, and commerce she was far above any of the nations of the earth; religiously she was slowly but surely converting the world to her faith. Chinese or Russian or Italian missionaries were never sent to English lands, but English missionaries were sent and were pushing their language and religion to all parts of the globe. To the "Saxon circle," which he described as the British possessions and United States, were flocking the overcrowded thousands of almost every other nation, and who were rapidly adopting the English language and customs, forgetting in the course of generations their own. But, he asked, where on the face of the earth was a British colony who forgot their language or forgot that they were British subjects?

The speaker's conclusions as to how the Prophet Jeremiah got to Ireland, and the lost tribes should be in reality the British people, were deeply interesting, and based on historical and Biblical facts. Believers in the Bible must certainly admit that it bears him out in his statements. As he says, the theory may or may not be believed, but the facts admit as great probability as possibility. Historical and Biblical facts pointed to the conclusion that ultimately all the nations of the earth would be absorbed in one, and he believed that Great Britain would be the universal Head!—God's "chosen people." In the absence of anything like a contradiction we accept the deductions as correct,—and thank our stars we are a Briton.

Dr. Wild is an eloquent and fluent speaker, with fine presence on the platform. He spoke with an earnestness that showed his thorough sincerity in what he was saying, although the lecture was often enlivened with flashes of wit. His description and explanation of the British coat of arms, a genuine plate of which he exhibited, was deeply interesting, showing as it did the destined spread of the power of the "Lion of Judea." The present troubles in Egypt were but opening the way for Britain to possess Palestine, and then the world! He closed with the significant words, "Success to the invaders."

E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., occupied the chair. At the conclusion a hearty vote of thanks, moved by Rev. Mr. McAmmond, was tendered the speaker. The audience should have been larger, but it was an intelligent one, and is indebted to Rev. Mr. Baker for the intellectual treat.

**23.** The New Garden Seeds from D. M. Ferry & Co., have arrived at DEANS' DRUG & SEED STORE! You can buy 2 papers for 5 cents, and don't you forget it!!

### Madoc Model School.

Monthly Report for February, 1884:—

| | Mr. Clark. | Miss McDermid. | Miss Bollus. | Miss Jones. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. Enrolled | 58 | 50 | 68 | 71 | 248 |
| Aggre. Attend. | 1000 | 907 | 1014 | 1043 | 3964 |
| Aver. " | 47.62 | 45.35 | 48.29 | 49.67 | 188.76 |
| Percent of " | 82.11 | 86.38 | 71.01 | 70 | 76.11 |
| Aggregate Lates | 77 | 55 | 18 | 31 | 181 |
| Average " | 3.7 | 1.85 | .85 | 1.48 | 7.88 |
| Percent of " | 5.7 | 3.85 | .01 | .01 | 9.57 |
| No. of Reg. Att's | 37 | 52 | 17 | 14 | 90 |
| " Punc. " | 29 | 32 | 56 | 55 | 172 |
| Least No. Present | 41 | 39 | 35 | 37 | 152 |
| Greatest " | 51 | 49 | 61 | 61 | 222 |

### Married.

BOYLE—McEWEN.—At the residence of the bride's parents on 5th March, by the Rev. R. L. Ockley, Mr. Peter Boyle of Madoc, to Letitia, eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. McEwen, of Millbridge.

BROADWORTH—BAILEY.—On March 12th., by the Rev. F. McAmmond, in the Methodist Church, Madoc, William Broadworth to Miss Jane Bailey, both of the township of Marmora.


# W. O. REID,

—DEALER IN—

Fruit and Ornamental Trees,

CENTERVILLE, - ONTARIO.

# CHAMBERS & WHITE!

THE | BIG | TEA | POT | SIGN.

(Successors to J. A. Chambers.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - MADOC, ONT.,

where will be found a choice stock of fine

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE, &C.,

—ALSO—

FANCY CHINA WARE, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Fine goods always a specialty with us.

*James White.* *J. A. Chambers.*

# 1858—ESTABLISHED—1858

—o—

## G. D. RAWE

Takes this opportunity to notify his numerous friends and customers, that his stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods is now complete, and has been selected with great care from the Best Houses in the Dominion.

His stock of Albums is the largest, cheapest and most varied in design that was ever (in Madoc) presented to those requiring such articles.

He would also call especial attention to the other portion of his stock, intended specially for Xmas and New Year Gifts, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, young men and misses.

One glance at the stock will prove that it is all new and offered at remarkably low prices.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, December 5th, 1883.

# GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. - Please Give me a Call.

# 1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884

—o—

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON

## Stories of the Confessional

Every one who has lived long in the south of Europe knows how amusing and innocent anecdotes of the confessional abound there, anecdotes which reflect neither upon priest nor penitent, yet which have the peculiarly piquant flavor—inherent in a joke which touches thoughnever so lightly—upon forbidden subjects.

One of these was told to the writer by an earnest, active priest, unsparing of himself and of others. Padre——is from the north of Italy, and quite unused to the unspeakable and unconquerable laziness of the Roman peasant. It happened therefore, that on the occasion of the first confession it fell to his lot to hear after his appointment to the church of San——, in Rome, he was astonished to find that it behooved him to do the penitent's work as well as his own, and that he had to question and suggest and question again until fairly wearied out. So, being a conscientious man, he called the peasant back after he had given him absolution, and said, "You must come better prepared next time. You must see that to-day it was I who made the confession, and not you. You had evidently made no examination of conscience; and so I warn you the next time you come I shall ask you nothing until you yourself have begun your confession. It is your duty to think over all you have done and left undone, and to make your own examination of conscience; then I can aid you with questions; but it is not right or for your good that I should do it all." The peasant sulked and shuffled, but made no reply to this harangue. However, it was not very longa before he came again, and Padre ——, who is nothing if not thorough, placed his watch before him, and allowed himself twenty minutes to wait for the confession to begin. The minute-hand crept round to five minutes,—ten,—fifteen,—seventeen,—when the penitent said, in an injured and irritated tone, "*Ebbene tu non mi dice niente?*" ("Well, have you got nothing at all to say to me?")

Quite different was good and gentle Father O'B——'s method of procedure. He was never in Rome, and lived and died in the great republic. His penitents used to say of him that if they confessed any sin he was went to say hastily, in a distressed tone of voice, "There, mee chyeld, there! I know ye didn't mane to do it. Pass on to the next p'nt."

"Oh, yes, but I did intend to do it. I did it knowingly, Father O'B——."

"Oh, mee chyeld, I hope not. I hope ye didn't,—for that would be decayvtful, ye know, and unkind. I think ye didn't mane to do it. Pass on to the next p'nt mee chyeld."

Even a better story is told of Father Mc B——, a Dominican monk, and a good, energetic, but absent-minded man. It fell to his lot to return to Ireland after an absence of many years, and to hear confessions on saint's day in the chapel of a small village in the neighborhood of Cork. Several of the villagers had already confessed and were kneeling quietly in church, waiting for mass to begin, when the door of the adjoining chapel (where Father McB—— heard confessions) burst in, and the good father rushed in, his habit flying behind him, exclaiming in a loud voice, "Every one who has confessed to me this morning and that 'flayed the shingle over the roof' last night must come back to me directly!"

When the morning services were over, some one ventured to inquire, "What was the matter with Father McB——, now?"

"Faix," said Barney O'Brien, the village ne'er-do-well, with a twinkling eye, "faix, I'm just thinkin' it's meself then, I'd made me confession like the rest of yez; and as to what I said, that's neither here or there, but I'm willin' to tell yez all that I wound it up wid sayin' that I'd flayed the shingle over the roof.—'What's that? says Father McB—, with a start that had like to make him fly out of the confessional.—'Well, thin, yer riverence,' says I, 'it just manes that I got roarin' drunk night before last.' And thin, 'Wait a bit,' says he, and flies into the church as if the divel himself was behind. It's a——onsley pinance he's put on me," continued Barney, with a rueful countenance; "and I can only hope the rist of yez has got the like,—for yez know we flayed the shingle together, boys."

Spanish literature abounds with droll confessional stories. The best, probably, is that of a gypsy, who, coming to confess, and finding the priest's gold watch and chain lying in a room adjoining the confessional, coolly pocketed it, and began his confession with, "Father, I once stole a watch and chain."

"Very well, my son," replied the priest; "then you must restore it to its owner."

"Do you want it?" answered the gypsy.

"I? No, certainly not," said the priest.

"But, father," continued the gypsy, "I offered the watch and chain to their owner, and he refused to accept them."

"And you confessed the theft to the owner?" persisted the priest.

"Oh, yes, father."

"And still he refused to accept the watch and chain?"

"Yes, father, he refused absolutely."

"Then, my son, you may keep them with a clear conscience. Go in peace."

The Provingal stories are rather more irreverent. The most amusing and famous is called "The Turtle-Dove's Nest," and is as follows:

"Poor Alari de Gigoundas, who is something of a simpleton, went to confession. When he had finished, the priest said as usual, 'Now, my son, collect your thoughts and reflect whether you have confessed everything.'

"'*Monsieur le cure*, I don't remember——'

"'Come, my son, courage; tell everything you know; do not fear—'

"'Well, *Monsieur le cure*, if I must tell you everything, I have found a turtle-dove's nest, full of young doves; it is mine——'

"'I hope you didn't steal it!' interupted the prist.

"'Steal it? oh, no, *Monsieur le cure*; but I found it; it is in the olive orchard of Ferrut *fils*, on the fifth tree of the second row; and I shall have a fine set of doves to sell.

"The next day it happened that some children who were playing in the olive-orchard caught sight of the nest, stole some doves and killed others, and tore the nest to his treasure, as he did daily, doves and nest were gone.

"'But who has taken my nest? Oh, my poor nest! Who has spoiled my nest?' cried the simpleton. 'Oh, sacred name of heaven! it can only have been *Monsieur le cure*!'

"When Christmas came round, however, Alari went again to confession, and again the priest said, 'Now, my son, collect your thoughts and tell all you have done.'

"'*Mon pere*, I have been making love——'

"'With a view to getting married?' interrupted the priest.

"'Eh, yes, *Mon pere*; what else should I make love for? She is a good girl, and a pretty, and——'

"'And of this village?'

"But here Alari's patience failed. 'Ah, *coquin* of a *cure*, do you think that I will tell you who and where she is?' he cried. 'Last Easter I confessed to you that I knew where a turtle-dove's nest was, and you robbed my nest and killed my doves. If you should kill my Anois!'"

Of a different color is the following story, also Provengal:

"Every one in Carcassonne and the arrondissement loved the good Abbe Radoni, and rejoiced at the sight of his tall figure, worn *routane*, and big hat, as he came walking along with great strides, having a friendly word and smile for every one, bonbons for the children, and ready sympathy in joy or sorrow for all whoclaimed it. At the fireside he was gay and simple as a child; before the altar, solemn and serious as an archangel. He was a true priest *du Bon Dieu*, such as sreonly made by suffering and conquest of earthly affections and appetites and by fasting and prayer.

"Good and patient as he was, however, there was a fault for which the Abbe found no pardon. He hated gossip as he hated the devil, and when in the course of a confession a penitent happened to reveal the faults of another, the grated window of the confessional box would slam sharply, and the Abbe would say sternly, 'You have discharged your own load. Leave your neighbors to discharge theirs.'

"Now, it happened that one day when he had confessed a great many penitents, a certain Mise Tres-Estello, a rich *bourgeoise* of Carcassonne, presented herself and began a confession which was endless, and which dealt—as was the good lady's wont—with the peccadilloes of all the arrondissement. Rasg went the grating of the confessional, with the customary exordium. Mise Tres-Estello, very angry and humiliated, resolved to leave the Abbe Radoni from that time forth, and therefore presented herself at the confessionals of several other churches in Carcassonne with a tale of her wrongs. Everywhere, however, the grating of the confessional was shut in her face, so that after a time she returned to her own parish. The good Abbe heard her confession and gave her absolution in a quiet matter-of-course way, as if nothing had happened. This mortified her pride extremely, and, meeting him the next day in front of the cathedral, she said graciously, 'I hope, Father Radoni, you were not offended that I went to another confessor?'

"'Not at all, my child; not at all.'

"'But why, *Mon pere*?'

"'Eh, my child, if you had a neighbor who was in the habit of strewing ashes in front of your door, and it pleased her suddenly to change and strew them in front of your neighbor's door, would you be offended? Neither am I offended that you chose another confessor.'"

Once a simpleton, who had been in the idiot-asylum near Arles, was engaged as a servant by a charitable lady. It pleased her one day to go to confession, and the priest, to whom she was a stranger, began with the inquiry, "Are you maid, wife, or widow?"

"*Nenni*, answered poor Catharine.

"Are you married?'

"*Nenni*."

"Unmarried, then?"

"*Nenni*."

"A widow?"

"*Nenni*."

"Then what in heaven's name are you?" said the priest, losing patience.

"An idiot and an orphan, please your reverence."

### Selling a Wife.

Some time ago a sensation was caused in the coal-mining district of Roabon, North Wales, by the elopement of a miner with the wife of his comrade. It was ultimately discovered that after some wandering the pair had settled in the colliery district of Tyldesley, Lancashire. From this place the following letter has been received by the deserted husband: "Are you willing to give Sarah up into my hands, to take her as my own wife, and to marry her? for I have asked her many times to go back, and she answers every time, 'I would rather suffer death.' So you now understand she will not come back. Therefore, if you are willing, kindly wire a note signed by your own hand stating you are willing for me to make her a comfortable home and the children, and I will forward you ten shillings in cash for New Year's gift after you do me that kindness." The husband has replied, stating that matters having reached such a climax, his correspondent is welcome to his wife at the price named.—*St. James's Gazette.*

### For tunes in Germany.

What does *Vanity Fair* mean by stating that "large fortunes are rare in Germany?" On the contrary, there is no country where there are so many large fortunes among "the territorial aristocracy." In Germany proper there are twenty-six estates which are larger than any in Great Britain, with the exception of the duke of Sutherland's domain; but an enormous number of acres of his Scotch estate are a trackless waste. The landed possessions of Prince Schwartzenberg (in Austria and Hungary) covered 420 German square miles, Prince Lichtenstein's extend over 104 square miles, Prince Esterhazy's 80, and Count Schonborn's 60. There are numerous estates of 50 square miles. *Vanity Fair* is quite mistaken, too, in stating that Count Redesen "made his fortune in the service of the court," and the said fortune, instead of being £1,500,000, considerably exceeds £3,000,000.—*London World.*

One of the surest ways to lose your health is to keep drinking other people's.

## A SCRAP OF PAPER.

### How it Convicted a man of Murder—A Remarkable True Story.

"Speaking of circumstantial evidence," a gentleman from Contra Costa county yesterday, to a reporter of the *Independent*, with whom he had been talking about the Markey murder trial, calls to my mind the conviction of Robert Lyle in my county, last January, of the murder of Patrick Sullivan, and I consider it the strangest case, and one on which there was the best detective work done that it was ever my fortune to meet with. It is a famous case, and has occupied the courts since the year 1881, and gave the officers more trouble to secure a conviction than a dozen ordinary murder cases. They had hardly anything to work on at first, but stuck to it with the persistence of bloodhounds on the track of a victim, finally securing a conviction almost wholly on the finding of a small piece of newspaper."

The reporter became interested and suggested that the gentleman give an account of the affair, which he did in the following language.

THE CRIME.

"Sullivan was a prosperous farmer and stock-raiser, living on Wildcat Creek, in the southern part of Contra Costa county, and Lyle was a near neighbor. The latter was always getting into trouble with his neighbors and going to law, particularly with Sullivan. In these suits he was generally on the wrong side of the question, and, of course, got worsted, which enraged him to such a degree that he was injudicious enough to make threats against Sullivan's life, at one time telling the latter's son that his father would fail to come home some night. On the morning of the day of the murder Sullivan left his home with his team and went to town, where he had a trifling lawsuit with Lyle before a justice of the peace, in which he was beaten. The prophecy was fulfilled, for Sullivan never returned home alive. The next day he was found dead with his team in a field not far from his home, his arm hanging over the whiffletree and his body lying upon the ground. The first conclusion was that the team had run away with him, thrown him out, dragged him and broken his neck. This theory was strengthened by the fact that there was a plainly-marked trail for two hundred and fifty yards, evidently made by his body. No marks of blood were on his clothes, and no evidence that a crime had been committed. At the inquest when the clothes of the dead man were removed, it was found that he had been murdered by some one who had

SHOT HIM IN THE BACK.

Several of the shots had entered his body, one of them penetrating the heart and two of them imbedding themselves in the back of the waggon seat. I attended the trial and took a great interest in it. He was heard to pass the house of a man named Davis about nine o'clock on the night of the murder. The road passed the house of Lyle, so that if the latter so desired he could lie in ambush and kill him.

"When the officers examined the spot where the murder was committed they found the footprints of a man leading to and from Lyle's house over the ploughed ground to the place where Sullivan had fallen out of the waggon. They at once suspicioned that Lyle had something to do with the crime, and went to his house, where he was found eating his dinner. They told him that he was suspected of murder, and that they were there to make an investigation. 'I have expected this,' said Lyle, 'because I have had so much difficulty with Sullivan.' He then told the officers to go ahead and make their search and that they would not find anything criminating about his place. On two pegs on the wall the officers found a double-barreled shot gun, one of the barrels of which was moist on the inside, and had evidently been recently discharged. Some buckshot was found, although Lyle denied having any, and on a shelf by the buckshot was found a crumpled piece of the *San Francisco Call*, a part of which was torn off. Lyle was arrested and lodged in jail at Martinez, after which one of the officers took the prisoner's boots and went to the scene of the supposed ambush, where he found in the brush alongside the road the imprints of a man's knees. The boots were found

TO FIT THE TRACKS

in the soft ground perfectly, and at this stage of the investigation the Alameda officers offered to hand over the case to the Contra Costa officers, but were detailed by the District Attorney to work it up.

"The officer continued the weaving of the chain of circumstantial evidence, and again returned to the scene of the murder. He went to the place where the tracks of the man's knees had been found, and about thirty feet from that spot found a small piece of paper that had evidently been used as a wadding for a gun. It was a bit of newspaper, crumpled and powder-burned, but not be plainly read. At the trial the business manager of the *Call* identified the piece of paper as a part of an advertisement that had been printed in the paper on the same day and date as the paper found in Lyle's house. This little innocent-looking piece of paper was what completed the chain of circumstantial evidence, and consigned Lyle to San Quentin. It was further shown that on the night of the murder, between the hours of eight and nine o'clock, a woman's screams and entreaties had been heard issuing from Lyle's house. It is supposed that it was Mrs. Lyle, who knew that her husband was starting out to kill Sullivan, and tried to prevent his going. Notwithstanding the plain evidence in the case, it took three trials to convict the cold-blooded murderer, and the last jury found him guilty of murder in the first degree, a verdict that caused great dissatisfaction. I don't generally believe in hanging a man on circumstantial evidence, but that chain was so strong that no doubt could be entertained of his guilt. As a strange case it beats anything in California's circumstantial history."

It is not the necessities of life that cost much, but the luxuries; and it is with the major part of mankind as it was with the Frenchman who said that if he had the luxuries of life, he could dispense with the necessities. Mere living is cheap, but as the hymnologist says, "It is not all of life to live."

## BOMBARDMENT DEFEATED.

### Cowardice of the Egyptians—Graphic Description of the Battle.

Full details are given by the London papers of the defeat of Baker Pasha, briefly reported by cable. It appears that on Sunday evening, Feb. 3rd, Baker's force, thirty-six hundred strong, encamped two miles from Trinkitat. The night passed off quietly, and before daybreak on Monday morning, at half-past 7, three hundred baggage camels were laden, and ready to move forward. The guns moved in advance of the column, the infantry following them, and the greater part of the cavalry were scattered round in a circle of skirmishers, a half mile or so from the column, thus effectively protecting it from any sudden attack. The Turkish cavalry were in reserve. "Shortly after 8 o'clock," says the special correspondent of the London *Standard*, "parties of the enemy were sighted. These retired slowly upon the approach of cavalry skirmishers, but showed more and more thickly as we advanced. At half-past 8 the column halted. A Krupp gun was brought forward and unlimbered, and a few rounds of shell were fired. It was hardly to be expected that any execution would be done upon the scattered parties of the enemy, but the effect was to cause them again to fall back. About 9 o'clock the enemy again approached, this time in considerable numbers. The guns of the attacking party opened fire, and the force was ordered to advance. When the cavalry skirmishers came up with the enemy they were soon hotly engaged. Presently about a dozen Arabs riding bareback-ed on wiry little horses, appeared from behind a hillock and coolly galloped around our right flank within three hundred yards of our cavalry on that side, running the gauntlet of the latter's fire. They passed scatheless, and as they still kept along parallel, to our column with the evident intention of gauging its strength and disposition, the general ordered the Turkish cavalry to

CHARGE THEM AND CUT THEM OFF.

After a hot chase the enemy escaped, but as the Turks rode back again toward the column they again appeared, and this time time galloped across our front and around to our left. While our attention was distracted from the front by this incident, a sudden commotion arose in the midst of our cavalry skirmishers on our left flank. The enemy must for some time have been lying concealed close to them, and they now sprang to their feet, and with wild cries charged the Egyptian horsemen. These at once turned rein and came galloping in in a wild and disorderly fashion. The order was then given for the infantry to form square—a manœuvre in which they had been daily drilled for weeks. At this crisis, however, the but half-disciplined mass failed to accomplish it. Three sides were formed after a fashion, but on the fourth side two companies of the Alexandria regiment, seeing the enemy coming on leaping and brandishing their spears, stood like a panic-stricken flock of sheep, and nothing could get them to move into their place. Into the gap thus left in the square the enemy hotly poured, and at once all became panic and confusion. The troops fired, indeed, but for the most part straight into the air. The miserable Egyptian soldiers refused even to defend themselves, but, throwing away their rifles, flung themselves on the ground and groveled there,

SCREAMING FOR MERCY.

No mercy was given, the Arab spearmen pouncing upon them and driving their spears through their necks and bodies. Nothing could well surpass the wild confusion which the mass presented—camels and guns mixed up together, soldiers firing in the air, with wild Arabs, their long hair streaming behind them, darting among them hacking and thrusting with their spears. The right side of the square was not at first assailed, but kept up a continuous fire toward their front, which killed many of our cavalry.

"When the charge had been made by the enemy on the left flank Gen. Baker, with his staff, were out with the cavalry in front. Upon riding back they found that the enemy had already got between them and the column. They at once charged them and cut their way through, but not without several being killed, among them Abdul Rasac, the chief Egyptian staff officer. His horse was hamstrung, and as it fell he was instantly speared by the Arabs. On nearing the square the general had to run the gauntlet of the fire of the Egyptians in his front, who, regardless of what was going on around them, were blazing away in their front. When the general reached the square the enemy had already broken it up, and it was clear that all was lost. Gen. Sartorius, with his staff, had been in the inside of the square when the enemy burst into it. They in vain tried to rally the panic-stricken Egyptians, and were so cooped in by the huddled mass of soldiers that, for a time, they were unable to extricate themselves. When, at last, the Arab throng of spearsmen had thinned the throng of Egyptians, they succeeded in breaking out and in cutting their way through the enemy.

IT NOW BECAME A TOTAL ROUT,

the shattered column streaming across the plain toward Trinkitat, preceded by the flying cavalry, the enemy pressing hotly on the rear of the infantry and slaughtering at will. All mounted men unable to ride well were dismounted by the rush of the flying horsemen and killed. When last seen, Dr. Leslie, Morice Bey, and Capt. Walker, with drawn swords and pistols, were standing in a group surrounded by the enemy, close to the guns in the front face of the square. There also the Turkish battalion and thirty-six Italian policemen were annihilated, scarcely one escaping. So for five miles the flight and pursuit were kept up. The Massowah black battalion behaved well, and for a portion of the distance retired steadily, firing volleys into the enemy. Zobehar's blacks were undrilled and hardly able to fire their rifles, not having arrived long enough before the advance to enable the officers to get them into any shape. They therefore bolted as promptly as did the Egyptians. When the earthwork was reached, where we had encamped the night before, the general made great efforts to protect the rear of the flying fugitives by a charge of the Turkish cavalry with a few Egyptian horsemen, whose flight had been stopped by the officers, but nothing could induce them to charge. Half a regiment of Indian cavalry would have swept the plain of the scattered enemy with the greatest ease. However, although the general could not induce the Turks to charge, he got them to form in line at the earthwork and halt facing the enemy. The pursuit then ceased, the enemy, doubtless, being afraid of the ships; but, in fact, no gunboat was in the harbor, the admiral having ordered away the Decoy on the previous day. When the pursuit ceased the weary fugitives, horse and foot, with many riderless horses here and there among them, made their way across the two intervening miles of deep mud to Trinkitat. On reaching the shore they would have crowded into the few boats there and swamped them had not the English officers, revolver in hand, kept them back. Then they stood huddled together on the beach like a flock of sheep, and had the enemy come on the whole would have been butchered as easily and with as little resistence as so many sheep might have been. Gradually, as it was found that the enemy had really ceased in their pursuit, the panic subsided."

### WITTICISMS.

A good fit—A fit of laughter.

The man who lives too fast is bound to die too quick.

The most appropriate pastry for a free lunch counter—sponge cake.

"I'm locked in slumber," murmurs the prison bird in his sleep.

The first man who says that March will come in like a lion must be lambed.

The oleomargarine manufacturers constitute an oleogarchy.

The man who "wouldn't wonder" must be the busiest man in the world.

The didn't-know-it-was-loaded man will always live, and frequently die.

Artificial cork has been invented, and we shall soon hear of adulterated life-preservers.

The American hog is expected to breed disturbance between this country and Germany.

Every fresh trick the professional roller skater adds to his or her repertoire is called a new rinkle.

Every cloud has a silver lining; but it is not so with solid silver water pitchers They are nickle plated.

"This is my coat of alms," said a tramp, tapping the ragged garment the deacon of a church had just given him.

He—"You made a fool of me when I married you, madam." She—"Lor! You always told me you were a self-made man!"

When a bachelor says he is single from choice it make him mad to ask him why the girls made choice of some other fellow.

It ain' allus de silent man dat's de smartes'. De sheep doan make es much fuss ez de dog, but he ain' got as much sense.

A Connecticut newspaper has put the enterprise of its contemporaries to shame by a long article on "The Next World's Fair."

The only thing that equals the spontaneousness with which the country proposes a monument is the unanimous cordiality with which it isn't built.

A New York Alderman, being told recently that he was ambiguous, declared that the charge was false, as he had not drank anything for a year.

Under the head of "Injustice to Ireland," the Detroit *Free Press* announces the marriage of Oscar Wilde to a Dublin girl.

"Why don't you favor Mr. Archer, my child?" "Oh, for the best of reasons, ma. One can't expect to make much of a hit in society with an old-fashioned cross-beau!"

The critics are poking fun at a magazine article for saying, "man is our brother." Of course he is. You wouldn't call him your sister, would you? If the article said: "Man is our sister," the critics would have reason for kicking.

A young Hungarian woman, recently arrived at New York, has been trying to marry three men. Some wicked American has evidently been giving that poor girl some exaggerated pointers on the leap year of her adopted country.

A writer in a scientific monthly asks: "What is a meter?" In reply a jocular editor said: "An opinion has long prevailed that a meter is a contrivance that works twenty-seven hours a day, eight days a week the year around; and when you resolve to economize in the use of gas, it throws in a couple of extra hours daily without charge."

"Oranges should never be eaten in company," says an authority. We have noticed the disadvantage of eating oranges, too, and have come to the conclusion that the only way to really enjoy an orange is to retire to some sheltered spot in the grove, strip, seize the orange and go in swimming in it.

### Need of Economy.

One of the hardest lessons in life for young people to learn is to practice economy. It is a harder duty for a young man to accumulate and save his first $1,000 than his next $10,000. A man can be economical without being mean, and it is one of his most solemn duties to lay up sufficient in his days of strength and prosperity to provide for himself and those who are or may be dependent upon him in days of sickness or misfortune. Extravagance is one of the greatest evils of the present age. It is undermining and overturning the loftiest and best principles that should be retained and held sacred in society. It is annually sending thousands of young men and young women to ruin and misfortune.

Cultivate, then, sober and industrious habits; acquire the art of putting a little aside every day and for your future necessities: avoid all unnecessary and foolish expenditures. Spend your time in such a manner as shall bring you profit and enjoyment, and your money for such things as you actually need for your comfort and happiness, and you will prosper in your lives, your business, and will win and retain the respect and honor of all worthy and substantial people.

The family man resembles an oyster on the half-shell. The shell is known at home, the soft side abroad. Some men carry this resemblance in their faces. A great many men have countenances like oysters.

# Ned Clopper's Little Game.

## OF LOVE AND LUCK.

BY C. M. FARMER.

### IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

(Concluded.)

Sorrow broods in the Clopper household, now minus one of its members and half the contents of the family savings bank. The hay had been harvested and gathered into the barn, but not by the aid of Clopper junior. His chair was empty and the barn yard and pigstye knew him no more. Not because he had carried into execution his late dire resolution to quit the farm summarily on being rejected by his fair enslaver and to resign his passion and his patrimony together. No bloody weapon or empty poison bottle was picked up on the bank of the mill pond, and no new straw hat discovered floating sadly on its surface. No coroner's jury sauntered four abreast through the hayfield, or made a smoking room of the best parlor, and no police detective rendered the usual delicate attention to the mistress of the house by poking his nose into her secret closets and cross examining the cook with her chin between his thumb and finger. Nothing of the kind. And yet sorrow brooded in the household; for young Ned, the future hope and mainstay of the family name and estates, was gone.

"My poor boy!" sighed Mrs. Clopper, "I hope he won't get into bad ways in that dreadful city. I'm told New York is an awful bad place for young men—so many wicked young woman and other sinful temptations, as parson Taggart says—and he's seen 'em himself. Poor Ned!"

One time poor Ned, seated one drizzly Sunday morning in his seven by twelve chamber on the third floor of his Bowery boarding house, scanned with profound interest the "want" column of the *Herald* to find some opening to the speedy fortune he had determined to amass without loss of time. There were plenty of them, and from among them he picked out one that looked the most promising:

"Wanted—A young and active man of good address and neat appearance to take orders in this city and Brooklyn. Ten to twenty dollars a day easily made. Address, A. S. B., box 17,963 *Herald* office."

"Just the thing for me," said Ned to himself, as he proceeded to answer it. "What a turnip I have been to waste my time the last two years on that precious old farm, instead of coming to New York and pocketing the greenbacks and enjoying myself. Oh, Angelica—if I only had a castle on Murray Hill and money enough to keep it up, how happy we both might be!"

He hadn't quite got over it yet, but pretty nearly. Remembrance of that dimpled face and those brown curls, those bright eyes and cherry lips—would often come over him like a warm perfumed bath, but the prospect, so close at hand, of making lots of money and being recognized a city man—even of throwing Van Dyke Nostrand in the shade, and mayhap supplanting him in the heart of pretty Angelica Bruce, soon over bore all other considerations, and he began to feel as if he had the first installment of fortune already in bank.

Two days afterwards he received a postal card invitation to call on the long eared proprietor of box 17,963 at his office in Park Row, and straight way sought the interview. A lank, sallow-faced man, with blue spectacles on his nose and a scant crop of very red hair on his head, sat at a low desk covered with pamphlets and prospectuses, who greeted our bucolic hero with an inquisitive stare, beginning at his straw hat and ending at his boots, and then asked him through his nose where he hailed from, how old he was, what his father did for a living, how many besides himself were in the family, if he smoked cigars, drank lager, or played poker, and propounded several other pertinent interrogatories touching his qualifications as a young man of business capacity, to all of which Ned returned satisfactory answers.

"See here then," said blue spectacles, selecting a pamphlet from a pile at his elbow and handing it to Ned—"Here's a specimen of my great work on Electro-Biological Longevity, and the Science of Transmogrification, illustrating the Evolutionary Progress of the Adipose Tadpole into the Succulent Bull-frog; together with didactic, acrobatic, hydropathic and sporadic essays on Anthropological and Ethnological subjects. All you've got to do," said blue spectacles, taking breath, "is to get the prospectus by heart and—and take as many orders as you can. Price ten shillings C. O. D., and your commissions ten per cent. payable every Saturday night."

Ned remarked that he'd think of it, and left. The greenback prospect didn't look so bright as it had looked—seemed to fade into an air castle as far as his approach to it was concerned, and Angelica stocks had gone down several points below par. He went back to his room and reflected on the situation. He read the advertising column again and came to the conclusion that humbug was the winning card in life's game. A brilliant thought struck him. He would invest half his capital in printer's ink and call in the patronage of forty millions of the American population. The next Sunday's *Herald* contained the following tempting morsel:

"Gout in the feet effectually and permanently cured in one hour. Recipe forwarded to any address in the United States and Canada on receipt of ONE DOLLAR. Address Dr. Edward Clopper, New York City."

In the course of the next twenty days bushels of letters, each containing the required remittance, were poured down at Dr. Clopper's feet. Genius is equal to any emergency. He didn't pocket the greenbacks and depart by steam to a foreign shore as might be supposed. But he again called in the printer's and stationer's aid, hired half a dozen rapid writers at two dollars a week, and every day the outward mails groaned under the loads of closely sealed envelopes containing the following laconic formula in black letter type:

"Gout Cure. Have both feet amputated above the ankle. Get a skillful surgeon to do it."

One day a stylish looking gentleman in blue broadcloth with bright gilt buttons and a military cap with gold lace scroll work on the front, and carrying under his arm a short stout mahogany-colored cane, walked into Ned's office (he had of course taken an office in an upper loft of a down town building,) and remarked in suave and kindly genteel manner that a certain little game had better be stopped. He didn't like to interfere in a gentleman's business, and far be it from him to dictate, but he thought it would be safer for all parties (without specifying the parties) that the little game be stopped. He was a gentleman of friendly and persuasive accents, and Ned being open to conviction under the argument, it was presently agreed between them that it was perhaps better for all parties to stop the little game.

Ned concluded that he would quit business for a season—take a holiday, and see the sights of the town. He therefore closed his office, discharged his clerks, adorned himself in fashionable attire, and went one evening to the theatre. In one of the boxes close before him sat an old gentleman, a young gentleman, and a young lady. What! Not Squire Bruce, Angelica and the devoted Van Dyke Nostrand? No doubt of it. Ned could not stand it. He did not care any more for the play, and went home, leaving his dollar in the play house treasury and his heart in the proscenium box. Oh, Angelica!

He tried another species of dissipation next morning, and went into a gay looking saloon in the Bowery and called for a brandy smash. The barkeeper, who was reading the morning paper behind the counter, rose to wait on him. What! Not the gay and festive Van Dyke Nostrand with a castle on Murray Hill and a cottage at Long Branch? None other, by all the gods of mythology! Instead of white kids, and dazzling jewellery and generally perfumed operatic case of the previous night, he now wore a calico shirt and checked linen apron.

"I beg your pardon," said Ned, when he had sufficiently recovered from his surprise to speak, "but do I address Mr. Van Dyke Nostrand, the betrothed lover of Angelica Bruce?"

"I—really—well—I don't exactly understand you, sir," stammered the mixer of drinks.

"Now look here, old fellow," said Ned, "you're pretty sharp, I've no doubt. But you're a little too sharp to last. I expect to marry that young lady myself in a few months (he didn't expect anything of the kind) and though I have no castle on Murray Hill and no cottage at Long Branch, I think my claim will be preferred to yours—especially when you write and tell her that circumstances over which you have no control will prevent you seeing her again. Write it at once, and I'll take it to her. I respect your feelings as a gentleman, and while I'm compelled to trip you up in this little game of yours, I'll not expose you to the squire who would cut your throat on sight and hunt you all over the town to do it."

* * * * * * * *

"The infernal scamp! Where is he!" roared Squire Bruce. "I'll murder the vagabond—I'll ruin him!"

"Gone to Salt Lake," quietly answered Ned. "He has seven wives there and they have been rather urgent of late for him to come home and take care of the babies."

"Oh, good gracious me!" cried Angelica sinking back on the sofa in her father's parlor. "To think he should be such a—oh my—the idea!"

"Hold on, cried Ned, stepping forward and grasping the squire's hand, "Hold on. No harm's done. I'm your natural born son in-law. I've saved you from an awful disgrace. Angelica never loved the fellow—she told me so this morning when I brought her his letter. I've no establishment on Murray Hill, but I've got a few dollars in bank and can take care of her in an honest sort of way. What do you say, old man?"

"Ned Clopper," replied the old man in a sudden burst of friendship, "you're a brick! Take her if she's willing, and God bless you both!"

"Angy," said Ned turning to the little beauty and holding out both hands, "will you have me?"

"I don't mind," answered Angelica "you're a good sort of boy, and I always liked you. But goodness gracious me! The idea of being so fooled."

"I've played a little game of Love and Luck," said Ned, "And have won—"

"What!" asked Angelica, looking up into his face with the sweetest of smiles.

"A wife!" said Ned.

## THE CUP THAT CHEERS.

### A Short Crop and Heavy Speculations.

There is a large speculation in Japan tea in progress, and within a few days the transaction at the Importers' and Grocers' Board of Trade, in New York, have involved 4 250,000 pounds. A short time ago the sale of 50,000 pounds was considered quite a large business. Now the speculation is so brisk that 1,800,000 pounds are sold in a single day. The trading in black tea is not so large, yet 585,000 pounds have been sold within three days. Prices have been advancing steadily, owing to the speculative excitement, and are now three to four cents a pound higher than recently. Besides the business on the Exchange, fully 30,000 chests of oolong have been sold to speculators within a short time.

"An advance of three cents a pound in tea," says a broker, "means a rise of $1 25 a chest, and if a speculator has 10,000 or 20,000 chests on hand it is an important matter. The advance is not due to fears of prolonged trouble between France and China, whereby the great tea ports of Shanghai, Amoy and Foochow might be closed by blockade. The season is over there, and there is no tea to export. It is due solely to a marked decrease in the crop. Last year the exports of black tea to this country from China were 22,129,992 pounds; but while we received 80,000 chests of Amoy oolong, only 40,000 chests will be sent here this year. There will also be some decrease in the supply of Japan, of which 34,314,000 pounds were sent here last year. Some think the quantity will be 2,000,000 pounds less. But it is in green that the largest decrease is expected. Last year we received 18,000,000 pounds: this year only 12,000,000 pounds are expected. Less green tea is being raised in China, partly because of the exclusion of the Pingsuey tea that excited so much complaint here last year, and principally because of the extreme cheapness of tea in this country. Chinese planters say there is too little money in tea at the present prices.

## FUNNIGRAMS.

A night 'owl—The cats.

By the way—Milestones.

Haunted houses—Gin palaces.

A tough morsel—The crust of the earth.

"I back up what I have to say," says the cat.

"Forcs" meat—Cold mutton and rabbit pie.

The ship that everybody likes—Good fellowship.

Somnambulism is believed to be an unconscious tranceaction.

Five letters of the alphabet will always continue faithful unto "death."

The French declare they cannot hope for a piece till they have broken China.

Britannia and the pedagogue: one rules the waves, and the other waves the rule.

Beauty is only skin deep, and sometimes it is only as deep as the powder and paint.

Some of the men who carry the most expensive watches never know what time to go home.

There is one good thing about leap year, and that is that leap year jokes can only be used once in four years.

Tennyson didn't get a peerage until he stooped writing poetry. This should serve as a hint to other poets.

The boy who bit into a green apple remarked, with a wry face, "'Twas ever thus in childhood—sour."

An advertisement to invest in certain new lines is with awkward honesty headed, "Purchase of railway snares."

Signs o fthe times.—Knotches in the carving knife betoken that spring chicken has been one of the luxuries of the festive season.

When Hamlet said, "But I have that within which passeth show," it is believed that he had in his pocket a complimentary ticket for a circus.

The English alphabet is tolerably virtuous. Twenty of the letters have never been in prison. Yes, but look what a lot of them are now in penitentiary.

One of George III.'s first acts was to knight a gentleman named Day. "Now,' said he, "I know that I am king, because I have turned Day into knight."

An Irishman hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed, "By my sowl, and that's a good idea! Sure, an' a stone one 'ud last a man a lifetime!'

A lazy fellow once declared in public company that he couldn't find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic; "I am obliged to work for it."

An awkward fellow planted his foot square on a lady's train the other day. "Oh, you great train wrecker!" said the lady angrily. "Beg your pardon, street sweeper!" was the arch reply.

"Has ye got the Catechism, Jenny?" said a female visitor to a little yellow haired girl "I dinna ken, but," turning to her mother, "Mither, had I ever the Catechism?" She thought it was a new trouble.

A pleasant slip of the tongue is recorded by a French paragraphist. A lady was enjoying the society of her lover when the bell rang, and the servant announced "the doctor." "Tell him I am ill, and cannot come," was madame's reply.

A traveller who had just read on the guide-post—"Dublin, two miles," thought to make game of a passing Irishman by asking—"If it's two miles to Dublin, Pat, how long will it take to get there?" "Faith," returned Pat, "and if yer heels be as slow as yer wit, ye'll get there about Christmas."

Uaco thin—After auld Jenny A——was removed to the poorhouse, the Rev. Mr. Home, then stationed at Penicuik, one day visited her and asked how she was keeping. "Oh, rale weel, sir, extraordinary weel. I think Providence is here, for when I took a spinty oot o' my parritch bicker this mornin', the hole filled up again."

## Food and Brain Work.

An organism which is doing brain work as well as muscular work requires higher food than an organism in which the brain is comparatively idle and only the lower centres and the muscles do the work. Undoubtedly the effect of brain work is to strengthen the brain and render it less likely to become abnormal in its structure or disorderly in its activity than if it were idle. Such exercise as the brain receives in education, properly so-called—that is, development of the faculties—stimulates nutrition, and in so doing increases the need for food. Excessive activity with anxiety is not good at all, and ought to have no place in the educational process. Worry is fatal to good work, and to worry the growing brain of a child with work is to maim and cripples its organization, doing irreparable, because structural, mischief, the effects of which must be life-long. "Tennsion" in work is not a proof of strength, but of weakness. A well developed and healthy grown brain works without tension of any kind. The knit brows, straining eyes, and fixed attention of the scholar are not tokens of power, but of effort. The true athlete does not strain and pant when he puts forth his strength. The intellectual man with a strong mind does his brain work easily. Tennsion is friction, and the moment the toil of a growing brain becomes laborious it should cease. We are, unfortunately, so accustomed to see brain work done with effort, and to regard "Tennsion's" as something tolerable, if not natural. As a matter of fact no man should knit his brow as he thinks or in any way evince effort as he works. The best brain work is done easily, with a calm spirit, an equable temper, and in jaunty mood. All else is the toil of a weak or ill-developed brain straining to accomplish a task which is relatively too great for it.

HYDROPHOBIA FROM SKUNK'S BITE.—Several New Jersey farmers have lately lost a number of cattle and hogs, hydrophobia showing itself in an unmistakable manner, and their conclusion is, that the bite of a skunk was the origin in some cases.

## Bulwer's Gambling.

Early one morning Bulwer, the novelist, returned to his hotel from a gambling-house, where he had been passing the last hours of the night. For the first time in his life he had played high; and, with the insidious good fortune so frequently attendant on the first steps along what would otherwise be the shortest and least attractive pathway to perdition, he had gained largely. The day was dawning when he reached his own rooms. His writing-desk stood upon a console in front of a mirror; and pausing over it to look up his winnings, he was startled and shocked by the reflection of his face in the glass behind it. The expression of the countenance was not only haggard, it was sinister. He had risked far more than he could afford to lose; his luck had been extraordinary and his gains were great. But the ignoble emotions of the night had left their lingering traces in his face, and as he caught sight of his own features still working and gleaming with the fever of a vicious excitement, he, for the first time, despised himself. It was then he formed a resolution that, be the circumstances what they might, no inducement, whether of need or greed, should again tempt him to become a gambler.

## Dr. Moffat's Ammoniaphone.

A remarkable discovery is reported on the authority of a fellow of the Royal Meteorological society, to which the attention both of the faculty, and of the society, can not be too speedily directed. Dr. Carter Moffat, cousin of the late Dr. Robert Moffat, claims to have invented, after nine years' study, an instrument known as the ammoniaphone, which contains an absorbent material saturated with peroxide of hydrogen combined with condensed ammonia and other ingredients, through which a current of air is drawn into the lungs. This is said to be in reality a highly concentrated artificial Italianized air, in an extremely portable condition. Dr. Carter Moffat's voice was originally very weak, harsh, and destitute of intonation. By the use of the ammoniaphone it has now become a pure tenor of extraordinary range. He noticed that after experimenting on himself for only fourteen days an expansion of the chest took place to the extent of over half an inch, with a feeling of increased lung space and power of voice, which has since been maintained. Experiments have been made upon choirs in Scotland with extraordinary success. As there are a good many choirs in England, to say nothing of the opera companies, which stand in great need of improvement, the ammoniaphone is certain to be in great demand.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

## An Inconstant Moon.

An account of the halting, for pecuniary reasons, of two stage-coaches in Texas says that a passenger named Moon levelled a pistol at one of the three robbers "but desisted from firing upon discovering a Winchester pressed against his own ribs by a highwayman." The passenger's reason for changing his mind seems to have been so ample that any observations as to the inconstant Moon would be out of place.


Beware of that Cough! it may kill you; cure it at once with Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops, it never fails. Large Bottles at 50 cents. For sale everywhere.

**Home Testimony.**

Many hundred recommendations similar in character to the one given below have been received, and give proof of the great value of POLSON'S NERVILINE as a pain remedy. Try it.

ATHOL, Feb. 20.—We hereby certify that we have used Nerviline in our families, and have found it a most reliable remedy for cramp in the stomach, also for headache, and externally for rheumatic pains. No house should be without this invaluable remedy.—LUKE COLE. ELISHA COLE. J. P.

Buy a 10 cent sample bottle at any drug store. Large bottles 25 cents, by all druggists.

Who is wise? He that is wise unto salvation. Who is powerful? He that governs his passions. Who is rich? He that is content.

The Triangle Package Dyes have won their way to public favor, solely on their own merits, and are now to be found in every section of the country, 30 colors. All perfect. 10c.

Forgetfulness is one of the broad ways to sin. A ship can be lost by carelessness as well as design. The evils of life come mainly through inattention.

Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops. The prescription of an old Canadian Practitioner. The best remedy for the Lungs, in large bottles at 50 cents. For sale everywhere

NOT AT ALL REAL JAM — Dowager — "Really, Farmer, I don't see how I can make reduction in your rent. If corn doesn't pay, why don't you take Mr. Gladstone's advice, and grow fruit for jams?" Farmer —"Lor' bless your ladyship! Mr. Gladstone, he doan't know nothin' about it. What's the use o' grow n fruit when the jarmakers can get turcips at a quarter the price?"

CLEAN YOUR BOILERS

**Britannia Scale Purger** *Saves Fuel, saves Repairs, obviates Danger.*
**Glass Lubricators** *Save Oil.*
**Tube Cleaners** *Save the Tubes.*
**Belt Fasteners** *Save your Belts.*
For Sale by COPLAND & McLAREN, Cor. Wellington & Grey Nun Sts., Montreal.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY SELLING "Horses, their Feed and their Feet" which all horse owners want; LATEST AND BEST WORK; price 25 cents; send for terms. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 753 Broadway, New York.

COMMON SENSE STILL TRIUMPHANT. Fiske's "Common sense" Brace. No strain on pants or shoulders. Requires NO BUTTONS on the pants. Sent to any address, by mail, on receipt of price 75c. FISKE and CO., 277 King St., West, Toronto.

BOON TO FARMERS.
Circulars free, of new and most productive varieties known of Seed Grain. Testimonials of 110 bushels per acre of Boyds Egyptian Oats. Samples of 2 oz., 2 cents. JAS BOYD JR, Cedar Grove, Ont.

DAKOTA — PARTIES DESIRING INFORMATION relative to free homes, with correct maps, circulars, and reliable facts, free of charge. Apply to HARRY MERCER, Travelling Immigration Agent C. M. and St. P. railway, Chatham, Ont

TO PRINTERS

Wharfdale Press—For Sale—Only been five years in use, in good order, can be seen running daily at *Truth* office. Only being sold to make room for a faster machine. Price $350. S. FRANK WILSON, Toronto, Canada.

ELM CITY HARNESS OIL
BASED ON NEATS FOOT OIL.
Is the finest harness dressing made. It softens and preserves the leather, and gives it a fine finish. Ask your saddler for it.
F. F. DALLEY & CO.,
HAMILTON, ONTARIO.
Sole Agents for the Dominion

$100,000 TO LOAN
on first-class farm property at lowest rates. Farmers will save money by applying by mail direct to me.
E. E. KNOTT,
48 Adelaide St., East, Toronto.

THE LILY
is a perfect gem, equal to an imported French Corset; fits like a glove to the figure; very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. Manufactured only by
THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.,
78 YORK STREET, TORONTO.

BEAVER S. S. LINE.
WEEKLY BETWEEN
Quebec, Montreal, and Liverpool,
CALLING AT
QUEENSTOWN AND BELFAST
For lowest rates and all particulars apply to
H. E. MURRAY, Beaver Line, Montreal.

F. E. DIXON & CO.,
Manufacturers of Star Rivet
Leather Belting!
70 King Street, East, Toronto
Large double Driving Belts a specialty. [Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

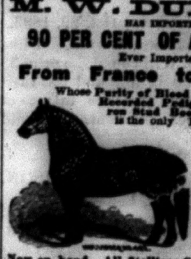
Dominion Line of Steamships.
Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months.

PORTLAND TO LIVERPOOL

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Sarnia, | Feb. 25. | Ontario, | Mar. 20. |
| Montreal, | Mar. 4. | Toronto, | Mar. 27. |
| *Oregon, | Mar. 13. | Dominion, | Apl. 3. |

Rates of passage: Cabin, Portland to Liverpool according to steamer and berth, $60, $80, $70, return, $90, $110, $120; all outside rooms and comfortably heated by steam. Intermediate $40. Steerage, $24. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent, or local agents of the Company, or to
DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents Montreal

M. W. DUNHAM
HAS IMPORTED
90 PER CENT OF ALL HORSES
Ever Imported
From France to America,
Whose Purity of Blood is established by their Recorded Pedigrees in the Percheron Stud Book of France, which is the only Draft Horse Record of that country.



Mr. Dunham has just published a 25,000 catalogue of his band of 117 illustrated stallions, a large catalogue for 1887, containing descriptions and pedigrees (many for 10 generations) of
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STALLIONS & MARES
now on hand. All Stallions Guaranteed Breeders. Catalogue free. Address, M. W. DUNHAM, Wayne, DuPage Co., Illinois. (35 miles west of Chicago, on C. & N.-W. Ry.

ALWAYS AHEAD
MANN'S
BROADCAST SEED SOWER & HARROW COMBINED.
RECEIVED FIRST PRIZE WHEREVER EXHIBITED!

Farmers, remember that it is the Best Machine in use. It will work on rough land, in any kind of soil, destroy quack grass. It will sow all kinds of grain and grass seed. Nothing about it to get out of order. A boy can operate it. Is durable and light of draft. Buy no other until you have seen it. Send for catalogue.
THE J. W. MANN M'F'G. CO., ROCKVILLE, ONT.

## J. H. FORD,

PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the genera public give very little attention to any thing he may say about his business There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been advertised thus time and again and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intended as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we submit the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28, 1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

Yours faithfully,
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in recept of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no doubt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yonrs respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

LAKESIDE, Nov. 2nd, 1883.

J. H. Ford, Esv.—Dear Sir: I received the photo's all right. They were sent to Embro and were transferred to Lakeside. They were well executed and give entire satisfaction. My wife says they are first-class, and so say they all. &c, &c.

Yours &c.,
CHARLES KITMER.

HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Photos to hand. I like them very well. Will you please print 38 more. making 50 in all, and on their receipt I will send you the balance of the money as per agreement. I would like them soon.

Yours truly,
REV. J. S. WILLIAMSON.

To J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

Bond St., TORONTO, Oct. 24, '83.

DEAR SIR,—The photo to hand and am much pleased with its excellent finish. Enclosed you will please find pay for half a dozen, which you will oblige me by sending as early as possible.

Yours truly,
REV. J. COOPER ANLLEFF.

To J. H. Ford. Belleville.

248 Simcoe St., TORONTO, Oct.

DEAR SIR,—Please find enclosed pay for the dozen photos you sent me last week. I must give you credit for the the best picture I ever had taken. They give great satisfactron to myself and family. You may expect an order for some more soon.

Yours as ever,
REV. ROBERTS,
Prvs. of B. C. Con.

To J. H. Ford, Belleville.

**GOLD** for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

## HARDWARE. - HARDWARE.

—o—

We have the following Brands of Axes and Saws in stock at lowest prices:

**AXES.**

CHOPPERS' TRUST,
SOLID STEEL,
SILVER STEEL,
BLACK PRINCE,
BURRELL'S DIFFERENT BRANDS,
BROAD AXES.

—x—

**SAWS.**

LANCE SAWS,
SHIRLEY & DIETRICH,
MAPLE LEAF,
SMITH'S CHAMPION.

Also a full stock of all other Lumbermen's supplies.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Madoc, Oct. 25, 1883.

## C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.

## Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF
*HOME-MADE WORK*
FOR SALE,
*OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,*
—AT—
MORRICE'S
BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

*Terms in Future Strictly Cash.*

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

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LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS
in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

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## JAS. WHYTOCK.

*Grocer & Provision*
DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

*CHOICE GROCERIES*
AND

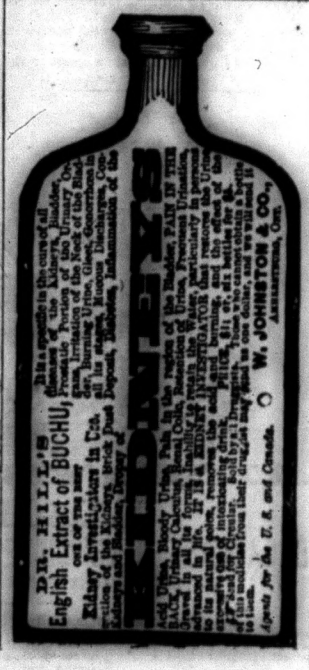
Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET. MADOC.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

**This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.**

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

*The Liver Stomach Kidneys*

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

*Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.*

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

**Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,**

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

**GOUT, RHEUMATISM,**

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look at the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

BEST VALUE IN
AXES,
AXE HANDLES,
BUCKSAWS,
CROSS-CUT SAWS,
and all other seasonable Hardware.

—o—

SPECIAL VALUE IN
*STOVES, STOVEPIPES,*
*DRUM STOVES and TINWARE*

—o—

FULL LINES OF
PAINTS AND OILS,
STOVE & BLACKSMITH
COAL.

**R. R. CASEMENT & CO.**

## WATCHES, CLOKGS AND JEWELRY

I always keep on hand a fine and full stock of
AMERICAN | AND | SWISS | WATCHES
of all grades and prices.

My stock of fine
COLOURED AND PLATED JEWELRY!
for quality and variety of design, cannot be surpassed,

A full line of
**SOLID GOLD RINGS,**
from $2.00 up to $22.00, the largest assortment in town.

Black and Pearl goods in great variety. A full line of the best Silver Plated Spoons, Knives etc. Clocks of all grades and designs constantly on hand.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 5th, 1883.

## *YOU CAN SAVE 20 PER CENT.*

BY BUYING YOUR

## Overcoats and ready-made Clothing

—AT—

O'FLYNN & O'HARA'S,

We are offering tremendous bargains. Don't fail to see them.

POST OFFICE BLOCK,

# Cheap Goods

FOR THE NEXT SIXTY DAYS, at

## T. W. JEFFS, QUEENSBOROUGH.

—o—

In order to make room for SPRING GOODS, I will offer the balance of my Winter Stock at greatly reduced prices, consisting of

**Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furs, Boots and Shoes, &c.**

Wincies, from 3 cents up.
Cottons, from 5 cents up.
Overcoats, from $4.00 up.
Ladies' Overshoes from 75 cents up.
Ladies' Leather Boots from 85c up.

All goods marked in plain figures. Produce taken in exchange. A call respectfully solicited.

T. W. JEFFS.
(2m.)

Queensboro, January 31st, 1884.

R. R. Casement & Co. Heavy Iron, Steel AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

# North Hastings Review.

R. R. Casement & Co. Glass, Paints, Oils, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN B. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 360. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, March 20, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

## CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me through your columns to suggest to the ladies of Madoc, the formation of a Society for mutual instruction. There are in the minds of many people well-founded prejudicies against theatrical performances, consequently, the works of Shakespeare and other dramatists, are known only through reading in the study.

The following plan, as given below, has been recently introduced, to give those who desire to become thoroughly well read in Shakespeare, and indeed all the British classic poets and prose writers; and at the same time to improve in reading aloud, and, rendering those works agreeable to the home circle. It would probably take one person about two hours to read aloud one of Shakespeare's plays. This would be exhausting to the reader, and wearisome to the hearers. To overcome these impediments, fifteen or twenty ladies and gentlemen meet at a friend's house, choose a president, select a play of Shakespeare's, e. g. "The Merchant of Venice," for reading that day week—the parts in the drama are taken by choice, or vote; and it thence becomes the duty of each member to carefully prepare for the reading.

On the night appointed, the members of the Society—each with book in hand—sit around (a family circle in fact), and under the supervision of the President, read the play. A short interval for rest is allowed (if needed) between each act, if not the play is read to the conclusion. The same process is pursued with all other works, read by the members. There can be no doubt that in a short time there would be some excellent readers in the Society and the minds of all would be refined and elevated with the thoughts of the highest intellects of the writers of our language.

I fear there is very little reading aloud in family circles, other than the daily news. Think, Mr. Editor, how beautiful it would sound to the ears of the aged, the sick, the infirm, in having young women and men (ever ready at the call of their pastor) to sit and read the Book to them, and how much they might contribute to the comfort of the afflicted; and by God's blessing be His agents in leading sinners to the Cross.

Yours obediently,

L. S.

Madoc, March 18th.

☞ FAKE NOTICE.—The TRADE supplied at WHOLESALE PRICES, with D. M. Ferry & Co's. New Garden Seeds by the *pound* or *ounce* or in papers at DEANS' DRUG & SEED STORE.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of the Queen City Oil Company in another column.

The Salvation Army are to invade Tamworth.

Sneak thieves are operating in Napanee. That is one of the natural advantages of "front" towns.

A son of James Grant, Deseronto, was killed in the cedar mills on the 11th. He was caught by a chain and his arm completely torn from its socket.

The Louder brothers and Tompsitt, who are in jail at Picton, for the murder of Peter Lazier, have engaged Dalton McCarthy, Q. C., to defend them. The trial will not take place until the week beginning the 5th of May.

One of Mr. Samuel Detlor's horses broke its neck in a peculiar way last week. In going through a deep pitch-hole the neck-yoke flew up striking the animal beneath the neck caused death almost instantaneously.

Miss Minnie Northcote, of Plainfield, desires to correspond with a young gentleman with the object of matrimony. Minnie ought to take advantage of leap year without waiting for a round of correspondence.

On Friday last, while Frank Blake was at work at Henry Tucker's clover mill, in the 4th concession of Sidney, his right arm was caught in the machinery, and he sustained such injuries that the member had to be amputated.

—We have a very fine uncolored Japan Tea, put up in Japan in 1 lb. papers, at 50c. per pound. Extra value. JOHN DALE & SON.

WIDE AWAKE DRUGGISTS.

Our Druggists are always alive to their business, and spare no pains to secure the best of every article in their line. They have secured the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. The only certain cure known for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis or any affection of the Throat and Lungs. Sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free. Regular size $1.

☞ Fifty cents per hundred for Bags, at G. A. Rollins.

### Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle.

### Madoc Markets.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Flour, per bbl | $5 20 to | $5 50 |
| Wheat, per bushel | 1 02 to | 1 07 |
| Rye, " | 0 50 to | 0 00 |
| Oats, " | 0 35 to | 0 00 |
| Barley, " | 0 50 to | 0 57 |
| Peas, " | 0 65 to | 0 00 |
| Potatoes, per bag | 0 75 to | 0 80 |
| Eggs, per doz | 0 20 to | 0 00 |
| Butter, per lb | 0 20 to | 0 00 |
| Wool, per lb | 0 00 to | 0 20 |
| Hides, per cwt | 5 00 to | 7 00 |
| Hogs " | 5 00 to | 5 50 |

### Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased as a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

—IN THE—

### HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

(CHANCERY DIVISION.)

### IN RE. CAMERON.

### O'Flynn vs. Cameron.

PURSUANT to Decree or Order of this Court, bearing date the 13th day of October, A. D. 1883, the following valuable mining and farming properties will with the approbation of Samuel Shaw Lazier, Esq., Master of this Court at Belleville, be sold by public auction in the

**Village of Madoc,**

—ON—

**TUESDAY, 25TH OF MARCH,**

A. D. 1884,

at the hour of ONE o'clock in the afternoon, being the individual halves of Lots Nos. 55, 56 and 57, on the west side of the Hastings Road, in the Township of Tudor, in the County of Hastings. The property is principally valuable for its mineral deposits, and is supposed to contain valuable gold and iron mines.

The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid fixed by the Master.

TERMS OF SALE:—The purchaser shall pay down at the time of Sale a deposit in the proportion of $10 on every $100 of his purchase money, and the balance within one month thereafter.

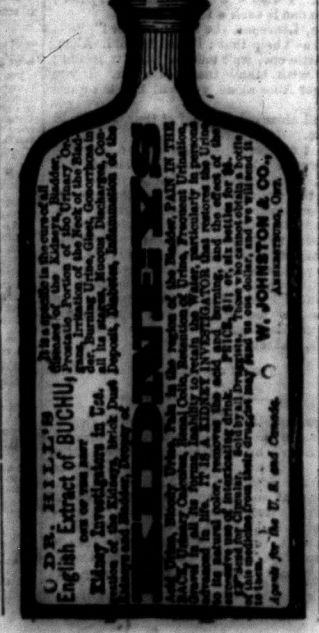
In other respects the conditions of sale shall be the standing conditions of sale of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice.

For further particulars apply at the Law office of S. B. Burdett, Esq., Belleville, and Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., Madoc.

Dated this 25th February, 1884.

S. S. LAZIER,
Local Master.

S. B. BURDETT,
Plaintiffs Solicitor. 357-4w




### SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, Jr., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1382,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

**MADOC LODGE,** No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Weiss Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

JAMES WHITE, *Secretary.* G. A. ROLLINS, *Noble Grand.*

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ARCHITECT & BUILDER,
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PLANS, Specifications, Details, and Estimates prepared for all kinds of Buildings.

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## T. ROBERTS,

MADOC

BOOT

AND

SHOE

**STORE.**

## AS OUR LANDLORD

Is pushing us out to make alterations (he says), we announce

**AUCTION SALES**

of the whole of our

**NEW FURNITURE**

One first-class Bed-room set, Sideboards, a variety of Bedsteads, Bureaus, enclosed wash stands, rocking and other chairs, first-class what-nots, superior hardwood extension table, large bar-room, show-room and other looking glasses, a great variety of pictures such as large oil paintings in frames, among which will be found a set of four in oil, of old England stage coaching, (very rare pictures), a quantity of extra mattresses, etc. This is a chance for cheap goods that may never occur again. Cash on delivery. Sales positive on Saturdays 16th and 23rd, and on Monday 25th to Friday 29th February, in Madoc village,

**at M. SCOTT'S,**

THOS. SCOTT, Auctioneer.

P. S.—Will sell by private sale at less than manufacturers prices until all is sold.

**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once, address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

## JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK

MADOC.

## Banking House!

—OF—

## E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

**DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD**

☞ Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc August 6th, 1879.

## 1883

## NORTH HASTINGS WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

## GLEN LEWIS MILLS!

**DOWNEY'S RAPIDS.**

Are now in full operation, and all who have Grinding or Cracking to get done will find it to their benefit to go to the above mills, as you get the flour from your own wheat. We do not keep your spring wheat and give you fall wheat flour instead, which is worth less money.

All who bring over 12 bushels of wheat will get it put through the Merchants Bolts, where you will get a superior article, as there are three reels to dress the Flour instead of one like the common Bolt.

**Cracking Done Cheap for Cash.**

NO DELAY.

Flour and Feed always on hand, cheap. First-class millers always in attendance. Please give me a call and be convinced.

M. G. EASTON.

## Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

**Madoc. - Ont.**

## SIGN of the OX HEAD

MRS. E. LANGMAN

HAS removed to Mr. Joseph Caverly's Shop, nearly opposite his residence, on St Lawrence street, where will be found the

**CHOICEST Cuts of Fresh MEATS.**

**Prize Package Tea,**

(NO BLANKS.)

A full stock of Groceries and Provisions, Oranges, Candies, &c., always on hand.

Farm Produce taken in exchange.

MRS. E. LANGMAN.

Madoc, Feb. 19, 1884. 356 3m

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licences, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

BOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. R. BOUGALL. N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GREAM & McDONALD.

SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weiss Block, Madoc.

CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. MCDONALD.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!

I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 341

**W. H. HASTINGS,**

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

**A. F. WOOD,**

**Land, Loan, & Commission Agency**

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 96

## M. W. SINE, V.S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, Registered Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, Madoc, Ont.

G. W. WALKER, L. D. S.

DENTAL SURGEON.

OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week if possible before going, then you will be waited on as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.

Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 295

### Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.

March, 31, 1883. 311.

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL.

(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,

BARRISTERS, &c.— Office— McAnnany Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.

Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Large loans preferred. Charges Moderate.

FRAN'S S. WALLBRIDGE—FRANCIS MARSKELL.

### MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.

Sept. 25, 1883. 325-tf

**$66** a week at home. $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. Hallet & Co. Portland, Maine.

## QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

GOLD MEDALS

Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1883, for

**PEERLESS**

AND OTHER

**MACHINE OILS.**

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers.

Every Barrel Guaranteed.

**SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager,**

20 Front St. East, Toronto.

# IN GOLDEN BONDS.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Mr. Rayner was right. I was very tired; and the next morning I overslept myself, and did not come down-stairs until breakfast was more than half over. It had been unusually punctual, and, to my surprise, the brougham came round to the door as I went into the dining-room, and I found Mrs. Rayner in outdoor dress at the table.

"Well, Miss Christie, we have all got tired of you; so we are going to leave you all alone at the Alders," said Mr. Rayner, when he saw my astonished face.

And, when he had amused himself a little longer by all sorts of absurd stories about their departure, I found that he was going up to town for a few days, and that Mrs. Rayner was going with him as far as Beaconsburg station. He was going on business, he said; but he should combine pleasure with it—go the round of the theatres, and perhaps not be back until Saturday. This was Tuesday.

"Would you like to go to Beaconsburg with us? You have no lessons to do, as Haidee is still in bed. And I dare say you have some little purchases to make; and you can change the books at the circulating-library, and Mrs. Rayner will have a companion to drive back with."

Mrs. Rayner did not receive the proposal with enthusiasm; but he told me to run upstairs, put on my things, and be down before he could count thirty; and I was in the dining-room again, panting and struggling with my gloves, in scarcely more than the prescribed time. There was plenty of room for me on the little seat in front of them in the brougham but I had great difficulty in dissuading him from sitting outside by the coachman in order to give us more room.

When we got to the station, we found we were there a great deal too soon. Mr. Rayner walked up and down, talking to the station-master and the people he knew, telling every one where he was going, and asking those among them who had been to London lately what were the best plays to go and see, and if they knew of a really good hotel, not too expensive, within easy distance of the theatres. He said to me once, when I was standing beside him—

"If anything should happen while I am away—if Haidee should get worse, or Mrs. Rayner frighten you, or anything—telegraph to me at once at the Charing Cross Hotel. I don't know whether I shall be there; but if you send it there it will reach me. You will find some forms in my study, and you will just write it without saying a word to anybody, and take it right to Sam, and tell him to go to Beaconsburg with it at once. Mind to Sam; don't trust any of the women-servants."

I wondered he did not entrust this duty to the all-important Sarah; but I accepted the charge without comment.

"What shall I bring you this time?" said he, just before the train came up. "Roses are out of season. Some more paste to match your pendant?"

"Oh, no, no!" answered I. "You know I can't wear it, Mr. Rayner; and it only makes me vain and makes me wish for more."

"Ah! though so!" said he, half to himself, maliciously. "Well, wishes always come true if one wishes them hard enough. I shall bring you some garnets. That is the most expensive red stone, and very pretty."

"Oh, I think I would rather not! I really don't want any jewellery, Mr. Rayner," declared I.

But the train had come up. He said good-bys affectionately to his wife and kindly to me; and we saw him off, and then made our purchases and drove back to Geldham. It was rather an uncomfortable drive, for the only remark Mrs. Rayner made was, when I said it was cold—

"Then you had better order them to light the fire in your room early, Miss Christie. Mr. Rayner will upset the whole household if you take cold while he is away."

Then she shut her eyes and went, or pretended to go, to sleep, and I looked at her and thought what an unpleasant person she was, until the hollows in her face and the suffering expression about her mouth touched me. Why did she shut herself up and persist in being miserable, instead of returning her husband's love and changing the melancholy Alders into the cheerful, bright place it might be?

I spent a dull day; for, when I went to see Haidee, Mrs. Rayner instantly left the room, and I could not help seeing that it was to avoid me; so I was obliged to resist the sick child's entreaties for me to stay, and to go back and wander by myself about the house and garden, too miserable in my thoughts about Laurence and his cruel desertion of me to be able to read or work.

At tea-time Mrs. Rayner did not appear. Sarah said that Haidee was worse, and that her mother would not leave her. The evening was very cold, and, as Mrs. Rayner had rather ostentatiously told Jane to light Miss Christie's fire directly after dinner, I went up to my own room as soon as I had finished tea, and sat on the hearthrug, and nursed my sorrow where at least I could be warm.

It was about seven o'clock when Jane came up to say that Haidee was worse, and was crying out for me

"I think she is going to die, miss—I do indeed," said kind little Jane sobbing. "They won't let me in there; but I've been listening, for Mr. Rayner's away, and Sarah's out, and I don't care not that much for Mrs. Rayner I'—and she snapped her fingers contemptuously. "I heard Miss Haidee a-calling for you, miss; and I don't believe she knows what she's saying, poor little dear, and they ought to send for a doctor; but I don't suppose they will. Sarah don't care, and Mrs Rayner, don't dare—that's about it, miss."

And Jane gave me a nod and an expressive look as I went out of the room with her. I knew the servants, one and all, looked upon their mistress as a poor-spirited thing, while they had some admiration and a great deal of respect for their master. The few orders she gave they filled in a spirit of condescension or neglected altogether, while a word from him acted like a spell upon any one of them.

Thus, he having ordered that Mrs. Rayner, being an invalid, was not to be disturbed by sweepings, and dustings, and noises in the passage leading to her room, no member of the household ever dared to enter the left wing but Sarah, who had charge of the long corridor, bed-room, dressing-room, and store-room which it contained, although it was shut out from the rest of the house merely by a heavy baize-covered swing-door with only a bolt, which was seldom, I believe, drawn in the daytime. So that Jane felt like a heroine after having ventured on the other side of that door; and, when we came to it, she stood looking first at it and then at me, as if to touch it again was more than she dared.

"Oh, miss," said she, as I stepped forward to go through, "suppose Mr. Rayner was in there?"

"But Mr. Rayner is in London" returned I, laughing.

"Ah, yes, miss! But he do come back that sudden sometimes he might be a ghost. Of course it's all right for you, miss; but, if he was to know I'd been in there, oh, miss, I should die o' fright! When he's angry, he just speaks fit to cut yer head off."

I laughed at Jane's fears, and pushed open the door, not without difficulty, for it was very heavy, and, Jane's courage having evaporated, she dared not help me. My teeth chattered as I went through this passage, it was so cold; and what was my surprise to find, when I got to the end, that the window had been left open on this chilly, and wet October evening? I took the liberty of shutting it, and, returning to the dressing-room door, I tapped softly at it. I could hear Haidee's voice, but I could not hear what she said, and Mrs. Rayner was sobbing and calling her by name. I went in softly, and with a shriek the mother started up from her knees; she had been on the floor beside the bed. Haidee knew me, though her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright with fever, and she wandered in her talk.

I sat on the bed and tried to make her lie down and keep the clothes over her, for the room was as cold as the corridor. Mrs. Rayner was clinging to the rail at the bottom of the little bed and watching me with eyes as glittering as the child's. I felt just a little tremor of fear. Had I trusted myself alone with a sick child and a madwoman on the verge of an outbreak of fury? Her bosom heaved and her hands clutched the rail tightly as she said—

"What right have you to come here? Are you not snug and warm up-stairs in your turret? Why must you come and exult over me? You were welcome to my husband. Then you took my child. Can you not spare her to me now she is dying?"

I had heard that one must always talk to mad people as if one thought them sane; so I said—

"Not dying, Mrs. Rayner; don't say that. I came down just to see if I could be of any use. Why don't you take her into your own warm room? It is so cold in here. And wouldn't it be better to send in for Dr. Maitland? Oh, I forget! He is away. But you might send Sam to Beaconsburg for Dr. Lowe."

Her manner changed. As she looked at me, all the anger, all the little gust of defiance faded out of her great eyes, and she fell to sobbing and whispering—

"I dare not—I dare not!"

"May I take her into your room, Mrs. Rayner?"

"No no."

"Then, if you will allow me, I will take her up into mine. You won't mind her being so far away from you, if you know it is better for her, will you?" said I persuasively. "It is so beautifully warm up there that it won't matter if she throws the clothes off her, as she can't help doing, poor little thing; and I'll wrap her up well, so that she shall not take cold on the way."

Mrs. Rayner stared at me helplessly.

"Will you dare?" she asked fearfully.

"Certainly, with your permission."

"You know very well that my permission is nothing," sobbed she.

"And I don't wonder, you poor spiritless thing!" I thought to myself. But I was very sorry for her; and I asked if she would like to have my room for the night, to be near the child.

But she was frightened at the idea; so I wrapped the child up well in a blanket, thinking I would put her in my own bed until her little one could be taken up-stairs. I was rather frightened myself at the thought of giving such an order to the awful Sarah, and, just as I was debating with myself whether she would be likely to obey it, she entered the room. I attacked her at once.

"Sarah, I want you to bring Miss Haidee's bed up into my room, if you please. This is too cold for her. Jane can help you if it is too heavy."

She seemed not to be quite sure whether to be insolent or submissive. She decided for the former.

"And by what authority, miss, do you give orders for moving around the furniture?"

"Your mistress wishes it to be done."

"My mistress! And pray who is that, miss?"

"You know—Mrs. Rayner."

"And is that all the authority you have, miss?"

"No," said I boldly; "more than that—Mr. Rayner!"

The women both started, and Sarah took up the bed and without a word went out of the room. I turned to Mrs. Rayner.

"Don't be alarmed about Haidee," I said gently. "I'll take great care of her. And, if you will just give your consent, I will send for a doctor on my own responsibility."

The poor thing stooped and kissed one of the hands I held round the child.

"Heaven bless you, Miss Christie!" she murmured; and, turning away, she sank down upon an empty space where the bed had been, and burst into a flood of tears.

She would not listen to the few incoherent words I said to comfort her; and I was obliged to leave the room with tears in my eyes, and carry my patient up-stairs. I could not go very fast, for the burden was rather heavy for a small woman like me; and by the time I got up-stairs the bed was ready, and Sarah had disappeared.

And now how to get a doctor? For I was seriously alarmed about the child. To expect any more help from Sarah was out of the question. I went down to the nursery, called Jane, who was just going to bed, and asked her where Sam slept.

"In the village," said she.

Nobody slept at the stables now that Mr. Rayner was away, except the old gardener, who would certainly never reach Beaconsburg before daybreak if I sent him out at nine o'clock at night. Jane was too young to be sent all that way alone at night, the cook too old. There was only one thing to be done; I must go myself.

"Go and ask cook, if she is not asleep, to lend me her big round water-proof cloak, Jane," said I, "and bring me one of Miss Haidee's Shetland veils."

She ran away, astonished, to fetch them; and then, seeing I was in earnest, she helped quickly and well to make me as like a middle-aged countrywoman as possible by buttoning my cloak, fastening a garden-hat round my head like a poke-bonnet, and attaching my veil to it. Then she tied up my umbrella like a market-woman's, and let me out, giggling a little at my appearance, but promising faithfully not to leave Haidee till my return, and to "stand up to Sallie" if she interfered.

I felt rather frightened at the boldness of my undertaking as I heard the hall door close upon me, and I realised that I had nothing in the world but my umbrella and my wits to protect me all the long three miles and a half of road to Beaconsburg. The moon was at the second quarter, but did not give much light, for it was a cloudy night, raining now and then. I was not sorry for this, as I was the less likely to be recognised, and it was not the sort of weather to encourage late loiterers. I passed two or three villagers, only one of whom walked unsteadily; but none of them took any notice of me; and I had got past the last of the Geldham cottages, and on to a piece of straight road up a hill, where there was no houses in sight, when I heard the sounds of a vehicle coming along at a good pace behind me. It slackened to come up the hill, and I, to keep up my character, bent over my umbrella and walked more slowly. But this subterfuge had an undesired effect.

"Hallo, my good woman! Would you like a lift up the hill?" cried the driver; and my heart leapt up, for it was Laurence's voice.

In a moment I felt like a different woman; my blood seemed dancing for joy, my pulses beat more quickly, and the spirit of mischief came into me so that I wanted to laugh aloud.

"Ay, ay!" I grunted out slowly; and, waiting until the cart came up to me, I climbed with his help and with seeming difficulty, carefully keeping my cloak over my hands, on to the seat by his side.

"All right?" said he; and again I grunted "Ay, ay!" and on we went.

Oh, how happy I felt to be again by his side! But it was rather hard not to be able to take the hand that was nearest to me, and nestle up to his shoulder, and tell him how miserable I had been since last night, when he had rushed away with the dreadful threat of not seeing me again. Well, now he should see me again; he could not help himself. I felt rather nervous as to what he would say when I did discover myself. Was he still angry? Would he insist upon getting down and going the rest of the way on foot? Or would he say more unkind things to me? Or would he be pleased to see me, and forgive me?

He was not in a very conversational mood. Was he thinking of me, I wondered, or was it only that in my disguise I did not promise to prove an entertaining companion? He asked me if I was going to Beaconsburg, and I said "Ay, ay!" again. I knew very well that a real countrywoman would not say "Ay, ay!" and I was surprised that it did not strike Laurence himself as a strange sort of answer.

I began to get impatient for him to know me. I looked at him furtively; he was evidently not at all curious or interested about his companion. But he looked very grave and thoughtful; and presently, to my exceeding comfort, he pulled down over his wrists two little uncomfortable woollen cuffs that I had made, that he had bought of me at the sale. I remembered them quite well, we had had a struggle to get them over his wrists, as I had made them a convenient size, too large for a woman and too small for a man. It seemed to me that he handled them lovingly. Upon this encouragement I spoke.

"Aren't you going to talk?" said I in my natural voice.

We had passed the hill, and were going along at a good pace; but he gave the reins such a jerk that the horse stopped.

"You won't be cross with me again, will you?" said I, anxious to pledge him to good temper while he was in the first flush of his joy at meeting me; for it was joy.

He slipped the reins into his right hand, and put his other arm around me and kissed me, Shetland veil and all. And so we made it up without a word of explanation.

I told him my errand, and he told me his. His father had gone up to town that day to arrange for the disposal of some shares in order to purchase a farm for Laurence a few miles off, which was to be stocked, according to his promise, while his son was away. He was to return by train which reached Beaconsburg about ten o'clock, and Laurence was on his way to meet him.

"We will call at Dr. Lowe's first, and then you shall go on with me to the station and see my father," said he.

I protested a little that I ought to go back with the doctor; but of course he carried his point.

"What do you want a farm for, Laurence?" I asked, as we waited outside the station.

I remained in the cart holding the reins, for fear my quiet appearance should excite curiosity regarding young Mr. Reade's companion if I got out and went into the station with him. But he stood by my side holding my hand under my cloak while we talked in a low voice.

"What do I want a farm for? Why to have a home for you and a something to live on, of course! I know something about farming, and it doesn't matter if I do lose a little just at first."

"But why did you want to go on preparing a home for an 'accomplished coquette,' whom you said last night you were never going to see again?"

"One isn't always answerable for what one says to a tormenting little witch like you," said Laurence, laughing. "You did'nt suppose I was really never going to see you again, now did you?"

"I shouldn't have cared," said I.

"Ah, I was right about the coquetry! You wouldn't have told such a story before you went to Denham Court. I was coming to see you to-morrow evening. I've had to be away all to-day over at Lawley, and I have to be there again to-morrow with my father; but in the evening I shall call at the Alders and ask boldly for Miss Christie. Shall mind you are not out."

"I shall not promise."

"And we will have a good long talk together, since, thank Heaven, Mr. Rayner is away; and I will give you an address where a letter will reach me."

We were so intent upon our conversation that I did not notice that there was a man standing very near us during the last part of it. As Laurence finished speaking, he turned his head, and suddenly became aware that the train had come in while we were talking.

"By Jove! Wait for me, darling," he cried hastily, and then dashed off so quickly that he ran against the man, who was dressed like a navvy, and knocked his hat off.

When he returned with his father, who greeted me very kindly, he looked pale and anxious.

"Do you know who that man was I ran against?" he whispered.

"That navvy?"

"It was no navvy. It was Mr. Rayner."

"Laurence!" said I, incredulously.

"I tell you it was—I swear it! What was he doing, skulking about in that get-up? He came down by this train. He must have overheard what we were saying. Now mark what I say, Violet—I shall not see you again."

"But Laurence, how could he prevent it? You will come to the house and ask for me——"

"Listen, Violet," he interrupted. "If you do not see me to-morrow night before seven o'clock, be at your 'nest' without fail at half-past."

"Very well, I will, Laurence—I will. I promise,"

But nothing would reassure him.

"I tell you it will be of no use, my darling—of no use. We must say good-bye to-night, for I shall not see you again!"

## CHAPTER XX.

During the whole of the drive back to Geldham it was old Mr. Reade who talked to me, and not Laurence, who drove along, silent and grave, pulling my cloak affectionately up to my throat every now and then, and watching me as I talked to his father, but scarcely speaking himself at all. When we got to the gate of the Alders, he jumped out, carefully lifted me down, and, telling his father to drive on home, as he would walk the rest of the way, he came inside of the gate with me.

"Violet," he said very gravely, "I am afraid I have been foolish in agreeing to my father's wishes, and I am more anxious about you than I can tell. The Alders is no fit place for you. I can see quite well now what I could not when I was blinded by my passion last night, that you are so good and innocent that evil seems to have no power over you; but yet—— And—and it is just that which makes you so sweet; and I don't want to spoil it, opening your eyes, and all that." He was playing nervously with my hand, holding it against his breast, and looking into my eyes so miserably, poor fellow! "Look here, Violet!" said he suddenly, as if struck by a happy thought. "If any man, while I am away, tells you you are nice, and tries to make you think he is very fond of you—no matter who it is—Mr. Rayner or—or my father, or any other man—don't take any notice, and don't believe them."

But poor Laurence was more innocent than I if he thought I did not know what he meant. He was jealous of Mr. Rayner, and I could not persuade him how absurd it was.

I said, "Very well, Laurence;" but he was not satisfied. He went on trying to justify himself—not to me—he wanted no justification in my eyes—but to himself.

"What could I do, when my old dad offered to do so much for me, but let him have his way? But it was wrong, I know. Our engagement ought to have been open from the first; and his weakness in not daring to face my mother was no worse than mine in giving way to him. And now I am tortured lest my weakness should be visited on you, child; for I cannot even write to you openly, and, if I enclose letters to you to my dear old blundering dad, you will certainly never get them."

"Why not send them to Mrs. Manners, Laurence? Then they would be quite safe. And you don't mind her knowing, do you? I think she guesses something already," said I, smiling, remembering how she sent me to the gate to meet him on the previous Friday evening, the very night he first told me he loved me.

He caught at the suggestion eagerly.

"That is a capital idea, darling! I'll go to her before breakfast to-morrow morning and ask her to look after you as much as she can while I am away. I don't think she is very fond of my sisters—I wish they were nicer for your sake, darling, especially Maud. I wish some one would marry her; but no one is such a fool."

"Oh, Laurence, she is your sister!"

"I can't help that; I wish I could. Alice, the little one, isn't half so bad; it is only being with Maud that spoils her. If you ever get Alice alone, you will find her quite nice."

I had already had proof of that, and I told him so.

"But one can't confide in her, because she would tell everything to Maud, and Maud to my mother. You have no idea what the tyranny of those two women are like; my father dreads and I avoid them. My mother thinks she holds my destiny in her hand; but she is mistaken; and within the next six weeks she must find it out; for if she wishes to stay abroad longer, she will have to stay alone. By the third week in November I shall be back in England, and before the month is out you must be my wife, my darling."

"Oh, Laurence, so soon!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A young Glasgowegian being on a visit to Dundee for the first time was taken through the "lions" by his friend, a native of the town. Nothing he saw, however, seemed to interest him, and after gazing about for a time as if something was lacking, he exclaimed, "But whaur's yer Green?" "Oh, we have nae Green here," replied his friend, "but we have——" "Dear me," broke in the son of St. Mungo, "hae ye nae Green? Then whaur on earth dae ye gang tae fecht?"

## NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

**His Infirmity Repeated in the Experience of a Leading Public Man.—Truths for the Aged.**

*(Syracuse, N. Y., Courier.)*

"How long has he been in public service?"

"Before the memory of the oldest inhabitant."

"And he has kept his name untarnished during all that period?"

"Absolutely!"

"He is a man I should like to meet."

The above conversation occurred between two gentlemen at one of our leading hotels. The interrogater was from abroad, the other a resident of this city. The conversation had drifted into politics and Hon. Thomas G. Alvord was the man whose record and qualities were being discussed. To trace the history of public men who have grown old in the service is a task both interesting to the investigator and entertaining to those who read his investigations. It was with this truth in mind that the writer set out to call upon the man, about whom those politicians were so earnestly talking, at his spacious residence on Turtle street.

Mr. Alvord, who has been and is, familiarly known as "Old Salt," owing to his advocacy of the salt interest, is now well advanced in years, being on the shady side of seventy. He has long, white hair and a snowy beard which give him an appearance both dignified and grand. His voice is full and clear and the moment any stranger comes into his presence he cannot but be impressed with the inherent power of the man. Indeed he was endowed by nature with an unusually strong organization, both mentally and physically, which all the strain of public life, both as speaker of the Assembly and Lieutenant-Governor, failed, for many years, to in any way undermine.

It was during the year 1881, while Mr. Alvord was a member of the Assembly at Albany, that he first began to feel, most peculiar sensations. At that time he was in the midst of very important work, which was seriously interfered with by reason of the mysterious troubles which seemed to assail him. He felt unaccountable nausea almost constantly, accompanied by occasional violent retchings. History recounts that Napoleon the Great, while in the midst of his public career, was frequently attacked by an enemy greater than any he had ever faced, which came in the same insidious yet violent manner as the terrible troubles that overtook Mr. Alvord, and are to-day menacing so many thousands of others. In speaking on this subject to the writer, Mr. Alvord said:

"This same bitter experience came to me again in 1882 while I was a member of the Assembly, with symptoms identical to those I had felt the year before. I believe it was largely caused by my advanced years, for I had a 'worn out' feeling that was terrible. This conclusion is evidently the correct one, for I was again attacked last Summer while away from all cares and recreating at my Island in the St. Lawrence River. I experienced a painful sense of fullness in the lower portion of the body, accompanied by sensations of feverish heat or chilling shudders. All efforts to move my limbs or body were followed by intense weariness or exhaustion. Those who have reached my years can appreciate my sensations."

"And did neither yourself nor the physicians understand the cause or nature of these troubles?"

"It seems not entirely, for the physicians failed to relieve me and I kept growing worse. I suffered intensely and the only relief I could possibly obtain was by lying upon my back and this was only temporary."

"But you are looking well and strong now, Mr. Alvord. How did you bring about the change?"

"By using a remedy which is very popular and which I have found wonderfully efficient—Warner's Safe Cure. Indeed it has proven remarkable in its power over me. I believe in it and therefore recommend it to others, especially to those who are advanced in life; who feel a breaking down when there is no necessity and whose lost vitality and manhood remind them of their increasing years."

The interview then drifted to other topics, but as the reporter gazed at the man whose experience is so ripe and who has seen so much of the different phases of life, he could not but wish that those who are suffering from the various forms of physical ailment, and especially those persons who are advanced in years, might see and converse with the veteran whose experience and knowledge have been so rich and who is so firm a believer in the efficacy of the remedy that cured him. There is no excuse for shortening life, as so many have done and are doing. There is no necessity for "breaking down" early in years. Premature decay and death are a disgrace to our modern civilization. They are wholly needless and men or women who permit them when they can be so easily avoided should blame no one but themselves.

Some men give according to their means, and some according to their meanness.

PECTORIA! Pectoria! Pectoria! the great remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Influenza, Hoarseness, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat or Chest. Prevents those the pleasure and benefit up the Cough. 25 cents per bottle. Don't give up until you have tried Pectoria, all Druggists and General Storekeepers sell it.

The man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river has been attempting to spin a mountain top.

DON'T WAIT.—Why suffer a single moment, when you can get immediate relief from internal or external pain by the use of Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure? Nerviline has never been known to fail. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. You will find it just as recommended. Neuralgia, toothache, cramps, headache, and all similar complaints disappear as if by magic when Nerviline is used. Large bottles 25 cents. Trial bottles 10 cents, at Druggists' and Medicine Dealers.

A couple of thorns in the side of the Government.—"Ma"-hdi and "Pa"-hdi. (Mahdi and Paddy—don't you see?)—*Funny Folks.*

A.P 168

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# NEWS SUMMARY.

## Interesting Items of News from all Parts of the World.

Mr. Parnell is actively promoting a company to further migration from the congested districts of Ireland.

A Rome despatch says the disputes between the Vatican and Prussia in regard to the vacant sees have been settled.

There were great rejoicings at Tokar when the British entered. The enemy acknowledged 1,500 of their men killed.

The corporation of Cork has decided to give the remains of Jerome Collins, of the Jeannette expedition, a public funeral.

The ambassadors of all the powers have been instructed to compliment the Government upon General Graham's victory.

A previously hostile chief has offered to accompany Col. Stewart up the White Nile to promulgate Gordon's manifesto.

A number of Socialists recognized a detective in a tavern in Pesth recently, and set upon him and badly beat him. He is in a precarious condition.

The landlord of the Waverly hotel has identified the valise seized at Charing Cross station as one which a man took away from the hotel.

El Mehdi has forbidden the sheikhs on the White Nile and Black Nile to advance to Khartoum or provoke hostilities. Four hitherto hostile sheikhs have submitted to Gordon.

At a meeting of anarchists in Paris recently, a resolution was adopted to adhere to the declaration of the New York anarchists approving the attitude of the Viennese socialists.

A Paris despatch says James Stephens thinks the Irishmen in America will render it impossible for any Cabinet to yield to England's demands in regard to the dynamite agitators.

At Richmond, M. N. Ellick, clothier, was shot and fatally wounded on the street recently, by his son, aged 20. An old feud was the cause. The young man fired four shots.

In deference to the memorial of the Irish members of all shades of politics the Government will introduce in the House of Commons a motion to amend the purchase clauses of the Land Act.

Prentiss Tillet, money clerk of the Pacific Express Company, whose father is a Louisville detective, disappeared recently, with one or two valises full of money packages, the amount being nearly $15,000.

The French authorities are aiding the English detectives in their efforts to discover the dynamite conspirators. The Fenians have become alarmed, and are preparing to move their headquarters from Paris to Geneva.

The London police are doing their utmost to discover the authors of the dynamite plots, but the clues are not promising. They are trying to find a cabman who a little before the Victoria explosion drove three men with an American trunk to a certain house.

Two Irish-Americans who arrived from Southampton, have been traced to the Waverley hotel, Portland street. A portion of the valise containing an infernal machine found at Paddington station has been discovered in their room.

Montenegro is making preparations for a campaign in Albania. Six thousand men have been concentrated on the frontier. Prince Nicholas of Montenegro designs to settle the frontier question this spring by seizing the territory which Montenegro claims.

A Havre despatch says:—Maurice, Liston, Dillon, and Ryan, four suspected dynamiters, are now in this city. Three suspected Irishmen sailed on the St. Laurent on Saturday, for New York. The steamer Canada, from New York, was searched on her arrival.

One recent afternoon Oliver Lane, his wife and child, arrived at Perkins, Dak., from Iowa and drove out to their claim. When they reached the shanty an unknown man struck Lane and his wife with an axe, and brutally kicked the child and ran away. He has not been seen since. All three will die.

The authorities offer a reward of £1,000 for the detection of the authors of the recent dynamite outrages. The police are confident they will capture the Irish-Americans who are suspected of being the perpetrators. Four railway companies offer an additional reward of one thousand pounds for their detection.

A Shanghai despatch says:—Advices have been received here of a great financial panic at Pekin. Many native merchants and banks have failed. The bank rates for silver are rapidly declining. Merchants in the interior have stopped all trading ventures. The populace throughout the country is greatly excited.

At Martinsville, Ind., the step-son of James Bobbinson died recently under suspicious circumstances. A *post-mortem* developed the fact that the child had been beaten until his body was almost covered with bruises, and starved to such an extent that nothing whatever was found in his stomach. Bobbinson was arrested and a warrant is out for his wife.

Chas. Snowdon and others shipped to Europe some time ago by the Guion line some cattle. In a storm which caused the ship to roll violently one hundred and fifty-six head died. Snowdon sued the Guion company and recovered judgment. The General Term recently reversed the judgment on the ground that the rolling of the ship was a peril of the sea, against which the defendant did not insure the plaintiff.

Before the British renew their attack upon the rebels, Osman Digma will be offered a conference. Five thousand rebels who fled from Tokar when the British entered on Saturday joined Osman Digma. Only one thousand of them were Soudanese, the rest being fanatics sent from Kordofan and Darfour. If Osman Digma refuses to surrender it is expected the rest of the tribes under the sheikhs will express a desire to come to terms.

Despatches from the scene of the late battle say that from rebels taken prisoners some significant information is being obtained in regard to the cause of the revolt against Egyptian rule. One of the natives told a correspondent that the rebellion was made inevitable by the grinding tyranny of the Khedive's tax collector. The people had no quarrel with the English. Indeed, it appears from statements by other prisoners that the rebels were not aware that they were to meet the British soldiers until they saw the white faces of their opponents approaching. They murmured against their chiefs for concealing the truth, but were none the less determined to fight to the death against renewed subjection to their oppressors.

## SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

There were 23,310 houses built in London and the suburbs in 1882, forming 508 new streets and one new square, and covering a distance of 75½ miles.

The tunnel connecting the Lancashire and Cheshire sides of the River Mersey is now nearly finished. The rock has been reported as very favorable for excavation.

That which recently excited the close attention of the observers of the comet Pons-Brooks was the remarkable changes in the intensity of the brightness it presented from time to time.

Whatever may be true of harmless luxuries in the way of drink, the *Lancet* maintains that health, happiness, and work find stimulus enough in the unsophisticated well of nature—in pure water.

Direct electric lighting of one of the trains of the District Railway between Kensington and Putney is stated to be very successful. The light is not only superior to that obtained from oil or gas, but is reported to cost only two-thirds that of the latter.

Paper wash-basins, buckets and similar articles for domestic purposes are generally made of straw pulp, and after they are rough made into the desired shape they are subjected to hydraulic pressure in strong moulds where they acquire the finished form.

Good shellac varnish is made as follows: Take of very pale shellac 5 pounds, mastic 1 ounce, and alcohol 5 or 6 pints, and dissolve in the cold to prevent the evaporation of the alcohol, stirring the mixture meanwhile. This is a good varnish for furniture, and it is much employed in France by cabinet-makers.

Many very old and are silver coins in excellent preservation were lately found on a rock in a burn near Portree, Scotland. Antiquarians consider the "find's a very interesting one. The authorities have come into possession of about 53 of these relics. Some of the coins are of the reigns of Elizabeth and James IV., and bear dates ranging from 1574 and 1602.

If the expressed belief of some Cornish miners regarding the probable development of the tin mine of Cajaloo, California, turns out to be verified ater on, it will prove of vast importance. hey are of opinion that the vein struck will ncrease in richness as it increases in depth. Lately the mine assayed 13 1 per cent, om the ore, of a purity of 0.98.

Herr. C. Schneider, of Dresden, has invented a dry galvanic battery. It consists of two cylinders, the larger one of copper and the inner or smaller one of amalgamated zinc. Both cylinders are open at each end, and the space between them is filled in with a mixture of Plaster of Paris and a saturated solution of chloride of zinc containing 7 per cent. of chloride of sodium.

The estimated total cost of fires and insurance companies of the United States is $150,000,000 a year. Commenting on this, the *American Architect* says that every man or woman in the community who is paid for his or her labor works one week in every year as a gratuitous contribution towards paying the salaries of insurance agents and the fire losses caused by carelessness or crime.

Iron sulphate is a good manure for certain kinds of crops. A plot of land to which the sulphate had been applied by Mr. A. B. Griffiths, of the Chemical Society, London, yielded 56 bushels of beans. A plot similar in other respects which had not been so manured gave 35 bushels. The ash of the plants from the first plot contained more iron and phosphoric acid than those from the second plot.

Frenchmen are beginning to outstrip both the English and the Americans in the ingenuity of their advertising dodges in the endeavor to attract attention to their discoveries. The following will serve as an example: A certain inventor of a face wash improves the shining hour of a family party to invite a reporter, who carefully inspects the physiognomies of the inventor's wife, daughter, and mother-in-law, and prints his impressions in praise of said concoction, giving the names of all the members of the family.

A solution has been attempted by M. P. de Gasparin of the remarkable sunsets which have excited the wonder of the world. For many reasons he discards the hypothesis that they were due to the action of falling stars, and considers that the luminous effects were produced by the light of the sun falling on an atmosphere charged with particles of matter, in a state of minute subdivision, at a great height above the earth, the exact nature and origin of which dust had not yet, however, been determined.

These are some of the results of the exploring expedition conducted by M. Alphonse Milne-Edwards, at the instance of the French Government, in the Atlantic Ocean on board the "Talisman." They were communicated at a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, Paris. The ocean to the west of Morocco and the Desert of Sahara is of almost uniform depth. Fish abound at a depth of 1,000 to 1,500 metres. Between Senegal and the Cape Verde Islands the nets of the exploring party reached a depth of from 3,200 to 3,655 metres and brought up many living specimens which have not hitherto been known to exist elsewhere. In these depth the fecundity of life is prodigious, and at one draught as many as 2,500 fishes were captured.

Miss Eva Mackay, daughter of the bonanza king, is at the head of a society of young ladies who go about doing what good they can among the worthy and deserving poor of Paris. It is a society that has abundant financial capital.

# INTERESTING ITEMS.

## Adroit Smugglers—The Liverpool Rowdy—Reckless Gambling—Honest Bankruptcy—The Electric Light, etc., etc.

There is to be a great sale of timber next month on the Duke of Wellington's estate at Strathfieldsaye, when about 4,000 oak trees will be sold.

A new volume from Browning is promised. It will consist of one long poem, though the work will be about the same size as his latest volumes.

The traveller in Russian Central Asia pays for a camel about thirty dollars, for a horse from seven to fifty dollars, for a sheep from a dollar and a half to two dollars and a half, for a four-year-old cow five dollars and three-quarters, and for a luscious water-melon two cents.

A movement in England has for its object the abolition of the action for breach of promise. Such suits are alleged to have become so numerous that their influence is demoralizing, and the justice obtained by the action has become insignificant in comparison with its demoralizing results.

The State lottery in Saxony is an important source of revenue for that country, as it yields an annual surplus of $1,024,000, after deducting an outlay of $225,000. In the Imperial Assembly it was lately urged that all gambling enterprises were immoral, but the vote was against abolition.

At the tricycle exhibition at the Floral Hall, London, the machines of Starley and Sutton of Coventry carried away the prize. The "Imperial Club" machine of the former and the "Meteor" of the latter were to the front.

A lawyer pleading before Sir John Byles, recently deceased, said: "I would refer your lordship to a work in my hands—'Byles on Bills.'" "Has the learned author given any authority for his dictum? If not, I would not heed him. I know him well," interrupted the Judge.

Another old London landmark, dating from the time of Shakespeare and *Justice Shallow*, will shortly be swept away. The rumor which was current last year that Clement's Inn had been sold is now confirmed, and the quaint old building has been disposed of for about £50,000 to a private speculator.

There are groans over the prodigious expense of the London School Board. It has cost $25,000,000 to provide school buildings for 280,276 pupils, and even now a large proportion of the poorest children have not been reached. About 6,000 parents have been summoned to police courts annually for not sending their children to school.

John Brennan and Patrick Ford were drinking together in a saloon in Denver, Col. Patrick had played several practical jokes on his friend. Inspired by their memory, he stepped back to the stove, seized a kettle of boiling water, and poured it over Brennan's face and head "just for fun." Patrick is in jail. Brennan is still unable to see the joke.

The most adroit smugglers in the world are the smugglers of St. Gothard Tunnel, who carry tobacco in hollow loaves of bread, and coffee and jewellery in hollow cabbages, pears, apples, potatoes, wheelbarrow handles, and bedstead legs. The custom-house officers do their best, but confess that the women smugglers, by reason of their keener wit and more voluminous garments, are often too much for them.

Bicycle and velocipedes are allowed to roll through the streets of Paris, Munich, Pesth, Brussels and, other large European cities, subject in some of them to more or less regulation and restriction on the part of the police authorities; but in Vienna they are rigidly excluded on the streets. Several Viennese clubs devoted to bicycle and tricycle propulsion are now agitating for a repeal of the regulations, and are getting up petitions on the subject.

The Liverpool rowdy has a peculiar style of dress. The jacket, vest, and trousers are made of a thick, undyed cotton cloth called moleskin, which has something of a velvet smoothness and softness on its right side. The jacket reaches just below the hips and buttons to the throat over a scarf or muffler, and the number of its buttons is great. The trousers fit tight to the knee, from whence they hang with a rakish looseness and nearly cover the boot. Crowning all is a round worsted cloth peak cap, with a little round knob on the top, that makes a very suitable finish to the whole man.

Visitors at the Crystal Palace, London, are now amused and instructed with a giant electric microscope and a powerful electric light installation, which show a large number of familiar articles, such as snuff, lace, cheese, vinegar, water, and beer. A drop of water presents the most extraordinary monsters imagination can conceive. Serpents, crocodiles, worse dragons than St. George had to deal with, whirl about through their liquid element, striking terror to the hearts of all beholders. Salt and sugar are exhibited as densely populated, and even the most carefully filtered water is filled with black specks, which float rapidly about, giving an occasional eddying whirl which suggests vitality.

In full season millions of dollars were often turned out in one night at Crockford's celebrated gambling club in London. The net profits of the season were $750,000, and yet the weekly expenses averaged $5,000. The fitting up of the house cost nearly $250,000. Crockford's was ostensibly organized as a club, and the committee elected the members, but any one who had a fortune to lose could easily obtain admision. The Duke of Wellington was an original member, but was never known to enter the hazard room. For ten years before Crockford's was started there was very high play at Watier's (the principal frequenters of which were hopelessly ruined), at Brookes', and also at White's, where the late Lord Granville was the great player. He is said to have been nearly a million to the bad at the end of his career, although at one time he had won $550,000. Lord Granville once lost $115,000 at hazard at a single sitting of seven hours, and $50,000 at one night's whist.

It is a remarkable characteristic of the waiters in Paris restaurants that no matter what you ask for, even if it be a fried piece of the moon they will invariably reply "Yes," and either bring it to you, or, on returning, assert with sorrow that unfortunately there is no more left. It is told of Mery, the author, that by way of trying this as a joke he peremptorily ordered of the waiter a Sphinx *a la Marengo*. "I'm sorry to say we have no more," replied the waiter. "What,' no more Sphinx?' exclaimed Mery, feigning astonishment. The waiter lowered his voice and murmured in a confidential whisper: "We have some more, monsieur, but the truth is, I would not care to give them to you, as they are not quite fresh."

A remarkable instance of honest bankruptcy has occurred in England. In 1874 Mr. Samuel Osborne, a steel manufacturer of Sheffield, was compelled to file his petition in bankruptcy, with liabilities amounting to £70 866, and assests estimated at £50,000. He bought back the business from the creditors by a composition of 12 shillings in the pound, payable in three installments, the last of which was paid three months before it was due. Mr. Osborne determined to pay the balance of 8 shillings in the pound, and set himself ten years in which to accomplish this task. A sum of £28,000 was required, and the other evening the creditors received the intimation that Mr. Osborne was now prepared to pay the whole of their claims in full.

The electrilight is not everywhere considered an improvement upon the old-fashioned modes of illumination. One of the latest and best systems was recently introduced into the Court Theatre at Stuttgart, and it was supposed that the orchestra would find it very satisfactory. Instead of welcoming the change, however, they have just petitioned the management for a return to the old-fashioned oil lamps that they had been using previously. They say that the electric illumination has proved objectionable, because its brilliancy, with many, unpleasantly affects the nerves. They also assert that they now find it more difficult to follow the guidance of the leader. A committee of experts composed of oculists and disinterested musicians, has been appointed to examine into the matter.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

Why is a railroad train like a vision of the night? Because it goes over the sleepers.

"Alice," said Mrs. Petulia in a subdued tone to her little girl one evening at supper, "you must eat bread with your jam." "But, mamma," protested Alice, "it's plenty good enough without bread."

"What a blessing it is," says Pat, slightly muddled, "that night niver comes on till late in the day, when a man is all toired out, and he couldn't work no more anyhow, at all, at all, not even if it was morning."

A little German lad who wanted to intimate his dissatisfaction at his having to put up with the worn out clothes, toys, and picture-books of his elder brother Frank, said to his mother, "If this sort of thing goes on, mamma, I shall some day have to marry Frank's widow."

A Highlander taking an open-mouth pull in the morning at a running burn was accosted by his comrade with the question—"What are ye daen there, Donal?" "She's makin' toddy." "And where's ta whusky?" "She'll took it last night whatiffar I"

In the gardens of a certain nobleman's country house there happened to be fixed up at different spots painted boards, with this request: "Please not to pick the flowers without leave!" Some wag got a paint-brush and added an s to the last word.

A man at the Car Shops kindles the fire in his stove while under the blankets in his bed. He pulls a string. String explodes a cartridge. Cartridge sets fire to the wood, wood sets fire to the coal. Result: Mr. Man gets up in a warm room every time.

A very considerable hotel-keeper, at Geelong, advertising his "Dublin XXX" concludes the advertisement in the following manner:—" N. B.—Parties drinking more than four glasses of this potent beverage at one-sitting carefully sent home gratis; in a wheelbarrow if required."

An Englishman and a Scotchman, both commercial travellers, were bragging about the importance of the firms they respectively represented. 'You may judge of the extent of our business,' said the Englishman, 'that we spent two hundred and sixteen pounds a year in ink for our correspondence!' 'That's nothing,' said the Scotchman,' my firm saves twice that amount yearly by not dotting it's i's or crossing its t's.'

A man who had been enjoying the New Year on returning late thus describes to his wife his impressions of a bird (which turned out to be an owl) which had flitted in a noiseless manner past him in a dark part of his journey, home:—"Guidwife (confidentially) I hae seen the nightingale on the road.' "Ye hae seen mare than yae gull the nicht, my guidman." "A weel, it's no a bonny bird. It had a face like a cat and a body like a doo, and it aye said, 'Hoo! Hoo!"

A man told a story about a flock of rooks nine miles long, so thick that you could not see the sun through it. "Don't believe it," was the reply. "Wal," said the narrator, 'cou're a stranger, and I don't want to quarrel with you. So to please you, I'll take a quarter of a mile off the thinnest end!"

A man may become his own Grandfather thus:— A widower and his son marry; the father marries the daughter of a widow, and the son marries the young lady's mother, thereby becoming father (in-law) to his own father, and consequently grandfather to his father's son—that is, himself.

Force of Habit.—"Well, Tibbie, how do you feel to-day?" enquired Mrs. Aird of an old woman, who in former years had been in her service, and still gave a helping hand when occasion required. "Thank ye," said Tibbie; "I daursa complean, in case I sud be waur; but losh, mem, its awfu' cauld weather." "It is indeed cold; but are you not aware there is nothing awful but the day of judgment?" added Mrs. Aird, smiling. "Dootless ye're richt," was the reply; "dootless ye're richt; but I hae got a most awfu' gait o' sayin' sae."

In Beech Grove, Ky., live Wm. J. Hardin, the father of twenty-one children, Wm. Miller, the father of twenty-six children, and Cameron Story, who has twenty-two children.

## Floods and Forests.

It is not a matter of theory, but of demonstrated fact, that forests are the conservators of the water supply, acting, in effect, as does the bulk-head of a dam. In truth, however, the forests are more than bulk heads, they are a whole board of public works acting to provide for the storage, maintenance, and proper distribution of an adequate supply of water for the entire surface of the earth. Agriculture, commerce and health wait on the preservation of the forests; famine, pestilence, flood, and drought wait on their destruction.

All of this has been demonstrated in the Old World, which, having spent centuries in the destruction of its forests, is now as anxiously guarding what remains, and vigorously replacing a portion of what has been taken away. In Germany, it is not too much to say, every individual tree has an official existence. Wood necessary for fuel or building purposes is supplied in abundance, but not until provision for an equal supply has been made by planting on reserve ground a number of trees, at the least equal in number to those cut down. By this judicious management several desirable results are brought about. The wood supply of Germany is greater than for centuries past, forest acreage is greater, available tillable land is constantly increasing in both value and quantity, floods in Spring and draughts in summer are of marked infrequency, and climate is more stable and salubrious.

In France, where the rivers Rhone, Saone, and Duranse, particularly the latter, had for nearly two centuries caused great destruction by flood, an experiment was tried. It was asserted that the cutting away of the forests had not only caused floods, but what was even worse, had resulted in the carrying away of the rich surface soil of the hill-sides, thus giving over to starvation thousands of farmers, who could not coax crops from land once fruitful. In the Haute and Basse Alps, where the Durance and its main tributaries rise, the most wanton destruction of forests had taken place. The Durance, a sickly stream in summer, was a fearful, roaring torrent in spring. Farming land all about it was of little value. In 1860 the first steps were taken; the mountains were generously replanted with trees. In 1875 the disastrous floods in the south of France occurred. Therefore the Durance had been the most dangerous of the tributaries of the Rhone; that year it flowed placidly on its way. It had already become a river in summer, and was no longer a torrent in the spring. The experiment was successful.

Two states of Europe are belated in the matter of forest preservation, and the results are plainly to be seen. In Russia, selecting one example, the Volga is so scantily supplied with water as to have decreased alarmingly in volume. The Caspian Sea has, in consequence, had its level materially decreased. The Russian Government is doing something, but not much, to preserve its forests, which are proportionately more necessary to Russia than to any other country of Europe. Spain is even more derelict than Russia, and one writer on the subject does not hesitate to say that Spain's sad political condition is due to her neglect of the forests.

But even if the necessity for the preservation of forests were purely theoretical, it is so logical a theory that it ought to be given a trial. Rain falling on a forest trickles by way of leaves, twigs, branches, and trunks down into the soil among the roots, and finds its way to the natural underground reservoirs which supply the springs, which, in their turn supply the little streams. Rain falling on the bare side of a hill flows immediately off, and as it increases as it goes, finally is strong enough to carry away some of the rich surface soil. Thus the spring or winter floods carry off the water intended to be stored for the summer's use. Then, again, rain always falls more frequently over forests than over uncovered land, partly because the greater coolness of the forest tends to the condensation of passing cloads, and partly because the already charged clouds are attracted by the lofty trees. When rain has fallen on a forest, from one-half to one-third of the water is held by the leaves, and is given off again by evaporation, thus producing cloads which will soon give up the moisture again. At the same time, the water which reaches the earth is not retaken by the heat, but sinks into the ground. Finally, temperature is more equable in the forest than in the open, and consequently tracts of forest land exercise a tranquillizing influence to a great distance about them.

Another and sufficient reason for the preservation and regularation of forest is found in the fact that the wood supply of a country depends thereupon. By a proper system of replanting, the details of which several European states have carefully worked out, a plentiful supply of wood is compatible with forest preservation. Here is a sort of protection—self-protection—which the governing power of a nation may well interest itself in.—*Harper's Weekly.*

## Hot Water for Dyspepsia.

A gentleman who is in business in this city, has cured himself of a chronic and ugly form of dyspepsia in a very simple way. He was given up to die; but he finally abandoned alike the doctors and the drugs, and resorted to a method of treatment which most persons would laugh at as "an old woman's remedy." It was simply the swallowing of a teacupful of hot water before breakfast every morning. He took the water so hot that he could only take it by the spoonful. For about three weeks this dose was repeated; the dyspepsia decreasing all the while. At the end of that time he could eat, he says, any breakfast or dinner that any well person could eat—had gained in weight, and has ever since been hearty and well. His weight is now between thirty and forty pounds greater than it was during the dyspepsia sufferings; and for several years he has had no trouble with his stomach—unless it was some temporary inconvenience due to a late supper or dinner out, and in such a case a single trial of his ante-breakfast remedy was sure to set all things right. He obtained this idea from a German doctor, and in turn recommended it to others—and in every case, according to this gentleman's account, a cure was affected.—*American Paper.*

The Czar of Russia has been told by his physicians that a less secluded life is necessary to restore his nerves. He now devotes much time to social gayeties.

# North Hastings Review

MADOC, MARCH 20, 1884.


## Railways and Mines.

### Mr. Wood Secures some changes in the New Act.

When the new Amended Railway Act to which we referred last week, came up for adoption in the Legislature, our watchful representative, Mr. Wood, in a speech on the subject pointed out to the House some of the more glaring injustices of the Act, with the result of having some amendments made. In the course of his speech Mr. Wood said he would illustrate the injustice of a certain clause by stating an actual case. He referred to a case in the township of Wollaston, where the Central Ontario railway passed over an iron mine—locating the road directly along the lead, and laid out station grounds directly over the mine, taking the quantity of land allowed by law—taking the whole mine. The owners objected, but without result. He applied for an injunction to the courts, which was granted until the arguments were heard, when Justice Proudfoot held that as the law stood the railway could take the mine, but must pay damages as laid down by the railway law, which meant arbitration. The company offered the owners $500, while they valued the property taken at half a million. Mr. Wood then pointed out the difficulties of ascertaining the value by arbitration, and the injustice of allowing railways to take mines.

Mr. Meredith supported Mr. Wood's contentions, and an amendment was adopted that the Commissioner of Public Works should say whether the mine could be worked with safety to the railway, instead of the company having that power.

As the Act stands a railway company can still run their line over a mine, although they can not acquire it without purchase. The owner, however, can not work the mine under or near the road if the Commissioner of Public Works could be convinced that such working might interfere with the safety of the railway. If it does interfere the owner must either allow the mine to remain idle or sell to the company.

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THE ORANGE Incorporation Bill was on Monday defeated in the Commons, on its second reading, by a majority of 37 votes.

THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT has passed a resolution that until a legal decision from the Supreme Court is given, on the License question, they will not exact penalties for infringement of the same.

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Counterfeit twenty-five and fifty cent pieces are in circulation.

Scarlet fever of a very malignant type is prevalent in Belleville.

The chances of a good crop of fall wheat in the locality of Belleville are considered excellent.

A strong effort is being made to resuscitate the Good Templar organizations in and around Napanee.

Mr. Arch'd Hughes, of Hallowell, owns a calf which, when one day old, weighed no less than 101 pounds. It is from a very fine Ayrshire cow.

The residence of Alex. Robertson, 1st concession of Thurlow, was burnt on Tuesday night with all its contents. Loss about $1,500; insured.

On Saturday last, Mr. James Madden, of North Fredrecksburgh, was cutting wood in his woodshed, when the axe caught in a clothes line and came down inflicting a serious gash in his head. A little harder blow and death would have been the result.

The Napanee *Beaver* has a talanted array of local correspondents. The quality of these effusions may be judged by their signatures, some of which are "Jumbo," "Sally Slim," "Clista Stewkettle," "Pumpkin Pies," "Alfred the Great," "Grand Curiosity," &c.

The Belleville Board of Education have decided to admit pupils from the county to the High school free of charge, on condition of the County Council making an annual grant of $200 The school estimates for the year am't to $16,995, an increase of $300 over last year's requirements.

A suit is being arbitrated by the Master in Chancery in which Wm. Dawe, a resident of the County of Hastings, disputes the account of his physician, Dr. Pomeroy, of Tweed. The account is $464, and the defendant, although admitting the ability of the Dr., pleads excessive charges. The case causes much interest in medical circles and is not decided yet.

## "Bribery and Corruption."

### *Attempt to Buy up Mowat's Supporters in the Legislature.*

### THE BRIBERS ARRESTED.

The scene enacted on Monday night on the floor of the legislative assembly at Toronto, was as exciting and memorable as any ever before enacted in a Canadian parliament. Though the intended revelation of a conspiracy to buy up supporters of the Mowat Government was known to a considerable number of persons, they kept their counsel well, and the explosion therefore came with stunning effect on all others in the house, members and spectators, who were treated to a spicier performance than they had baigained for.

The premier rose in his place and without preface or circumlocution asked the speaker to open two sealed packages which had in the course of the day been placed in his hands. Mr. Clarke did so. The first contained a written statement made by Mr. McKim of West Wellington, that J A. Wilkinson had paid him the sum of $1000 as a bribe to induce him to go in opposition to the government. The thou and dollars—ten $100 bills—was counted by the speaker in the presence of the house. The second packet was from Mr. Balfour, of South Essex, who stated in his letter that "Big-Push" Wilkinson had paid him $800 to seduce him from his allegiance to the Mowat government, and once more the amount of the bribe was counted, in $100 bills, before the eyes of the assembled crowd. This little drama, which had been performed amidst breathless stillness, being over, Mr. Mowat arose and explained that Messrs. Balfour and McKim had acted in the matter with the knowledge and concurrence of the government.

In addition to Wilkinson, one F. S. Kertland, an American who had been in the city some weeks before the session opened, was conspicuous in his offers of money to the above and other members. He and Wilkinson were placed under arrest, will be tried for "conspiracy to accomplish the defeat of the Government by corrupting certain members." The penalty in the case is two years in the penitentiary and a fine of £500. Bunting, proprietor of the *Mail*, is also accused of being in league with them. The arrested parties will be tried before a special committee of the house, and at the police court. Bail was refused. Interesting developments are looked for.

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County Attorney Coleman is seriously ill.

☞ Easter Cards and Birthday Cards just received at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

A Band of Hope is being organized at Napanee.

☞ Cross & Mounsey open out in their new shop on Saturday.

Mr. T. P. Pearce is about to remove to Marmora, where it is said he will open a woollen mill.

M.B. Roblin an old resident of Belleville, died on Saturday morning last. He was in his 60th year.

Richard Badgely, aged about 60 years married, suicided in Plainfield on Friday morning. He hung himself in his barn from a beam, and his body was warm when found.

Mr. F. R. Lingham has sold to Mr. Way, of Thurlow, a Durham bull Calf, three weeks old, which is such a phenomenon that he was offered $500, provided he would keep it until six months old and send it to Chicago. In order to keep the animal in the county he sold it for $100. The mother of the calf is owned by Mr. Lingham and is giving 48 quarts of milk per day.

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BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter' Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all Druggists.

Holloway's Pills.—Enfeebled Existence.—This medicine embraces every attribute required in a general and domestic remedy; it overturns the foundations of disease laid by defective food and impure air. In obstructions or congestions of the liver, lungs, bowels, or any other organs, these Pills are especially serviceable and eminently successful. They should be kept in readiness in every family, as they are a medicine without a fault for young persons and those of feeble constitutions. They never cause pain, or irritate the most sensitive nerves, or mort tender bowels. Holloway's Pills are the best known purifiers of the blood, and the best promoters of absorption and secretion, and remove all poisonous and obnoxious particles from both solids and fluids.



NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## For Sale.

COOLIE pups, and also some small pigs for sale. Enquire at this office.

## NOTICE.

I HEREBY forbid any person or persons trusting or harboring my wife, Sarah Ann Bronson, in any way as she has left my bed and board without any just cause or provocation.

LEWIS BRONSON.

Madoc, March 15, 1884. 360-2w

## MILK! MILK!

THE subscriber would inform the inhabitants of Madoc village that he has commenced the delivery of pure, fresh milk throughout the village, and respectfully solicits a share of their patronage.

He intends to make it a permanent business, and will guarantee to supply a good article.

PRICE 5 CENTS A QUART.

INA McCARTY.

Madoc, March 19th. 360

—IN THE—

## *High Court of Justice.*

(CHANCERY DIVISION.)

## RICKETTS vs. RICKETTS.

PURSUANT to Judgment and final order for sale made herein bearing date the 3rd day of January, 1884, and the 7th day of March, 1884, respectively, there will be sold with the approbation of Samuel Shaw Lazier, Esq., Master of this Court at Belleville, by

## PUBLIC AUCTION,

at his chambers Shire Hall, in the

CITY OF BELLEVILLE,

—ON—

## *WEDNESDAY, 16th APRIL NEXT,*

at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, The following farm property, being Lot No. 7, in the 16th concession of the Township of Tudor, in the County of Hastings, containing 100 acres of land, be the same more or less.

About 35 acres all cleared and under cultivation, and well fenced.

Upon the premises is built a log barn, about 30x40.

The property is situated on the main travelled road belonging to Gunter Settlement, and is about 10 miles from Millbridge P. O., and about 4 miles from St. Ola P. O. and village and about 3 miles from the line of the Central Ontario Railway.

The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid fixed by the Master.

TERMS OF SALE.—The purchaser shall pay same a deposit of $10 for every $100 of his purchase money at the time of sale, and the balance within one month thereafter.

In all other respects the conditions of sale shall be the standing conditions of sale of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice.

For further particulars apply at the law offices of S. B. Burdett, Esq., Robertson & Thomas and Dougall & Faulkner, Belleville.

S. B. BURDETT,
Plaintiff's Solicitor.

S. S. LAZIER,
Local Master.

360-4

## LIQUOR LICENSE ACT, 1883.

THE annual meeting of the Board of License Commissioners for Hastings District, under the above Act, will be held at the Court House in the City of Belleville, in said District, on WEDNESDAY, the 26th day of MARCH next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of hearing and determining all applications for License under the the above Act, at which meeting all applicants for License shall personally attend. Any petition against the granting of a license must be lodged with me not less than four clear days before said meeting. All applications for wholesale license and vessel license must be filed with me five days before above mentioned date, accompanied by the usual deposit fee.

Dated at Belleville, 23rd day of February, A. D. 1884.

ROBERT GORDON,
357 Chief Inspector, Hastings District.

## *Wholesale & Retail*

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

D. W. WRIGHT.

I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my

SHIRTS AND NECKWARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. G. RETALLACK'S

SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

*Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock.* 360-8.

H[illegible] H FOR ALL.

## HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

### THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

### THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

**78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.**

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*


# Abstract Statement

—OF THE—

## AUDITORS' REPORT,

OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE OF THE UNITED TOWNSHIPS OF

## ELZEVIR AND GRIMSTHORPE,

For the Year ending 31st December, 1883.

### RECEIPTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Jan'y 1.—Balance on hand from 1882 | $ 367 42 |
| Received on account of Taxes | 3669 33 |
| Received from License Fund | 58 16 |
| Received from the Clergy Reserve Fund | 16 65 |
| Received from Land Improvement Fund | 12 19 |
| County grant on Roads | 150 00 |
| Legislative School Grant | 156 00 |
| Madoc Union Schools | 128 45 |
| Timber cut on Road Allowances | 57 80 |
| Government Timber Dues | 420 38 |
| Hay Scales | 17 48 |
| Miscellaneous | 19 60 |
| | $5073 46 |

### EXPENDITURE.

| | |
|---|---|
| County Taxes | 1316 39 |
| Roads and Bridges | 293 12 |
| Salaries and Commissions | 223 74 |
| School Sections | 2166 39 |
| Debentures Redeemed | 600 00 |
| Interest on Debenture | 3 00 |
| Interest on Debenture, S. S. No. 1 | 56 00 |
| Charities | 78 00 |
| Printing, Postage and Stationery | 57 16 |
| Insurance on Town Hall | 9 00 |
| Miscellaneous | 53 94 |
| Balance on hand | 216 72 |
| | $5073 46 |

Audited and found correct.

R. W. MILLER,
ARCH. THOMPSON } Auditors.

Bridgewater, January 30th, 1884.


# Great Bargains

## AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

**$10,000 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market!**

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the

**NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.**

Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut **away down.**

Boots and Shoes *MUST BE RUN OFF* inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.



## W. C. REID,

—DEALER IN—

Fruit and Ornamental Trees,

CENTERVILLE, - ONTARIO.

# Latest Local News.

—Monday last was St. Patrick's Day.

—A Bicycle Club is being organized in the village.

—The abstract of the Auditors Report for Elzevir and Grimsthorpe appears in this issue.

—Isn't it about time the Lacrosse Club was organized for the coming season?

—WANTED—An intelligent boy to learn the printing business. Apply at the REVIEW Office.

—Some of our village ladies would like to hear from their late "wax-work" teacher. Where is she?

—A buckwheat pancake and molasses spread drew a large crowd at a social in Napanee this week.

☞ Saturday will be the first day of business for Cross & Mouncey in their new store.

—Science teaches that "sleepless men should court the sun," and nature, that all men should court the daughter.

—A U. E. Loyalist celebration is to be held at Adolphustown on the 16th of June. It is intended to embrace all the Bay of Quinte district.

—The marble season is approaching and soon "fan dubbs" and "knuckle down tight" will resound all over the streets. The small boy knows when spring comes.

☞ Warner's Safe Cure only one dollar per bottle at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

—Here is an item for temperance agitators: There is not a temperance society of any kind in the County of Hastings. There is plenty of scope for temperance effort in this county.

—What became of that promising musical organization known as White's Agricultural Band? We trust the boys are not going to let it die out again, after getting their fine uniform.

☞ Drop in Cross & Mouncey's new shop on Saturday.

—The legal contest over the Wardenship of the County opens at Belleville to-day. Messrs. Caskey, Reeve of this township, and Thompson, Deputy, are among the ones summoned to give evidence.

—The pupils of Mr Clark's department of the Model School have organized a Literary Society, with the following officers: President—Mr. Clark, Vice—Miss Jennie Sinclair, Secretary—Miss Beatrice Cross.

☞ Remember this—2 papers Ferry's New Seeds for 5 cents, at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

—Attention is directed to the advt. of Mr. S. G. Retallack, Shirt Manufacturer, of Belleville. Gentlemen going to Belleville for anything in his line will find him a genial and obliging fellow to deal with, and his stock as good as can be found in that city.

—The friends in this village have just received word of the death of Mr. Peter Bartlett, an old resident of this part of the country, which took place at Salt Lake City, about three months ago. The deceased had many friends in this village, where he was well known.

☞ Cross & Mouncey's new store—corner of St. Lawrence and Durham streets—open Saturday. Come in.

—Cross & Mouncey expect to get into their new store this week. The building they have just had erected for their use on Mrs. Wright's corner, has a fine front, with entrances from both streets, and when they get their stock in it will be one of the neatest stores in town.

—Our item of last week in reference to a new kind of entertainment has called forth a letter on the subject in another column. The writer is a gentleman well qualified to judge of the merits of such an entertainment as he proposes, and if such a scheme could be started here we are sure it would be to the advantage and interest of those who take part, as well as to others.

☞ The new Blood Purifier, "Fountain of Health," one dollar per bottle at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

### More Milk.

Housekeepers in the village are directed to the advertisement of Mr. Ira McCarty, in this issue, who has commenced the delivery of milk in this village. We have no doubt but Mr. McCarty will establish a profitable business.

### Missionary Meeting.

The annual missionary meetings of the Church of St. John the Baptist, in this village, will be held on Wednesday evening next, 26th inst., and at Queensboro' on the following evening, 27th. Rev. Rural Dean Baker, one of the best missionary speakers in the Diocese, and others will address the audiences.

### A Novel Thief Capture.

A Napanee groceryman, says the *Express*, lately noticed that the quantity of tea in a tea-box in his store was diminishing more rapidly than his sales warranted, and very naturally came to the conclusion that somebody or something was pilfering it. He resolved to discover the guilty one, and for that purpose purchased a large steel rat-trap and placed it in the box, covering it well over with tea. Shortly afterwards agonizing cries were heard proceeding from the vicinity of the tea-box, and on the merchant hastening thither he found that he had caught "something" indeed. The author of the cries proved to be a full-sized man, who shouted lustily to be released from his bonds. Before doing so the merchant searched the pockets of his victim and found therein a large quantity of tea, of which the fellow was relieved, and then given the "g. b." in the most approved style. The matter was let drop.

### A Novel Chair.

Noticing a crowd of women and children at Maybee's furniture store the other day, our reporter strolled in and found them busily engaged in examining a novelty in the shape of a combined high chair, table and carriage for children. By a quick and ingenious arrangement the chair is transferred from one to the other at will, small wheels being attached for the carriage, and the table is always in front of the child. It is a neat and useful invention. Go in and see it.

### A Handsome Present.

A few days ago Rev. Thomas Davis, Priest, of this village, was made the recipient of a costly, handsome and serviceable present from the young men of Marmora, being a beautiful coat, cap, and pair of driving mits, all of Persian Lamb, matched. The articles are valued at $135. The gift was made thro' Messrs. Daniel Gillen and John Terrion. Father Davis is extremely popular with the the young people of his charge, and he is to be congratulated on having such friends.

### A Determined Suicide.

The Napanee *Beaver* gives the following painful and most determined case of suicide, reported from the township of Griffith, about eight miles north of the village of Denbigh. Miss Peebles, who resided with her father on the Madawaska, one day last week deliberately ate nearly a quarter of a pound of Paris green. When she commenced to vomit the cause was discovered, and antidotes administered, after which she was put to bed. Being left alone, she got up, and with singular determination ate what remained, and died shortly afterwards. The girl was only about fourteen years of age, was apparently sane, and only gave one reason—that she was tired of life. We seldom or never heard of a more determined act of suicide, even in a person of mature age. Her parents are respectable people, and were formerly residents of Prince Edward County.

### Madoc Model School.

Report of the 4th division for the fortnight ending Friday, March 7th.

There are twenty-nine pupils in the fifth class, and twenty-four in the fourth class. The total number of marks obtainable in each class was 555. In order to obtain a place on the honor roll a pupil must obtain half of the number of marks. The names of the successful candidates in the fifth class in order of merit are Maggie Breakell 528, Beatrice Cross 474, Minnie Geary 469, Jennie V. Wright 463, Hattie Burnside 449, Isa Breakell 433, Ida White 416, Jennie V. Sinclair 397, Bridget Connell 365, G. A. Love 363, Martha Whytock 353, Bertha Harris 340, Annie Doyle 333, Sarah Broad 313, May Jenkins 284, Alice Robertson 279; and the names of those in the fourth class are Gussie Grier 520, Maria Whytock 499, Maud Guffin 491, Annie McCoy 468, Alice Sinclair 396, Jennie Francis 392, Chas. Morrison 389, Alex. Robertson 362, Blanche Francis 329, Willie Morrison 328, John Bristol 307, Bertie Dingman 301, Jas. Harper 277.

### Good.

The R. C. Choir Concert last night was a rich musical treat—a decided success in every respect notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. Prof. Reichling and Ruppell of Montreal, handled their instruments, violin and violincello, with consummate skill; Miss O'Carral, of Belleville, was well received, while our local talent, in both vocal and instrumental selections, "brought down the house" every time. We have never heard Mrs. Benson O'Hara sing better in public, while Miss Blanche Francis and Miss Blanche Bristol, were also rapturously received. Misses Deans and Seymour contributed a piano duet, Mr. E. L. Weese, guitar solos, Mr. J. G. Deans, flute solos. The satisfaction and pleasure of the audience was exhibited by the vociferous applause and encore of almost every member, and they generally got the double allowance. The concert was under the direction of Mr. J. E. Fremau, organist of the church here, and he is to be congratulated on having provided one of the best entertainments we have ever had in the village. The receipts were about $114. Mr. M. Maybee had charge of the stage.

### Married.

PHILLIPS—ARCHER.—On March 19th, by the Rev. F. McAmmond, B. A., at the Methodist Parsonage, Madoc, Charles Phillips to Miss Hannah Archer, both of the township of Marmora.

RHODES—KELLS.—On March 10th, by the Rev. Henry Thomas, at the residence of the bride's father, Wm. John Rhodes to Miss Mary Ann Kells, both of the township of Elzeyir.

BEST—FRAZER.—On Monday, March 17th, at the Congregational Parsonage, Belleville, by the Rev. Wm. Stacy, Mr. James Best to Miss Hannah Frazer, both of Madoc.

LEE—BULPIT.—At the residence of the bride's father, on March 19th, by the Rev. E. N. Baker, M. A., Mr. C. O. Lee to Miss Mary J. Bulpit, all of Madoc.

### Died.

GRAY.—In Madoc, on the 18th inst., Ina Estella, youngest daughter of R. T. and M. A. Gray, aged 3 years, 2 months and 7 days.

BARTLETT.—In Salt Lake City, U. S., about the middle of December last, Peter Bartlett, son of Mrs. Vallier, of this village, aged 52 years.

TROTTER.—In Madoc township, on Sunday, 16th inst., Alexander Trotter, aged 74 years.

### Russel vs. Campbell.

This action which has been pending for some time past in the Court of Chancery, (and which has been watched with considerable interest by the residents of Madoc owing to the defendants being old and well known residents of this place, and the land in dispute being situate here;) was concluded in Toronto on the 5th instant.

The particulars of the action may be briefly stated as follows: The plaintiff, Sarah Russel of Montreal, first obtained title to the land as administratrix of the estate of the late Colin Russel, and in the year 1858 sold the lot to one Donald Campbell, the father of Allen, and husband of Catharine Campbell, the present defendants, at a certain sum.

In the year 1861, the plaintiff purchased the lot back from Donald Campbell at a certain sum, and Donald Campbell at the same time entered into a written agreement with the plaintiff to pay a certain rent for the premises. Shortly afterwards Donald Campbell left Madoc, and from that time down to the year 1875, the present defendants continually resided thereon, but without paying rent to the plaintiff as agreed by Donald Campbell.

In the year 1875, the plaintiff commenced proceedings in ejectment to recover possession of the premises from the defendant, Catharine Campbell. A settlement was effected in the latter part of that year, by which the defendant, Allen Campbell, agreed to purchase the premises for $600, payable as follows: ¼ cash, and the balance to be secured by mortgage at 7 per cent.; he (Allen) shortly afterwards paid $100 to the plaintiff as part of the cash payment, and in the following year paid $35 more upon the purchase money; since then he has paid nothing upon the place, and the two amounts mentioned above include all the monies paid by the defendant to the plaintiff.

The deed and mortgage were never executed and delivered by the respective parties, in pursuance of the said agreement and latterly Allen Campbell refused to carry out or acknowledge the said agreement of sale.

In consequence of Allen Campbell denying the said agreement and refusing to carry out the same, the plaintiff brought this action to recover possession of the premises as against the defendant, Catharine Campbell, and to enforce Allen Campbell to a specific performance of his agreement to purchase, or in the alternative for possession of the land and premises as against him also.

The defendant, Allen Campbell, defended the action by, 1st denying he had entered into a *written contract* of purchase and set up and plead "The Statute of Frauds" (29 chap., 2nd cap. 3) in support thereof; and, 2nd by denying that the plaintiff had, or could make title in herself to the premises in dispute. The defendant Catharine Campbell also defended the action by, 1st denying the plaintiff's title to the land in question; and, 2nd by pleading in her defence "The Statute of Limitations."

The action came on for trial at the Chancery sittings in Belleville in October last, and and was then referred to S. S. Lazier, Esq., Local Master at Belleville, to take the evidence and Report upon the facts to the Court. The matter was almost immediately afterwards proceeded with before the Master. The plaintiff did not press the claim for specific performance of the said agreement as against Allen Campbell, but asked merely for possession of the lands as against both defendants.

The Master duly reported his findings (which were in favor of the plaintiff) to the Court at Toronto. The matter was argued before the Court of Chancery in Toronto on the 5th inst., and judgment was given in favor of the plaintiff, giving her possession of the lands and premises, and ordering that the defendants pay all costs except those incurred in reference to the abandoned claim for "specific performance."

W. H. Hastings, Esq., of Madoc, conducted the action for plaintiff, while S. B. Burdett, Esq., of Belleville, defended the same for the Campbells.

☞ The New Garden Seeds from D. M. Ferry & Co., have arrived at DEANS' DRUG & SEED STORE! You can buy 2 papers for 5 cents, and don't you forget it!!

### THOUSANDS SAY SO.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Giard, Kan., writes; "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver Complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by all Druggists.

## Tenders Wanted.

TENDERS are invited until the 15th day of April next for the purchase of Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. No tender necessarily accepted. Offers strictly confidential. For further particulars apply to W. M. SPURR,

Feb. 7, 1884. 356 L'Amable.


C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.

CHAMBERS & WHITE!

THE | BIG | TEA | POT | SIGN.

(Successors to J. A. Chambers.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - MADOC, ONT.,

where will be found a choice stock of fine

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY.
GLASSWARE, &C.,

—ALSO—

FANCY CHINA WARE OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Fine Teas always a specialty with us.

James White. J. A. Chambers.

1858 ESTABLISHED 1858

G. D. RAWE

Takes this opportunity to notify his numerous friends and customers, that his stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods is now complete, and has been selected with great care from the Best Houses in the Dominion.

His stock of Albums is the largest, cheapest and most varied in design that was ever (in Madoc) presented to those requiring such articles.

He would also call especial attention to the other portion of his stock, intended specially for Xmas and New Year Gifts, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, young men and misses.

One glance at the stock will prove that it is all new and offered at remarkably low prices.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, December 5th, 1883.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. - Please Give me a Call.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

# FACTS FOR FARMERS.

### Prepare for Early Vegetables.

Plants sufficient for the family garden can be easily raised, usually of better quality than in a hot-bed, as generally managed, and they will interest the young people who always like to see things grow. Boxes for the purpose are made of half-inch stuff well nailed together. Their length should be suited to the width of the window, a foot wide, and the depth of three or four inches. In modern houses window sills are rarely wide enough to hold such a box, and it is well to suspend it by means of a wire at each end. Drive in a screw near the upper edge of the end of the box, and near the side farthest from the window, and a corresponding screw in the window casing. A piece of copper wire twisted around the screw in the box, and its other end made fast to that in the casing, will hold the box securely. Those who regularly use such boxes provide the soil for them the autumn before. The lack of such provision need not deter any from trying to raise plants in this manner. Earth from the woods is a most excellent material for filling the boxes. This collects in the hollow places, and can usually be gathered in a mild time, even in winter. If woods-earth is not to be had, take advantage of a thaw, and scraping up some garden soil, place it in a heap in the cellar until it is dry enough to use. If at all heavy, it may be made porous by adding sand, or what is better, fine moss. Procure some sphagnum or peat moss, such as nurserymen use for packing; dry it thoroughly, and rub it through a coarse wire sieve. One part of this fine sifted moss to four or five of soil makes an excellent material for seed boxes, and it will not become packed by the needed waterings. As a rule the seed should be sown in them about six weeks before the plants can be safely set out in the open ground. When the seedlings are large enough to handle, usually when they have made two rough leaves—those are the seed leaves—they will need transplanting into another box of similar soil, setting them an inch apart each way. Plants in the boxes must have water as they need it, and on warm days they may be set outside in a sunny, sheltered place, bringing them in before the air becomes chilly. The vegetables usually started in window boxes are early cabbages, cauliflowers, lettuce and tomatoes; in April egg-plants and peppers may be thus sown.

### Agricultural Value of Sewage.

There is no one who will deny that it is a great pity that so many millions of dollars' worth of fertilising materials are annually allowed to go to waste through the sewers of our towns and cities, and yet very few are ready to believe that this waste could be economically saved and applied to the land for raising food either for man or beast.

If reports are true, the new town of Pullman, near the city of Chicago, has solved this question in a most satisfactory manner. Pullman is built upon level land, where it would be impossible to secure perfect drainage by natural flow. To overcome this difficulty, the drains were all carried to an artificial well sunk deeply enough to receive all the sewage of the town. From this well the drainage water is pumped by steam power, through a large pipe which delivers it upon farm lands three miles away, where it is utilised for the production of ordinary farm crops. It is claimed that the arrangement proves highly satisfactory in every respect, and that the investment pays a good annual interest.

If the market gardeners around Boston are finding it profitable to erect costly apparatus for watering their ground with pure well water, pumped from the bowels of the earth, why might not the city and country make a gain at both ends by joining in erecting pumping apparatus for delivering the richer waters of the sewers upon or under the cultivated fields in the suburbs? It is believed now, that the true way to water gardens and fields is through the porous pipes, laid enough below the surface to be entirely out of the way of cultivation.

This question of modern civilization how to get rid of its own wastes, is but just beginning to attract public attention. With our present light, it appears like a great question, but the time is rapidly coming when it must be met, and we doubt not it will be met successfully. The most that country people can do at present is, individually, to take the best care possible of their own house drains and cesspools. The problem is much more easily solved in the country than in the city or large town.—*N. E Farmer.*

### FARM NOTES.

Ashes and gypsum have proved very beneficial to potatoes in many sections.

No excess of animal matter should be given to poultry, either in the shape of meat scraps or pressed cake.

Rye will grow at a low temperature and continue to grow later and start earlier than most other grains.

One acre of ground in lawn and garden is sufficient to maintain the family cow in any village or rural locality.

Professor Cook says light Brahmas have proved even better layers in winter than his brown Leghorns; their eggs are finer in quality, larger and of richer color.

The *Country Gentleman* recommend evergreen boughs as being the best protection to the strawberry bed in winter, saying they never smother or otherwise injure the plants.

The want of pure and fresh water accounts in many instances for the lack of eggs during the winter season. Fowls require a constant supply of water, and without it will not lay.

One of the best methods, says M. H. de Gasparin, of preventing the ravages of the phylloxera is to keep the soil of the vineyard continually moist, and in the southeast of France this is effected by keeping the vineyard submerged during the winter.

For the comfort and well-being of the sitting hens they have should have space in which to turn and flap their wings, and scratch and take all needed exercise, provided the weather is favorable. But if cold, do not tempt them to remain too long from the nests.

Says the *American Cultivator:* In the winter, while the ground is covered with snow and the soil is frozen deeply, it is sometimes curious to note the effect of openings leading down to deep under-drains. The snow will be melted away by the warm air coming up from the unfrozen earth. Even in an uncovered drain three feet deep, a little straw or loose earth will generally protect the bottom from severe freezing.

If you are going to set a new orchard next spring remember that it is an excellent way to prepare a plan of the orchard, showing the position of each tree, its variety, etc. If a tree dies it can be replaced by one of the same sort. Some fruit raisers keep a book in which they register the age and variety of every tree in their orchard, together with any items in regard to its grafting, productiveness, treatment, etc., which were thought to be desirable.

### Married to a Lunatic.

Judge Phelps, at Baltimore, passed a decree declaring void a marriage celebrated January 24, 1883, between Helen A. North and Francis W. North. The bill alleges that the husband at the time of the marriage was a lunatic and not competent to contract a marriage. It appears from the bill of complaint and evidence before the court that the couple were married without the knowledge of their friends and only after three weeks' acquaintance. Mrs. North was boarding at a hotel where young North, who was travelling South for his health, stayed. They took a bridal trip to Cincinnati, where the bridegroom began to act queerly, and thinking him unwell, Mrs. North suggested that they proceed to Cleveland, where his uncle was living, which was done.

North suddenly became possessed of the idea that he was being pursued by some imaginary foe who wanted to separate him from his wife and threatened that he would kill her rather than part with her. The uncle telegraphed to Mr. North, sr., who lives in Utica, N. Y., and he came at once to Cleveland with several officials of the Middleton insane asylum, where his son had been imprisoned before, and forcibly carried him off. Mrs. North, attributing the supposed abduction to another cause, attempted to follow on the same train, but, according to her own statement, was roughly ejected therefrom by Mr. North, sr., having a narrow escaped from being run over. Realising his condition she was compelled to abandon her efforts and then sought to have the marriage declared void. Her husband's family are said to be wealthy, but decline to recognize her, as they considered their son's marriage as the freak of a madman.

### Living, yet Dead.

In Germany, every man, from the lowest to the highest, is obliged to serve in the army nominally for twelve years. He must be in the standing army for seven years, from the close of his twentieth year until he is twenty-eight. Of these seven years three must be spent in active service, and the remaining four in the army of reserve. After leaving the army of reserve he must form a part of the Landwehr,—or practically the militia. After his active employment in the army he can engage in civil life. But if war breaks out, he is again called upon to resume his place in the ranks.

The theory on which this law rests is that every citizen ought to aid in defending his country, and that to do this efficiently, he requires the training of a soldier.

A young Prussian doctor, having served his time in the ranks, was placed among the "reserves." He went to Paris, and in a few years built up there a lucrative practice. In the height of his prosperity Prussia engaged in war, and the doctor was summoned to return home and fill out his term of service.

After much trouble he hired, for a large sum, a man to serve in his place. The substitute was killed on the battle-field.

A few years after this event, the physician received another summons from his Government to return and engage in military service. He protested that as he had, in the person of his substitute, died once, the Government had no more claim upon him for additional service than it had upon any other dead person.

The case was referred to high authorities, and after long and learned discussion it was decided that in the eyes of the law the physician was dead.

### Was It a Boy or a Girl.

Mrs. Mulcahy—"Good-marnin'."

Mrs. O'Hollihan—"Good marnin', Mrs. Mulcahy."

Mrs. Mulcahy—"An' how's the ould man, Mrs. O'Hollihan?"

Mrs. O'Hollihan—"Och, purty well, thankee, Mrs. Mulcahy, but dhrunk agin last night, though."

Mrs. Mulcahy—"Och, dear, dear, the poor man!"

Mrs. O'Hollihan—"Did you hear the news about the increase in Mrs. McCarthy's family, Mrs. Mulcahy?"

Mrs. Mulcahy—"Oi did not. Wuz it a bye or a gurrull?"

Mrs. O'Hollihan—"'Twas naythor."

Mrs. Mulcahy—"Naythor?"

Mrs. O'Hollihan—"Naythor; twuz twins!"

Mrs. Mulcahy—"Wull, wull, wull!"—*San Francisco Wasp.*

The business of detecting crime in London is admitted to be badly done. The precincts of the Savoy and Thames Embankment are not safer now than Hounslow Heath in the days of Jonathan Wild. One hundred and twenty-four persons disappeared in London last year, of whom no trace has ever been found, and each week numbers of dead bodies, known as "stiffuns," are brought in by toilers, of the Thames with marks of violence on them. Since the time of the late Inspector Field, no one of the detective order has won an established fame but Druscowitch, and he ruined a great career by being inveigled into the De Gaucourt betting funds.

The lady who recently left $2,000,000 to the Pope had several near relatives living, and they remain in extremely poor circumstances. It is said Pius IX., when he had been left a large sum in similar circumstances, relinquished $500,000 for the benefit of the poor relatives. Pope Leo, it is suggested might do the same.

# PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

### Interesting Items about the Distinguished People of the World.

Rosa Bonheur is now quite well again and has removed to her favorite Chateau de By, Fontainebleau, where she has already set to work at her unfinished pictures.

M. Macé, the great French detective and the terror of the Paris evil doer, is just about five feet tall, if it be proper to use the term tall as applied to such a stature. He has been thirty years in the service.

The Emir of Bokhara, in Toorkistan, receives visitors in a robe of rose-colored velvet studded with precious stones. He is gracious in his manners, but his reception rooms contains no furniture, and its floor is covered with European carpets. His favorite gifts to the most distinguished guests are beautiful horses.

Queen Victoria has sent to the Sailors' Home at Portsmouth a portrait of herself, with autograph, in a carved oak frame. The picture is from a drawing on stone by Karl Staub, taken from the portrait by Angeli which was painted in 1877, and which hangs in the private dining room at Windsor Castle.

The Maharajah of Cashmere has spared no cost in the effort to make fine wine and brandy, and it seems now that he has succeeded, as the samples of both at the Calcutta Exhibition are highly praised. It is thought that this industry may compensate for the great falling off of late years in the demand for shawls.

The Emperor of Germany, now in his eighty-eighth year, is not the only oldest inhabitant. On his hunting trips he frequently meets some hale old pensioner who fought in the war of liberation or marched against the French at Waterloo. The severe military discipline of Prussia does not seem to shorten the lives of her subjects.

"When I was at Constantinople," remarked the Hon. G. J. Goshen, "I had a conversation with a Turkish pasha, who said that the female slaves were treated with exceedingly great kindness in Turkish families, and that their morals were looked after much more satisfactorily than those of female servants in any European communities. I did not entirely agree with him.

German papers record the discouraging fact for book collectors that the library of M. Korch, the former editor of the St. Petersburg *Gazette*, who recently died at Heidelberg, was sold by auction for the ridiculous sum of 25 roubles, although it consisted of about 5,000 volumes. If most of the books were in Russian the melancholy fact might, in some degree at least, be accounted for.

The late Abraham Hayward, the brilliant reviewer and conversationalist, was, like Disraeli, of the Hebrew race, and brought up in a solicitor's office. He had the most bitter personal hatred of Disraeli, which was as intensely returned, and in the *Morning Chronicle*, of which he was editor while it was the organ of the Peelite party, wrote articles against him of the most virulent acerbity.

"For the last five or six years," observed a distinguished American architect, "I have been occupied almost exclusively with public buildings. I could count on the fingers of my right hand the private houses I have erected. My temper in consequence has been comparatively sweet, for nothing is so trying to an artist's soul as to be subjected to the esthetic whims of charming women who desire his professional services."

Julia Hatcher, of Marnhull, near Salisbury, England, has received a medal for her bravery in rescuing a boy who was being tossed and gored by a bull. The presentation was publicly made by the rector of the parish, the Rev. R. K. Kennard, described as "the well-known breeder of short-horns." Mr. Kennard, after praising the girl's courage and self-devotion, said that in risking her own life she had "established the most characteristic principle of Christianity."

Simeon Shorter, a Birmingham workman, who presented Mr. Gladstone, with an axe, has received the following letter: "Mr. Gladstone desires me to express to you his best thanks for the detailed account of the making of the axe which you kindly presented to him. Although Mr. Gladstone is loath to deface its polish in any degree, he feels bound to contemplate making a trial with it, in order to see the effect of an axe wholly of steel."

The climate of tropical Africa is deadly to the white men. At four missions recently established in that country more than twenty white missionaries have died within the last five years, and almost every month news comes of severe illnesses; but during the whole of that time the colored missionaries from this country have been able to live and work there. Lord Shaftesbury uses this fact to support the late Rev. Robert Moffat's assertion that "Africans must go to teach and save Africans."

An English newspaper prints illustrations of Gen. Gordon's terse speeches. When he entered upon his duties as Governor-General of the Soudan it was expected that he would make a long address, but he dismissed the assembly with the single sentence: "I will try to hold the balance even." When his views on the Soudan appeared in the columns of a newspaper he remarked, "A shot has been fired." When he was sent to the Soudan he, "I have received orders to cut the dog's tail off, and I will do it."

The Earl of Abingdon, who has just died, was in his youth a wonderful mimic, and could personate Dr. Keate, the head master of Eton, in a marvellous manner. He did this on one occasion when at school, summoning the boys at a tutor's house to prayers, having first donned a master's gown, and in the dusk of a summer evening his identity was not discovered. Once, in the House of Commons, a member could not find some papers to which he wished to refer, and kept on fumbling among a mass of them. The House grew a little impatient, and suddenly a voice in Keate's tones—well known at that date to half the House—was heard to say, "Never mind, stay afterward," which was Keate's way of intimating to a delinquent that he would be flogged for ignorance or carelessness. Once, at Nuneham, Lord Abingdon was dressed up as a girl, and made desperate love to an elderly gentleman, who genuinely reciprocated, and wanted to follow up his suit with a view to matrimony. The thing was for some time kept going by letter, and the would be suitor was terribly chagrined when he learned the truth.

### ODD HAPPENINGS.

Amazith Jordan at Hartland, Me., in a fit of insanity, cut his toes off one at a time.

Two weeks ago butterflies were numerous in England, peas were above ground, and roses were in leaf.

A young dog was recently frightened to death near Lafayette, Oregon, by a child who dressed up as a bugaboo and chased the animal.

A short-horn heifer named Lillie Dale, belonging to J. W. Dawson of Russellville, Ky., died four hours after eating a leaf of tobacco.

A Dublin paper has the following: "Lost, a cameo brooch, representing Venus and Adonis while in Sandymount on Saturday last."

Mrs. Nellie Keller of Hyde Park, Vt., was severely burned on the face, hands, and arms by the explosion of a doughnut which she was frying.

J. H. Smoot of Owen County, Kentucky, cut a tree recently in which a big hollow was filled with honey, upon which a colony of flying squirrels were living.

Mrs. Louisa H. Albert of Cedar Rapids has entered into partnership with her husband in the practice of the law. Their sign reads, "Albert & Albert, Attorneys at Law."

The toll house at Sea Isle City, N. J. was entered by a thief, who took a pair of old boots and left a breech-loading gun worth $40. He also broke into the watch house of the railroad company and stole a pair of old shoes.

A large lump of dry Nile mud, with a hole in one side showing that a mud fish was within it, has been in the possession of the Rev. J. Wood for four years. He recently cut the lump open and found the fish in good condition, doubled up, with its tail over its head, just as when it went to sleep more than 20 years ago.

### One Thousand Wives.

Do what they may, no Mormon leader will ever equal the Sultan of Morocco, Sidi Muley Hassan, who has just added the thousandth wife to his harem, and has celebrated this unique millenary by a brilliant feast given to the other 999; or, rather to the other 600, for 400 are either dead or pensioned off. Like the Mormons, the Sultan does not keep all his better halves at one place, but distributes them among his winter and summer residences at Fez, Morocco, Tafilet, etc. Even then, unless he has more palaces than fall to the lot of most Emperors, there must be enough in each house to seriously interfere with harmony now and then. We wonder if he felt as much pride and satisfaction when he added the thousandth to the number as Baron Tauchnitz did when he published his thousandth volume of his convenient "Collection of British Authors." For we imagine that after a man has married his three or four hundredth consort—though on this point we must speak with the doubt arising from a total lack of experience—he cares very little for a new wife, and regards each further addition much as a collector looks upon a new Elzevir, or a new specimen of Japanese pottery, or another pipe, when he does not care to smoke, another violin, which will hang upon his wall untouched. It is the pleasure of the miser who heaps up stores; a pleasure which, in this line of hoarding, only one man in the modern world, fortunately, is allowed to have. It is curious however, to observe that while what might be called the physical wonders of the "Arabian Night's Entertainments"—the carpet or the horse that traveled a month's journey in a day, the talisman that conveyed one's words at once to the distant lover—that while these and the like are coming true by the power of modern science, the social wonders, as they seem to us Occidentals, are beginning to fade away. A son of this very Sultan, the Prince Muley Edris, not long ago married an Italian governess, who did not give up her religion, and who stipulated that she should be the only wife; and a brother of the Saltan, the sheriff of Wezdan, has an English wife.—(*Boston Advertiser.*)

### CATASTROPHY AT THREE RIVERS.

#### Two Children Perish in the Flames—A Brave Fireman.

Advices from Three Rivers, Que., convey the sad information of the death of two young children which occurred under the most distressing circumstances. Mrs. Chas. Caron, living on the second and third flats of a house situated on Notre Dame street, left her domicile for a few moments, recently, locking in her two young children, Flora aged four and a half years, and Henri, aged two and a half. It is thought that immediately after their mother left, the children went to play with matches and set fire to the house, for she had been gone only a few moments when the cries of Fire! fire! were heard in the street. The poor mother rushed to her house, but she fainted going up stairs and had to be carried away. In the meantime, the fire was making rapid progress inside and before the brigade arrived the poor little ones could be seen knocking on the window with their tiny fists. The firemen had arrived by this time and no time was lost in trying to effect an entrance into the burning building. After much difficulty, one of the men, Louis Hamel, penetrated into the house at the peril of his own life and soon came out again carrying in his arms the dead body of the little boy who had already been suffocated and partly burned. All hopes as to the little girl had been given up, when suddenly the crowd was terror stricken by the most appalling and piteous cries from the interior of the building, and Mr. Caron, the father of the children, appeared at one of the windows holding the inanimate body of his young daughter Flora, who also had been suffocated and partly burned. The poor exhausted father was helped down a ladder with his precious burden, and the bodies of the unfortunate little victims were taken to the residence of their grandmother, Mrs. Dauphinais.

No, the Indian does not wear a feather head-dress in order to keep his wigwam.

### GRIP'S PRINTING HOUSE.

#### A Splendidly Equipped Establishment on Front Street, Toronto—Advantageous, Well Lighted and Ventilated With Every Facility for Printing and Engraving.

The Grip printing and publishing company have settled down in their new and commodious premises at 26 and 28 Front street west, Toronto, and can now boast with pardonable pride of having the largest and best equipped establishment of the kind in the Dominion of Canada. The building is admirably adapted for the purposes to which it was put. It has five flats and a basement, the dimensions of each being 40x120 ft. It is well and substantially built, and supplied with all the latest improvements in the way of ventilation, fire escapes, hoists, conveniences, etc.

Entering off Front street the visitor finds himself in the business office, which is fitted up in a new and improved style. The young and energetic manager, Mr. S. J. Moore, has a private room, nicely furnished, and supplied with electric bell and communications to every part of the building. The clerks have separate compartments, somewhat the same as in banks. A nicely painted placard informs you what department of the business the clerks are devoted to, so that there is no trouble in knowing where to go. The office is roomy, and well arranged, and the furnishings are of the best.

The composing-room is on the second flat and occupies the full depth and breadth of the building. Large windows in the front and rear supply it with abundance of light, and the ceiling is high. All the type-setting is done in this immense room. When it is stated that there is over twenty tons of type in the room, all of which is more or less handled every day, the public can form an idea of the amount of work carried on there. Here, as in every other department, there is no crowding for space, and one is struck with the order and cleanliness that prevails. A compositor can put his hand on the style of type he wants in a moment, and everything is so handy and convenient that work is expedited much more speedily than it otherwise would be. A practical man would at once put it down as a model composing-room.

The press room on the third flat next claims attention. The idea of having presses any place but on the ground floor or basement is something new, but it is found to work well. The room is as clean as it possibly can be kept. There are no less than eighteen presses on this flat, and they are kept running pretty much all the time. A section of the room has been partitioned off and has been christened by Manager Moore the novelty museum as it contains some machines of a most unique description. Among other specialties the company manufacture the paragon blank leaf counter check book for use in stores and other business places. The book is worked off on a little press which prints, cuts, perforates, numbers, folds and delivers 5 000 an hour. With this wonderful machine an order that took a fortnight to fill can now be filled in a day. The company operate two of these presses, and hold the patent for Canada. Another wonderful machine is the label press, which prints, cuts, and delivers a quarter of a million gummed labels a day. Next to it is a press which prints in two colors at one impression 25,000 sheets a day, doing the work of ten ordinary Gordon presses. These machines are all automatic and print at a terrific speed, at the same time turning out cleaner and better work than the slow-going machines seen in old-fashioned printing offices. It will be seen that the company's press room is no small affair.

Up another flat you find a department which has not another competitor in Canada. It is where ink etching is done. By this process lithographing or printing from wooden blocks, both very expensive is dispensed with, and brilliant and well executed work can be done at a reasonable rate. The artist's work is transferred to a plate of polished zinc, which is then subjected to a treatment with different acids, the result being that in twelve hours the plate comes out a perfect counterpart of the original drawing. With this specialty, which no other house in the Dominion possesses, Mr. Moore says they can compete in colored labels, wrappers, every description of railway printing, etc., with the best establishments on the other side. This is something to be able to boast of, and already the company are reaping the reward of their enterprise by obtaining orders which were formerly filled in the United States.

The above is enough to show the public that the *Grip* printing house takes the lead in their business. Their facilities and equipment are complete for doing everything and anything, promptly and in the highest style of typographical art. Besides doing the Ontario government printing, they do the work of a number of legal and commercial firms and large corporations, as well as publish several periodicals for outside parties. *Grip* itself is also being advanced at a rapid rate. The circulation has been increased over 3,000 during the past three months and new subscribers are coming in at the rate of over 100 a week. An enlargement to sixteen or twenty pages is contemplated at an early date. With a capital of $100,000 and ably and energetically managed the company are bound to succeed.

*Figaro* gives the following account of the arrest of five members of the Salvation army: The sidewalk of the "Boulevard des Italiens" was blocked yesterday afternoon for more than an hour by a great crowd that had gathered around two of Miss Catharine Booth's lady "colonels" and two men with badges fastened to their caps, private in the same force. They were peddling copies of their newspapers, the *Ex Aunst*. As it is against the law to do this without a license, the police after vainly begging them for a long time to "move on," lost patience, and at five o'clock in the afternoon the two "soldiers" were marched to the station-house in the Rue Drouot by a detachment of "guardians of the peace." Ten minutes later three "guardians" came back for the "Messes Anglaises," who offered no resistance and seemed rather pleased at the excitement they created. The prisoners were taken before the police magistrate of the arrondissement, who, on their failure to show a license, committed them for trial.

# Scientific Experiment.

Tom Wilkinson had looked forward to the evening of the 17th of December with some amount of pleasure. He was to spend it at the house of his friend Jack Spencer of Guy's. Not only that, but Spencer's aunt, who kept house for him, had been kind enough to ask Amy Durant, Tom's *fiancee*, to come as well. Tom had but few opportunities of meeting Amy, so he naturally was glad of this one, especially—but the reason why will soon be manifest.

However, for some reason or other, he did not greatly enjoy himself. Miss Spencer, having taken the somewhat bold step, for her, of inviting the lovers to her house, did not see fit to leave them alone for an instant.

Jack Spencer scarcely saw the fun of having Tom up to spend an evening trying to be alone with Miss Durant; so, after an hour's insipid music, and more insipid conversation, he drew Tom out of the room on a very weak pretext, and dragged him off to his den.

"Look here, Tom, I've had enough of that cackle. Come and have a smoke."

"I don't care if I do; but I'm afraid Amy won't half like my leaving her."

"Quite a mistake; don't flatter yourself so grossly. Besides, you'll see plenty of her when you're married. She'll get on very well with my aunt now they're alone, and it strikes me you weren't getting on very brilliantly. Now what's your particular weakness—Scotch or Irish?"

"Irish, please."

"Ah, I thought so."

"Why?" asked Wilkinson; "I generally take Scotch."

"Yes, I know," replied Spencer, without volunteering any further information.

In a few minutes they had put on easy jackets, mixed their whiskey and water, and settled down in easy chairs.

"Now," said Spencer, "what will you smoke?"

"I've some rather good cigars," was Wilkinson's reply; "Let me offer you one."

He put his hand in his pocket.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed; "I must have left my case in my great coat."

"Never mind, old man, try this pipe; it's a beauty, got it from an American, whose leg I helped cut off for him at the hospital.

Wilkinson took it, thinking at the same time the recommendation was a strange one.

"What a jolly den you have!" he said as he lit up.

"Not so bad. Don't let my aunt hear you call it a den, though; it's a study."

Wilkinson laughed.

"By Jove, though, Tom, I do study now, and no mistake. I'm one of the coming men, I can tell you. I'm going in for medicine on a new theory."

"And how about your practice while you are perfecting your theory?"

"Oh! my aunt will buy me a practice fast enough. Yes, my boy, I'm going to revolutionize medicine. No more doctoring up a man's body; that's a vast mistake."

"What are you going to do then?"

"Doctor up his mind."

Wilkinson smiled; he did not quite see what his friend was driving at. However, he had considerable interest in science, and still more in Jack Spencer's progress, so he asked to be further enlightened.

There was nothing that Spencer wanted so much as an appreciative listener. He launched out under full sail.

"It's a perfect mystery to me, Tom, and a few other men, why such marvellous phenomena as we hear of occasionally in the domain of electro-biology, as it's called, obtain so little scientific attention."

"There's such a lot of humbug connected with it," suggested Wilkinson.

"Of course there is, but it has a sound basis of fact. The science is in its infancy as yet, but it must grow. It is a known fact that one mind can influence another even at a distance, is it not?"

"I once saw a mesmerist, and certainly he seemed able to do anything, but I thought he was only a conjuror."

"Empirical generalization, unworthy of you," remarked Spencer. "I won't quote cases, though I might do so for a week, but look at those books, they are full of well-authenticated, scientifically conducted, experiments."

He took down from a shelf Darwin's "Zoonomia," Machish's "Philosophy of Sleep," and several volumes of the "Revue Scientifique."

"Now," continued Spence, "it is proved that the mesmerizer can control the will, the actions, even the belief of his subjects; if he gives him a draught of water he can make him believe it is champagne; if he gives him an ink bottle, he will smell it and think it a lovely rose."

"Have you seen these experiments?" asked Wilkinson.

"Seen them! Why I've made them.'

Wilkinson looked up astonished.

"Yes," said Spencer, "that's why I feel such an interest in this business. I possess the power of mesmerizing to a considerable degree, and cultivate it every chance I get. Have a little more whiskey?"

"Thanks, I will."

"Of course you will," replied Spencer with a satisfied smile. "I decided that while we were talking. Influence of one mind over another, you see."

Wilkinson made a hasty exclamation. He was rather averse to being experimented on in this way.

"How is all this going to help you in doctoring?" he asked.

"Simply enough. Induce a state of trance give your patient some water; make him believe it is the medicine he requires, and it will have the same effect. Or if an operation is required you can perform it during the trance, as he is quite insensible to pain."

"But can you always induce this trance?"

"That's a weak point, but in time we shall get over that. I can influence four people out of five. Miss Durant, for instance, would be a very good subject."

Wilkinson sat silently smoking for a few minutes. Apparently the mention of Amy's name had turned his thoughts into another channel.

He half wished he were back in the room where she was sitting. Then he thought of recent events, and determined that he would how that he could enjoy himself without her.

The two friends were soon in the midst of an animated discussion of their former subject. Spencer told of various curious experiments in which the operator had questioned his victim on all sorts of subjects, obtaining replies to everything, even when the question was one which he could not have wished to reply to if conscious.

This made Wilkinson remark that the possession of this mesmeric gift placed a vast power in the hands of the operator.

"Yes, it undoubtedly does. Fortunately scientific men are the last in the world to take advantage of it for private ends."

Wilkinson looked at his friend.

"Did you ever try it from personal motives?"

Spencer looked as if he wished the question had not been asked.

"I don't mind telling you, Tom—I did once. You remember Nellie Fletcher?'

"Yes; I thought you liked her at one time."

"So I did, but I wanted to know if she liked me. I put her into a trance, with her consent, and made her an offer. She refused me."

"Didn't she remember anything about it afterward?"

"Not an atom. The best of it is that the subject can't help answering absolutely truly uninfluenced by etiquette or anything of that sort. You're a lucky fellow, Tom, to have been safe in proposing to Miss Durant without having to experiment first."

"Yes," was Tom's laconic reply.

"No doubt about her liking you?"

"I hope not, as we're engaged."

"You're a lucky dog, she's a charming girl."

Wilkinson naturally assented, but did not feel altogether pleased when Spencer began praising Miss Durant somewhat enthusiastically.

He felt still less so when Spencer ended by saying:

"You don't know what a debt of gratitude you owe me, Tom. I could make her think you the meanest scamp on the earth, and I forbear."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean she is a splendid subject. I could easily gain complete control over her mind and continue the influence in the waking state."

Wilkinson began to feel uncomfortable, and changed the subject abruptly.

"Did you have a good time at the Kesterton's dance the other night?"

"Splendid," replied Spencer, warmly. He was not so wrapped up in science that he was unable to enjoy the lighter pleasures "I'm afraid you didn't though; you looked as if you had the blues."

Tom could not say he had passed a pleasant evening. The truth was that Amy had, on that occasion, danced several times with Bartlett, a cousin, and a reputed old flame of hers. Tom was of a very jealous disposition, and had taken offense at it without explaining his reason. Consequently there had existed during the last few days decided coolness between the lovers, and Tom had hoped that on the present evening he might have a chance of making matters smooth again.

However, Amy had not felt called upon to allude to her conduct, and he had not done so.

He wanted a confidant, and so he began to monopolize the talk; it was his turn. He told Jack the whole story, confessing his jealousy of Bartlett and asking his advice.

"My dear boy," said Spencer, "there's only one course open to you. You are making yourself miserable by this uncertainty; why not decide once for all whether Miss Durant cares for you, and you only?"

"How can I?"

"Easily enough. We will get her in here; I will mesmerize her, and while she is in the trance we will ask her if she cares two straws about Bartlett."

"It's all very well for you to talk in this easy way; you don't know what it is to be jealous.

"Don't I," exclaimed Spencer; "remember Nellie."

"But how can we get Amy here?" asked Wilkinson. "What possible excuse can we have for asking her?"

"We don't want one," replied Spencer, confidently; "all we have to do is to will that she shall come."

"I don't believe it."

"Let's try," suggested Spencer. "We may fail, I acknowledge; we can but try."

After a moment's hesitation Wilkinson assented.

"Now," said Spencer, "concentrate your mind and will strongly that she shall come."

Tom knitted his brows and willed. It would have been an amusing sight for any spectator. The two young men, with eyes fixed and hands firmly clenched, were bent forward in an attitude of intense suspense, doing apparently nothing.

"Are you willing?" asked Spencer, after a time.

"Willing as Barkis," was the response.

"Keep it up."

They kept it up for some time without result. Then just as Wilkinson was about to resign, Spencer exclaimed:

"Hark!'

"I shan't be long," said a voice in the distance.

Then came the sound of a door being closed.

"By Jove, she's coming!" cried Spencer. "Quick, Tom, hide away those things."

The whiskey bottle and glasses were hastily smuggled into a corner, and the pipes shied into the fireplace.

Then came a gentle knock at the door, followed by a soft "May I come in?"

Spencer opened the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Promenaders in Washington often stop to look at a pair of high-stepping, black, blooded horses attached to a high road wagon, driven by a handsome, military appearing man of some fifty years, who is invariably accompanied by a handsome, matronly lady and two or three bright-eyed little girls. The driver is Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, grandson of the Bonaparte's eldest brother Jerome, and who possesses, it is asserted, the first right to whatever claim the Bonapartes may have to the imperial throne of France. The lady is Madame Bonaparte, a granddaughter of Daniel Webster.

# $5,000.00

## IN VALUABLE REWARDS.

**For Correct Answers to Bible Problems in "Truth" Competition Number 9, Closing April 7th.**

### THE QUESTIONS!!!

1st.—Who rebuilt a city (with fatal results to his own family) that lay under the curse of God?

2nd.—Name an Ethiopian who delivered a prophet from danger.

3rd.—Name a wife given as a reward of valor.

These are the Bible questions that *Truth* propounds in the new competition just now opened. They are certainly difficult, but any clever Bible student ought to be able to answer them, and to secure one of the magnificent rewards offered. We will give them in detail, as it will, no doubt, interest our readers.

### THE REWARDS!

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | One Magnificent Square Rosewood Piano, by Stevenson & Co., the celebrated makers, valued at | $525.00 |
| 2. | One Beautiful Cabinet Organ, with 11 stops, by the celebrated firm of Bell & Co., Guelph | 250.00 |
| 3. | One Elegant Silver Tea Service, newest design, valued at | 130.00 |
| 4. | One Gentleman's Valuable Solid Gold Watch, Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting, Newest Style, box Cases, most elegantly engraved | 100.00 |
| 5. | One Lady's Solid Gold Waltham Watch | 80.00 |
| 6 to 8 | Three Sewing Machines, one famous White at $65, one justly celebrated Wanzer at $60 and one Wanzer at $55 | 180.00 |
| 9 to 11 | Three Beautiful Silk Dresses, patterns from the great house of Petley & Petley, Toronto, one $55, one $45, and one $35 | 135.00 |
| 12 to 19 | Eight Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches, $20 each | 160.00 |
| 20 to 27 | Eight Solid Nickel Silver Heavy Bevelled Crystal Open Face Watches, each $15 | 270 00 |
| 28 to 37 | Ten Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches, each $14 | 140.00 |
| 38 to 43 | Six Beautiful Solid Gold Diamond Rings, $11 each | 66.00 |
| 44 to 49 | Six Elegant Solid Gold Gem Rings, each $9 | 54.00 |
| 50 to 54 | Five Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Dinner Forks at $6 each | 30 00 |
| 55 to 60 | Six Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Dessert Forks at $5 each | 30.00 |
| 61 to 66 | Six Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons, at $4 each | 24.00 |
| 67 to 72 | Six Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Dessert Spoons, at $5 each | 30.00 |
| 73 to 78 | Six Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Table Spoons at $6 each | 36.00 |
| 79 to 85 | Seven Renowned Waterbury Watches, latest improved stem-winding, etc., at $5 each | 35.00 |
| 86 to 153 | Eight Beautiful Bound Volumes of Shakespeare's Complete Works, valued at $2.50 each | 170.00 |
| 154 to 190 | Thirty-Seven Well Bound Volumes of Cowper's Complete Works, valued at $2.25 each | 83.25 |
| 191 to 233 | Forty-three Triple Silver Plated Pickle Forks, valued at $1 each | 43.00 |

These magnificent and costly rewards will positively be given free to the first two hundred and thirty-three persons who correctly answer the Bible questions given above. Each competitor must send with their answers ONE DOLLAR for six months' subscription to *Truth*, which we have no hesitation in saying is the best Weekly Family Magazine now published. It contains 28 pages of choice reading matter for the home. It will interest *every member* of the family. Its tone is pure and elevating. There are short pithy editorials on the most important events of the week and leading social questions; an interesting letter by Jacob Faithful; news summary; Household Department; Health Department; Young Folks' Department; Ladies' Department; Fashion Department beautifully illustrated with all the latest designs; two most fascinating serial and one or two short stories, in fact the best value for the money we know of anywhere. If you do not succeed in winning one of these rewards you cannot fail to be pleased with your dollar investment. Present subscribers to *Truth* competing must also send the dollar, and their term will be extended six months. If any of our readers compete it may be of some advantage to say you saw this first in the

The address is S. FRANK WILSON, "Truth," 33 & 35 Adelaide Street, Toronto, Canada. Since writing the above we notice that the sender of the

MIDDLE CORRECT ANSWER

of the whole competition from the beginning to the end and the twenty-eight persons next following, who send correct answers, will receive the following prizes respectively:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | One Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting Genuine Elgin Watch, valued at | $100 00 |
| 2. | One Lady's Solid Gold Watch, valued at | 80.00 |
| 3. | One Celebrated Wanzer Sewing Machine | 60.00 |
| 4. | One Triple Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, valued at | 25.00 |
| 5 to 11 | Seven Solid Coin Silver Watches, excellent value, at $25 each | 175.00 |
| 12 to 19 | Eight Solid Hunting Case Nickel Silver Watches at $17 each | 136 00 |
| 20 to 25 | Six Solid Nickel Silver Open Face Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches at $15 each | 90.00 |
| 26 to 29 | Four Elegant Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches at $14 each | 56.00 |

Should it so happen that there are an even number received—that is, that there may be two middle correct answers—then two gold watches will be given, above described as number one reward.

Then, not to disappoint *even the last ones*, a large list of consolation rewards has been prepared, which, as above, will be given in the order numbered to the *last one hundred and twenty-one* persons who send *correct* answers to these problems.

The letters must all be postmarked at office where mailed, *not later* than the closing day of this competition, which is *April 7th.*

The first prize in the consolation rewards, which will be given to the sender of the *last correct* answer is.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | One Extra Fine Toned 12 stop Cabinet Organ, by the Dominion Organ Co., of Bowmanville | $250 00 |
| 2. | One Gentleman's Elegant Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watch, last-st style Box Pattern Hunting Case, valued at | 100 00 |
| 3. | One Fine English Double Shot Gun, finest Twist Barrels, Rebounding Locks, Pistol Grip, and all modern improvements, from C. Stark's Gun House, Toronto, retailed at | 75 00 |
| 4. | Same Gun, only not quite so highly finished, valued at | 60 00 |
| 5. | One Wanzer "D" Sewing Machine, from the renowned Manufactory of R. M. Wanzer & Co., Hamilton | 55 00 |
| 6 to 11 | Six Fine Hunting Case Solid Nickel Watches, valued at $12 each | 72 00 |
| 12 to 19 | Eight Open Face Heavy Bevelled Crys'al Watches, valued at $10 each | 80 00 |
| 20 to 25 | Six Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches at $10 each | 60 00 |
| 26 to 31 | Six Solid Nickel Renowned Waterbury Watches at $5 each | 30 00 |
| 32 to 92 | Sixty-one Volumes beautifully bound of Hood's Poems, at $2 50 each | 152 50 |
| 93 to 121 | Twenty-Nine Triple Silver Plated Butter Knives on Solid Steel at $1 each | 29 00 |

Remember that all the questions must be answered correctly to secure any of the rewards offered. If you send a correct answer and one dollar for a half year's subscription to *Truth*, you will take your place in the order your letter is received at *Truth* office. We can assure our readers that all the rewards named above will be cheerfully and promptly handed over or sent to the successful ones as soon as it is known who they are after the close of the competition on April 7th. In every alternate issue of *Truth* will be given a complete list of the prize winners with their post-office addresses and rewards obtained in previous competitions, so intending competitors may be assured of the genuineness of the whole matter. We certainly would not have taken all this time to explain the plan in detail to our readers if we had not been certain that it was conducted in an honorable manner.

---

Real estate is said to be good security because it never runs away. This, however, is not reliable. We have known lands to slope before this.

Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops. The prescription of an old Canadian Practitioner. The best remedy for the throat, in large bottles at 50 cents. For sale every where.

"Why, what's the matter this morning, Tom?" "Caught a cold, that's all." "Yes, I saw you after one last night, with your coat off; I thought you'd catch it."

A NEW PRINCIPLE.—The principle upon which PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR acts is entirely new. It does not sink deep into the flesh, thereby producing soreness, but acts directly upon the external covering of the corn, separates it from the under layer, removes the direct pressure from the part, and at once effects a radical cure, without any pain or discomfort. Let those who are suffering from corns, yet sceptical of treatment, try it, and by the completeness of the cure they will be ready to recommend Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor to others.

It pays to plod! Don't make quantity more important than quality. The best work is work that takes time, and now-a-days the best work is the work that is wanted.

Do not wear faded clothes when a 10c. package of the Triangle Dyes will make them look as bright as new. All the popular colors. 10c.

A coloured woman, when reproved for undue expression of grief, said: "Now, look here, honey, when de good Lord sends us tribulations don't you s'pose he s'pects us to tribulate?"

Beware of that Cough! It may kill you; cure it at once with Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops, it never fails. Large Bottles at 50 cents. For sale everywhere.

There is joy in conflict, when the end of conflict is believed to be desirable. There is a species of excitement in wrestling against difficulties which, in itself, is no trivial source of pleasure.

PEMBROKE, Feb. 18th, 1884.

MESSRS. G. S. TICKELL & SONS, ..... Belleville, Ont.,

GENTLEMEN.—The Church goods have arrived, been inspected, and criticised. We have much pleasure in telling you that they prove eminently satisfactory. The Trustees and Committee of management are well pleased that they entrusted the work to you. The pulpit or rather desk and chairs, have been very flatteringly commented upon, and indeed, everything is universally admired. Pembroke people are very proud of their church, and strangers say that it is the prettiest church in the Ottawa valley, Ottawa included. The cost has been about $20,000. Yours respectfully,

JAS. BLAND & CO.

"The last word" is the most dangerous of all infernal machines; and the husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bombshell.

A gentleman said to one of his friends that for some years his wife had persisted in saying that she was only twenty years old. "Mine is more reasonable," replied his friend. "I have succeeded in making her enter the thirties, but I have failed to make her come out of them."

$250 to $4,000 on marriage. Ladies & Gentlemen. Apply immediately. R. N. CURRY, J.P., Sec.-Treas., London, Ont., Agents wanted.

WAGGON SHOP AND HOUSE FOR sale. Doing a good business. Situated in the best farming country in Ontario; terms easy. Apply to N. A. TOM, Blacksmith, Sollina, Ont.

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRY BAR.

TRADE MARK.

ASK FOR IT AND TAKE NO OTHER.

Beware of Imitations.

MADE BY

The Albert Toilet Soap Co.

BEST BOILER PLATE.

For sale low, the following sizes suitable for Boilers Safe Fronts, Tanks, &c., 8-16 inch thick, 6x3, 8x3 9x3, 10x3, 6x34, 7x34, 8x34, 9x34.

SEND FOR PRICES TO

Copland & McLaren,

Corner Wellington & Grey Nun Sts., Montreal.

COMMON SENSE STILL TRIUMPHANT. Fiske's "Common Sense" Brace. No straps on pants or shoulders. Requires NO BUTTONS on the pants. Sent to any address, by mail, on receipt of price, 75c. FISKE and Co., 277 King St., West, Toronto.

$100,000 TO LOAN

on first-class farm property, at lowest rates. Farmers will save money by applying by mail direct to me.

E. E. KNOTT,

46 Adelaide St., East, Toronto.

"THE LILY"

is a perfect gem, equa to an imported French Corset; fits like a glove to the figure; very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. Manufactured only by

THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

78 YORK STREET, TORONTO.

1883.-ST. JOHN EXHIBITION.-1883

Leather Belting, Fire Engine Hose, &c. Four First Prizes and Two Diplomas. The highest of all Awards for Leather Belting, and Fire Engine Hose were awarded by the Judges at the St. John Centennial and Dominion Exhibition, to ROBIN & SADLER, Montreal, over all competitors.

RENNIE'S SEEDS

SELECT Field, Garden AND Flower

ARE THE BEST

THE HANDSOMEST AND MOST COMPLETE CATALOGUE FOR 1884

FREE TO ALL PERSONS PURCHASING.

WM. RENNIE, TORONTO.

ELM CITY HARNESS OIL

BASED ON NEAT'S FOOT OIL.

Is the finest harness dressing made. It softens and preserves the leather, and gives it a fine finish. Ask your saddler for it.

F. F. DALLEY & CO.,

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

Sole Agents for the Dominion

BEAVER S. S. LINE,

WEEKLY BETWEEN QUEBEC, MONTREAL, AND LIVERPOOL CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN AND BELFAST

For cheap rates and all particulars apply to

H. E. MURRAY, BEAVER LINE, MONTREAL.

F. E. DIXON & CO.

Manufacturers of Star Rivet

Leather Belting

79 King Street, East, Toronto.

Large double Dryrin Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

30 DAYS' TRIAL

DR. DYES

(BEFORE) (AFTER)

ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address

Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter the.

PORTLAND TO LIVERPOOL.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Sarnia, | Feb. 23. | Ontario, | Mar. 20. |
| Montreal, | Mar. 6. | Toronto, | Mar. 27. |
| *Oregon, | Mar. 13. | Dominion, | Apl. |

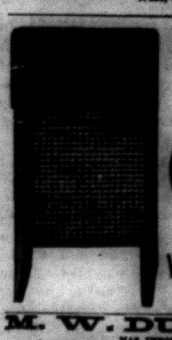
Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $50, $60, $65, $80; return, $95, $105, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate, $40. Steerage, $24. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent, or local agents of the Company, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,

General Agents, Montreal.

SEND

FIVE CENTS and get a sample copy of TRUTH, the best 16-page Weekly Illustrated publication. See the list of books given FREE to each yearly subscriber and stamber. ADDRESS WILSON, 33 & 35 Adelaide St., West, Toronto, Canada.



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BUY ONLY THE

GLOBE

Walter Woods

HAMILTON, ONT.

M. W. DUNHAM

HAS IMPORTED

90 PER CENT OF ALL HORSES

Ever Imported

From France to America,

Whose Purity of Blood is established by their Mares and Colts Registered in the French and Stud Books, which is the only Draft Horse Record of that country.

Mr. Dunham has just published a 32,000 edition of his handsomely illustrated 140 page catalogue for 1884, containing descriptions and portraits (many for 10 consecutive generations) of

450 STALLIONS & MARES

Now on hand. All Stallions Guaranteed Breeders. Catalogue free. Address, M. W. DUNHAM, Wayne, DuPage Co., Illinois. (35 miles west of Chicago, on C. & N.W. Ry.

## J. H. FORD,

PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the genera public give very little attention to any thing he may say about his business There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been advertised thus time and again and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intended as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we submit the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, Oct. 28, 1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

Yours faithfully.
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in recpt of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no dobt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

LAKESIDE, Nov. 2nd, 1883.

J. H. Ford, Esv.—Dear Sir: I received the photo's all right. They were sent to Embro and were transferred to Lakeside. They were well executed and give entire satisfaction. My wife says they are first-class, and so say they all. &c, &c.

Yours &c.,
CHARLES KITMER.

HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Photos to hand. I like them very well. Will you please print 38 more, making 50 in all, and on their receipt I will send you the balance of the money as per agreement. I would like them soon.

Yours truly,
REV. J. S. WILLIAMSON.

To J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

Bond St., TORONTO, Oct. 24, '83.

DEAR SIR,—The photo to hand and am much pleased with its excellent finish. Enclosed you will please find pay for half a dozen, which you will oblige me by sending as early as possible.

Yours truly,
REV. J. COOPER ANLLEFF.

To J. H. Ford, Belleville.

248 Simcoe St., TORONTO, Oct.

DEAR SIR,—Please find enclosed pay for the dozen photos you sent me last week. I must give you credit for the the best picture I ever had taken. They give great satisfactron to myself and family. You may expect an order for some more soon.

Yours as ever,
REV. ROBERTS,
Pres. of B. C. Con.

To J. H. Ford, Belleville.

**GOLD** for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

**1858. —ESTABLISHED— 1858.**

# WRIGHT'S

**GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.**

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,
CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

**A quantity of Goods damaged by the late fire will be sold cheap. Call and see them.**

JANE WRIGHT.

# FIRE, FIRE, FIRE.

I have a very large assortment of Furniture, some of which was damaged in removal at the late fire, which I purpose selling cheap for cash.

*Call Early and Secure a Bargain.*

I have one $80 Raw Silk Parlor Suite, slightly damaged, which I will sell very cheap.

Also a full line of Couches, Parlor, Diningroom and Bedroom Furniture, &c., &c.

## PICTURES FRAMED

in all styles of Moulding, very cheap.

**N. M. MAYBEE.**
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

# HARDWARE. - HARDWARE.

We have the following Brands of Axes and Saws in stock at lowest prices:

**AXES.**

**CHOPPERS' TRUST,**
**SOLID STEEL,**
**SILVER STEEL,**
**BLACK PRINCE,**
**BURRELL'S DIFFERENT BRANDS,**
**BROAD AXES.**

**SAWS.**

**LANCE SAWS,**
**SHIRLEY & DIETRICH,**
**MAPLE LEAF,**
**SMITH'S CHAMPION.**

Also a full stock of all other Lumbermen's supplies.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Madoc, Oct. 25, 1883.

**Established - in 1862.**

—GO TO—

# WHITE'S AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

**MADOC, - ONT.**

*PLOUGHS— Ploughs— PLOUGHS.*

WE ARE MANUFACTURING

STEEL AND IRON PLOUGHS

OF A SUPERIOR GRADE,

**Farmers will consult their own interest by purchasing from us as we keep on hand repairs, thereby doing away with delays.**

## TO LUMBERMEN.

**We are now prepared to GUM Saws.**

**JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.**

BEST VALUE IN

**AXES,**
**AXE HANDLES,**
**BUCKSAWS,**
**CROSS-CUT SAWS,**

and all other seasonable Hardware.

SPECIAL VALUE IN

*STOVES, STOVEPIPES,*
*DRUM STOVES and TINWARE*

FULL LINES OF

**PAINTS AND OILS,**
**STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL.**

**R. R. CASEMENT & CO.**

# WATCHES, CLOKGS AND JEWELRY

I always keep on hand a fine and full stock of
AMERICAN | AND | SWISS | WATCHES
of all grades and prices.

My stock of fine
COLOURED AND PLATED JEWELRY
for quality and variety of design, cannot be surpassed.

A full line of
**SOLID GOLD RINGS,**
from $2.00 up to $22.00, the largest assortment in town.

Black and Pearl goods in great variety. A full line of the best Silver Plated Spoons, Knives etc. Clocks of all grades and designs constantly on hand.

**E. L. WEISS.**

Madoc, July 5th, 1883.

*YOU CAN SAVE 20 PER CENT.*

BY BUYING YOUR

**Overcoats and ready-made Clothing**

—AT—

O'FLYNN & O'HARA'S,

**We are offering tremendous bargains. Don't fail to see them.**

POST OFFICE BLOCK,

# Cheap Goods

**FOR THE NEXT SIXTY DAYS, at**

## T. W. JEFFS, QUEENSBOROUGH.

In order to make room for SPRING GOODS, I will offer the balance of my Winter Stock at greatly reduced prices, consisting of:

**Dyr Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furs, Boots and Shoes, &c.**

**Wincies, from 3 cents up.**
**Cottons, from 5 cents up.**
**Overcoats, from $4.00 up.**
**Ladies' Overshoes from 75 cents up.**
**Ladies' Leather Boots from 85c up.**

All goods marked in plain figures. Produce taken in exchange. A call respectfully solicited.

T. W. JEFFS.

Queensboro, January 31st, 1884. (3m.)

E. B. Casement & Co. Nails Iron, Steel AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

# North Hastings Review.

E. B. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. OSS, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 361. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, March 27, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

## COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

**Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges**

The stove foundry in Belleville is in full blast again.

Corn brooms are to be manufactured in Cherry Valley.

A lodge of Good Templars has been organized at Odessa.

A new swing bridge is to be built at Napanee next year.

Mr. W. H. Redner, of Amelisaburg, has a calf without a tail.

A U. E. Loyalist memorial church is being erected in Adolphustown.

The Grand Trunk is to be double tracked from Montreal to Toronto.

Wm. Bird of Thurlow was found dead in his bed on Sunday morning.

There is trouble again in the ranks of the Salvation Army, at Kingston.

Trenton is to be the field of vast building operations the coming season.

A Seymour farmer has lost eight out of a valuable flock of Cotswold sheep, by disease.

The Scott Act is to be introduced in Prince Edward and Lennox and Addington Counties.

Trenton has two sets of Band instruments but no band. Napanee is in the same position.

Considerable hay has been brought to Kingston during the week, and at from $4 to $8 per ton.

James Bowen, Deseronto, has an apple tree which was planted by one of the U. E. Loyalists. It still bears fruit.

Three spans of the superstructure of the Ontario and Quebec bridge over the Otonabee have been placed in position.

An altercation occurred on Friday between two Trenton Hotel men. A pair of black eyes and probably a law suit is the result.

The editor of the Napanee *Express* had a bunch of Shamrocks sent him by mail on St. Patrick's day, from some unknown lady friend.

Many freight trains are now running over the Grand Junction division of the Midland and the line is being well utilized by the Grand Trunk.

Mrs. Bebee, of Vennechar, Addington Co., has a quilt with 10,752 pieces in it, and she would like to hear of any lady in the neighboring counties beating it.

A Kingstonian, who has a wife and four children, has eloped with a Portsmouth maiden. Their course is not known. The citizen is a native of Belleville.

Napanee complains of drunken young men from Belleville visiting that place on Sundays; Deseronto has a similar grievance against Napanee. Where do the drunks of Deseronto go to?

Mr. Henry Swetman, of Hallowell, though well up in years and entirely blind, travelled during the winter, on foot and alone, through every township in Prince Edward county and a portion of the township of Murray. He was canvassing for the sale of books and met with very good success.

—We have a very fine uncolored Japan Tea, put up in Japan in 1 lb. papers, at 50c. per pound. Extra value. JOHN DALE & SON.

WIDE AWAKE DRUGGISTS.

Our Druggists are always alive to their business, and spare no pains to secure the best of every article in their line. They have secured the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. The only certain cure known for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis or any affection of the Throat and Lungs. Sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free. Regular size $1.

Fifty cents per hundred for Rags, at C. A. Rollins.

**AGENTS** wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland Maine, U. S. A.

Holloway's Pills.—Sleeplessness, flatulency acidity, nausea, and all dyspeptic indications may be speedily relieved by these famous Pills, of which large quantities are shipped to all parts of the world. The constantly increasing demands for Holloway's medicine proves its power over disease, and its estimation by the public. In weakness of the stomach, in diseases of the liver, and in disorders of the system caused by a cold or sluggish circulation, no medicine is so efficacious, no remedy so rapid, as these Pills, which are altogether incapable of doing mischief. By quickening digestion, they give refreshing sleep, sharpen the appetite, impart tone to the digestive organs, purify and enrich the blood, regulate the secretions, and strengthen the whole physical frame.

## THE ORANGE VOTE.

The Orange Sentinel has compiled the following figures from the vote cast on the Orange Incorporation Bill in the House of Commons:

| Province. | Conservatives. For. | Against. | Reformers. For. | Against. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ontario | 41 | 5 | 4 | 28 |
| Quebec | 0 | 40 | 1 | 11 |
| Nova Scotia | 7 | 4 | 0 | 5 |
| New Brunswick | 4 | 4 | 3 | 2 |
| P. E. Island | 0 | 3 | 1 | 2 |
| Manitoba | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| British Columbia | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 |

45 members from Ontario voted for the Bill, of whom 41 are Conservatives and 4 Reformers.

1 member from Quebec voted for the Bill, Mr. Scriver, a Reformer.

7 members from Nova Scotia voted for the Bill, all of whom are Conservatives.

7 members from New Brunswick voted for the Bill, of whom 4 are Conservatives and 3 Reformers.

There were 68 votes cast in favor of the Bill, of which 57 were those of Conservatives and 11 those of Reformers.

Of the 51 votes cast against the Bill from the Province of Quebec, 40 were those of Conservatives and 11 those of Reformers.

Of the Prince Edward Island members only 1, a Reformer, voted for the Bill.

The entire British Columbia delegation, with the exception 1 who was absent, voted for the Bill.

There were 105 votes cast against the Bill, of which 57 were those of Conservatives and 48 those of Reformers.

Of the 57 Conservative votes cast against the Bill, 48 were those of Roman Catholics and 9 those of Protestants.

Of the 48 Reform votes cast against the Bill, 9 were those of Roman Catholics and 39 those of Protestants.

—See our Remnant Tables. J. DALE & SON.

**Advice to Mothers.**

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle.

—A nice stock of Scotch Tweeds—our own direct importation. JOHN DALE & SON.

—IN THE—

## *High Court of Justice.*

(CHANCERY DIVISION.)

## RICKETTS vs. RICKETTS.

PURSUANT to Judgment and final order for sale made herein bearing date the 3rd day of January, 1884, and the 7th day of March, 1884, respectively, there will be sold with the approbation of Samuel Shaw Lazier, Esq., Master of this Court at Belleville, by

**PUBLIC AUCTION,**

at his chambers, Shire Hall, in the

**CITY OF BELLEVILLE,**

—ON—

***WEDNESDAY, 16th APRIL NEXT,***

at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, The following farm property, being Lot No. 7, in the 16th concession of the Township of Tudor, in the County of Hastings, containing 100 acres of land, be the same more or less.

About 35 acres all cleared and under cultivation, and well fenced.

Upon the premises is built a log barn, about 30x40.

The property is situated on the main travelled road belonging to Gunter Settlement, and is about 10 miles from Millbridge P. O., and about 4 miles from St. Ola P. O. and village and about 3 miles from the line of the Central Ontario Railway.

The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid fixed by the Master.

TERMS OF SALE—The purchaser shall pay same a deposit of $10 for every $100 of his purchase money at the time of sale, and the balance within one month thereafter.

In all other respects the conditions of sale shall be the standing conditions of sale of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice.

For further particulars apply at the law offices of S. B. Burdett, Esq., Robertson & Thomas and Dougall & Faulkner, Belleville.

S. B. BURDETT, Plaintiff's Solicitor. 360-4

S. S. LAZIER, Local Master.

## *SOCIETY DIRECTORY.*

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517. Meets on the first Thursday in each month. JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070, Meets every first Saturday in each month. D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, GlanmireP. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O. B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every Monday on or before full moon. S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4. J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge, C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

**MADOC LODGE,** No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Weiss Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

JAMES WHITE, *Secretary.* G. A. ROLLINS, *Noble Grand.*

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# IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

"So soon? Why it is a century off! I shall be gray-headed if we wait another week. I am not sure where we shall stay; but to-morrow night I will bring you an address that you can always write to. It is that of a friend of mine—I forget the number of the street, but you shall have it; and I shall be sure to get your letters. Now, if anything happens to alarm you, or you are ill, or anything, you are to write at once, and I will return to Geldham without delay. And, my darling——"

We were interrupted by the sound of a carriage coming up the drive; it was Dr. Lowe's brougham returning from the house. I went to the carriage-window, and he told me that Haidee was suffering at present only from a bad feverish cold, but that we must be careful with her, for it might turn to something worse, and he should call again to see her in the morning. He said that the child's chest was weak, that the damp place was the worst thing for her, and that he should like to see her parents to advise them to take her away to some drier climate, as soon as she was well enough to be moved.

"Mind, she mustn't be moved yet," said he. "She is very well where she is—nice warm room, high out of the damp. But the lower part of the house strikes like a vault."

"What would he say if he could go into the left wing?" I thought to myself.

"There was only a silly little servant up there with the child. She says that is your room."

"Yes, Dr. Lowe."

"And is it true that Mrs. Rayner sleeps on the ground floor?"

"Yes, quite true."

"Well, then, you may think yourself lucky, young lady. For, if I lived in that house, I should let the people I wanted to get rid of sleep at the bottom, and keep the top for myself."

"Mrs. Rayner will have the ground-floor of the left wing to herself."

"Ah, well, there is no accounting for tastes; and, if Mrs. Rayner has a fancy for building her sepulchre, why, there is nobody very eager to prevent her, I dare say!" said he drily.

The doctor was an old bachelor, famed for his rudeness as much as for his skill. Mr. Rayner did not like him, I knew; and on that account I had had at first some doubts about sending for him; but, as he was well known to be by far the best doctor in Beaconsburg, I had resolved to risk it. Now I began to repent having done so.

"Is that young Reade? Is that your fence?" said the doctor peering out of the carriage-window into the deep shadows of the trees behind me.

Laurence came forward.

"Yes, Dr. Lowe."

"Oh, ah! Come to inquire about the sick child, I suppose?"

"No, Dr. Lowe. I drove back from Beaconsburg with my father and this lady, after calling upon you, and I am saying good-bye to her, as I am going abroad and shall not see her again until a few days before she becomes my wife," said he, in a low voice, but very proudly, with his hand on my shoulder.

"Wife, eh?"—incredulously.

"But it is a secret."

"Oh, ah, of course!"—knowingly. "So this is the Miss Christie I've heard so much about!" And he deliberately put on his spectacles and stared at me in the faint moonlight. "Well, she wouldn't have turned the heads of the men when I was young."

We both laughed at the old man's rudeness.

"I have no doubt heads were harder to turn then, Dr. Lowe," said Laurence drily.

"Well, take care some one else doesn't turn her's while you are away!" said the doctor glaring at him ferociously; and he told the coachman to drive on, and drew up the window sharply.

This last hit struck poor Laurence as an evil omen; and when I told him that I must go in now, and that I should see him again on the morrow, he flung his arms around me in such distress that I did not know what to say to comfort him.

"See what clever Dr. Lowe thinks of your Mr. Rayner, Violet," said he, looking anxiously into my eyes. "Now listen, my darling. Don't trust him, don't trust anybody while I am away, and don't believe what anybody may tell you about me. What would you do if they showed you the certificate of my marriage to another woman, Violet?"

"Oh, Laurence, you are not going away to be married, are you?"

"No, child, no; and, if any one tells you so, you will know it is a lie. And, if you get no letters, and they tell you I am dead——"

"Oh, Laurence, don't."

"Why, that will be a lie too! I shall be alive and single all the next six weeks, and at the end of that time I shall come back and marry you; and, if you want me, I shall come back before, my own darling! Good-bye, good-bye!"

He kissed me again and again, then tore himself from my arms, and dashed away without daring even to look up at me again, and, tearful and trembling, I turned to go back to the house. But Laurence's terrible excitement had communicated itself to me, and I staggered down the drive, hardly able to see where I was going; and, when I had got to the bottom, with only the lawn at the side and the gravel-space in front between me and the house, I stopped for a moment, and clung to a birch-tree for support while I dried my eyes before presenting myself at the front door. I had told Jane to come down and open it for me when she heard me ring; and I hoped with all my heart it would be she, and that that horrid Sarah would not have taken it into her head to sit up, for I did not want her to see my tear-stained face.

But, just as I was going to leave the shelter of the trees and cross the gravel-space to the portico, I stopped, for I saw in the gloom a figure making its way across the lawn towards the back of the house. It was coming from the path among the trees which led to the stable. I strained my eyes, but there was a cloud passing before the moon, and I could only see that it was a man, and that he was carrying what looked like a small trunk; and it seemed heavy.

Who could it be at this time of night? For it was now between eleven and twelve o'clock. Was it Tom Parkes paying a late visit to Sarah, knowing the master was away? Or was it the mysterious servant Gordon, thinking Mr. Rayner was at home? Or was it a burglar? But then a burglar, I argued to myself, would hardly be likely to carry things to the house he was going to rob, but rather to take things away; and the trunk he was carrying seemed to be heavy already. He had disappeared behind the back of the house by this time, and, as I was curious to know what would happen next, I waited, trembling, creeping in among the trees, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of seeing him reappear, followed by Sarah. And, the cloud having passed over the face of the moon, I saw that it was indeed Tom Parkes; and then I would have given the world to know what he had brought her.

The impression which Sarah's talk with the stranger in the plantation had given me of Tom's desperate wickedness had faded a good deal from my mind by this time; but this strange sight revived it. What if Tom—placid, stolid-looking, honest-faced Tom, as I had once thought him—were in reality a thief? And what if Sarah, in her master's absence, had been persuaded by him to keep stolen property? There had been something stealthy in his manner of sneaking across the lawn in the shadow with his burden which had suggested this thought; but, on the other hand, was it not much more probable that he had been turned off at Denham Court, and had brought some of his own personal property, intending to take up his abode at the Alders for a few days, in the master's absence? The all-powerful Sarah might even dare that, relying upon her power to make herself unpleasant for the rest of the household to keep her secret.

They disappeared up the stable path, and I took the opportunity to dart across the gravel-space to the front door and ring as gently as I could. Jane came down in a few minutes, very sleepy, and let me in.

"Sarah's been asking where you were, miss, and, as I let the doctor in, I told her you came back with him. I guessed as you'd come back safe, miss, when the doctor said as how a young gentleman was with you," said Jane, with elaborate archness.

I told her to go to bed as fast as she could; and, when I had followed her up-stairs and seen her into the nursery, I went softly to the head of the kitchen stairs, and, as I heard no sound and saw no light, I slipped down with my candle. The side-door by which Sarah and Mr. Rayner used to go to and from the stables was ajar, and just inside was a small old brown portmanteau. I did not dare to go all the way down to inspect it closely, as I own I should have liked to do; but in the view I got of it, as I held my candle over my head and peered at it curiously, it struck me that I had seen it before somewhere. Then I turned and fled guiltily up-stairs to my room. Haidee was sleeping and looked less feverish than when I went away. Jane had built up the fire carefully, so that it might keep in all night, and placed the drink the doctor had ordered on a little table beside the child. Her bed had been placed at the right-hand side of the fireplace, facing the door, and my screen had been put round the back to shut out all draught from the windows. I was very tired, and the moment I laid my head on the pillow I fell soundly asleep, and did not wake until the morning.

Haidee was already awake, and undoubtedly better.

"How did you sleep, darling?" said I, sitting on the bed and kissing her.

"Oh, beautifully, Miss Christie! I hardly ever woke up once, and when I did I watched the beautiful fire; I could just see it when I lay with my head so. It was so nice and warm up here. I wish mamma was up here; I should like to be up here always. I think I should have nice dreams up here, not like the ones I have down-stairs."

And she closed her eyes, as if to shut out the thought of something.

"You shall stay up here till you are quite well again, darling," said I, inwardly resolving to beg that she might sleep in my room permanently.

"Miss Christie you know you dream sometimes with your eyes wide open, just as if you were awake! I dreamt a dream like that last night."

"That was because you were ill, darling. When they are ill they dream like that."

"Do they—quite plain, like as if it was all quite real?"

"Yes; sometimes they think they see people and talk to people."

"That was like my dream. I dreamt it was while I was looking at the fire the door there opened quite gently and softly, just as if it moved quite of itself, and then I saw papa's face, and he had in his hand something red and sparkling; and, just when the door came quite wide open, I thought I sat up in bed, and he looked at me. And then the door seemed to shut quite softly again, and I didn't hear anything—and that was all."

"That wasn't really a dream, darling. It was just a fancy because you were ill."

"Not a dream! Papa didn't really come, did he?"

"Oh, no, darling! Papa is away in London. See, the door is locked."

And I got up off the bed and went to the door, and showed her that it was so. Haidee leant back thoughtfully.

"Dreams are very strange things, I think. And to dream of nice things is just as good as if they really happened. And to dream of horrid things—cries and moans and things—is dreadful!"—and she shuddered.

"You shan't dream of anything dreadful while you are up here with me, darling," said I, soothing the little delicate fanciful creature, and wondering whether some of the cries she spoke of had not been real, and not only dreams.

For I was beginning since last night, when I had witnessed her real feeling about her child, to be very sorry for Mrs. Rayner, and to wonder whether I could not draw nearer to her in some way through Haidee, and, through understanding her better, learn to sympathize with her stillsmore. Her misery had seemed so real, and, on the other hand, I had never seen her so utterly broken down and helpless. When once the mask of cold self-control which she usually wore had disappeared, she seemed such a weak thing that it appeared scarcely possible that she could have such a force of obstinacy in her as Mr. Rayner had described her to possess. Mad or sane, I should never be afraid of her again. I only felt utterly sorry for her; and anxious to let her know how much I longed in some way to cheer her dull life. Why was she so reticent to her husband? What if I, being a woman, and having now established, through my care of her child, some claim on her gratitude, could win my way to her heart altogether, persuade her to leave Geldham for a time, and meet Mr. Rayner on his return with the triumphant news that at last his wife was ready to break through her apathy and come back into the world of men again? The thought made my heart beat faster, and I longed to begin my delicate work at once.

But I was disappointed. I had all my meals by myself that day, except tea, which I had up-stairs with Haidee, for Sarah said Mrs. Rayner was too unwell to leave her room. When we had finished tea, I still sat up-stairs by my pupil's bedside, and my high spirits at the thought of Laurence's expected visit infected her, and she laughed and chattered to me in a fashion very unusual with her. At last I heard the front-door bell ring, and my heart seemed to stand still with joyful anticipation. But no one came up-stairs to fetch me, and, after a few minutes breathless waiting, I ran down-stairs, unable to bear the suspense any longer. I met Sarah in the hall.

"Who was that, Sarah?" asked I, too much excited to think of a decent subterfuge.

"Only one of Gregson's boys asking for Mr. Rayner, miss."

Strange that Gregson's boy should come to the front door, thought I. I could not go up-stairs again. It was half-past six; and at half-past seven I was to be at my "nest," if Laurence had not come before. I thought that hour would never end. It seemed to me to be getting very dark too. When the hands of the schoolroom clock pointed to twenty minutes past, I put on my shawl, and had opened the window to go out, when Sarah came in.

"If you please, miss, would you mind helping me with the store-list? Mrs. Rayner is too ill to do it, and it has to be posted to-morrow morning."

"Oh, Sarah, won't it do in—in half an hour?" said I breathlessly.

"Mrs. Rayner will want me then, miss. It won't take you more than five minutes."

I followed her out of the room, suppressing my impatience as well as I could. But the task did not really seem to take long. In what appeared to be about a quarter of an hour I was free, and I dashed into the garden, through the plantation, towards my "nest."

I had not looked at the clock again, but surely it was very dark for half-past seven! Yet Laurence was not there! And, as I stood wondering whether something was wrong, I heard the church-clock strike eight. What awful mistake had I made? Was he gone? Should I really not see him again? A bit of paper half hidden in the grass, not on my seat, but under it, caught my eye. It was a leaf torn from a pocket-book. On it was scrawled in pencil, in Laurence's handwriting—

"Good-bye, my darling! Remember what I prophesied last night, and if no other warning will serve you, take this one. I called at the Alders at seven, and was told by Sarah that you were tired out with watching by Haidee, and were asleep. I come here to-night, and you are not here. I know it is a trick, and I know who is at the bottom of it. When I left you last night, there were two men in a cart outside the stable-gate of the Alders. If anything happens, write. Write to me at the following address." Then followed the address, and the scrawl ended with—"I have spoken to Mrs. Manners. Good-bye, my darling! Take care of yourself for the next six weeks, and you shall never need to take care of yourself again.

"Your devotedly loving

"LAURENCE."

I kissed the note, thrust it into the front of my frock, and fled into the house and into the schoolroom. Sarah was just turning away from the mantelpiece; and by the clock it was just four minutes past eight.

How the time had flown between my leaving the schoolroom with Sarah and my going into the garden!

## CHAPTER XXI.

I sat down by the table as soon as Sarah had left the schoolroom, and rested my head in my hands. I did not want to cry, though a few tears trickled down between my fingers at the thought that I should not see Laurence again before he went away; but I wanted to put the events of the evening together and find out what they meant. There was only one conclusion to come to; Sarah had deliberately prevented my meeting him. The ring I had heard had been Laurence's; and, after sending him away by means of a falsehood, she had had another ready for me when I asked who it was. "Gregson's boy!" I had thought it strange at the time that the carpenter's son should come to the front door, and now I felt sure that he had not been there at all.

I looked again at Laurence's note. He had called at the house at seven, he said. Now I distinctly remember that, after I had heard the bell ring and met Sarah, I came into the schoolroom and found by the clock that it was half-past six. I had sat there until twenty minutes past seven, and during that time there had been no other ring at the hall door. And I had noticed how dark it was getting; then, just as I was opening the window to go out, Sarah had come in and asked me to help her with the store-list, and I had been free in a very short time; yet on my arrival at my "nest," the church clock had struck eight.

Sarah must have put the schoolroom clock back.

I had found her just now turning from the mantelpiece, and I could not doubt that, her object being gained, she had been putting the clock right again. This malicious persecution frightened me. Was I safe in the same house with a woman who would take so much trouble merely to prevent my having a last interview with my lover?

There had been a matter-of-fact deliberateness in the way she had answered me about the bell and asked me to do the list which had the effect of alarming me still more than the savage manner in which she used to look at and speak to me when she was jealous of some new proof of the consideration with which I was treated at the Alders. This was Wednesday, and Mr. Rayner would probably not be back before Saturday. What new proof of animosity would she manage to give me in these three days? That she would not let this opportunity of showing her rooted dislike to me go by I felt sure. I remembered how earnestly she had begged to stay, and wondered whether the wish for a chance of playing me some unkind trick had had anything to do with it; for Sarah was not likely to have forgiven me for having been the cause of her threatened dismissal. It was of no use to speculate upon what she might do, if she grew too intolerable, I could telegraph to Mr. Rayner, and he would find some means of bringing her to reason.

I turned to Laurence's note to divert my thoughts from her, and wondered why, in those few hurried lines to me, he had thought it worth while to mention that he saw two men in a cart outside the stable gate when he left me on the previous night. What meaning could the incident have to him? It had one to me, certainly; but then it was because I had seen Tom Parkes bring in the little portmanteau, and then return across the lawn with Sarah. The mention of this cart revived my curiosity regarding the past night's adventure. I could make nothing of it myself; but I thought I would write to Laurence and tell him what I had seen; and, if he knew anything more, my information might lead him to an explanation of the whole occurrence. I was still staring at the note when Sarah came in again, this time to bring me my candle, as office she seldom undertook. I saw a look of disappointment and alarm come over her face as her quick eyes fell on my note, and when I got up-stairs I took the precaution to learn the address I was to write to by heart before enclosing this farewell note with Laurence's first, which I still wore around my neck.

The next morning I received a letter from Mr. Rayner. He had been to the Gaiety Theatre on the very night of his arrival in town, and sent me a crumpled programme of the performance, with some comments which did not interest me very much, as I had not seen any of the actors and actresses he mentioned, having been only once to the theatre in my life. I laughed to myself at Laurence's fancy that he had seen Mr. Rayner in the dress of a navvy at the station that night. The letter, which had been written at four o'clock on Wednesday, said further that he was going that evening to the Criterion Theatre, where he hoped to be better entertained. He said he had written to Mrs. Rayner, and sent his love to Haidee by her, but that he enclosed a second portion to me to give her, as she was not well. Then he gave me a message to deliver which I would much rather not have been intrusted with, and at breakfast I said to Sarah—

"Mr. Rayner has sent a message to you in a letter I have just received from him. He says: 'Tell Sarah not to forget the work she has to do in my absence.'"

As I looked up after reading this out to her, I saw that her face had turned quite livid; the old hatred of me gleamed in her eyes, and I wished Mr. Rayner had written to her himself, instead of making me deliver a message which appeared so distasteful to her.

She said, "Very well, miss;" and I wondered what work it was.

I spent most of the day by Haidee's bedside. I did not see Mrs. Rayner, for she appeared neither at breakfast nor at dinner, and to my inquiries Sarah gave the same answer as before—that she was not well enough to leave her room. She could not even see any one either, Sarah said, when I asked if I might read to her; and I was obliged to see my hopes of gaining her sympathy fade away, and to recognise the fact that either she would not or Sarah would not allow me a chance of breaking down the barrier of reserve between us. I could let her see that I had not forgotten her, though; and, seized by a happy thought, I went in search of an old knife and a basket and went into the garden to gather some flowers.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon; the leaves and grass were still wet, for it had been raining hard all the morning, and the mist was rising already from the marsh. There were scarcely any flowers left now, but by wandering into remote nooks of the garden, and by stepping in among the plants and spying out every blossom hidden under the leaves, I managed at last to collect enough for a very fair October bouquet. I took them into the house, and it suddenly occurred to me that they would make a better display in a large wire-covered vase that stood on a whatnot in the drawing-room. So I ran in there, with my frock still tucked up, the garden-knife in one dirty hand and my basket of flowers on my arm. I had my hand still on the handle of the door, when I saw there was a gentleman, standing at the window, looking out into the garden. I slipped back hastily, hoping to escape before he could catch sight of me; but he turned, crossed the room quickly, and stopped me.

"Miss Christie!"

It was Mr. Carruthers.

"They told me you were out." Sarah's work, thought I.

"No; I was only in the garden."

There was no help for my appearance now, so I quietly took the pin out of my frock and let it down while he went on talking.

"I am very, very glad to see you. You are looking very well. I am afraid," said he still holding my hand, "you have not been missing any of us much."

"Well, you see I had known the people there only two days," said I seriously.

"The people there!" As if I cared how little you missed 'the people there!' When I say you had not been missing any of us, I mean you have not been missing me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is declared on good authority that only twenty-four white elephants have been secured in Siam in 1,352 years. Of this number will be safe to wager that at least fifty will be travelling with American circuses in less than two years.

Sheridan, one day discanting on the pedigree of his family, regretted that they were no longer styled O'Sheridan as formerly. "Indeed, father," replied the son, "I think we have more right to the 'O' than anyone else, for we owe everybody."

An American traveller in Galway saw a pig in a peasant's house, and he said, "Why do you have the pig in there?" "Shure," said he of Galway, "The house has all the convanyances that a reasonable pig requires.


## A CAPTAIN SAVED.

How a Member of Her Majesty's Service Escaped Destruction—His Graphic Account.

(Hamilton, Ont., Spectator.)

Some little commotion was occasioned several months ago regarding the experience of a gentleman well known in this city, and at the time the matter was a subject of general conversation. In order to ascertain all the facts bearing upon the matter, a representative of this paper was dispatched yesterday to interview the gentleman in question with the following result:

Captain W. H. Nicholls, formerly in Her Majesty's service, is a man well advanced in years, who has evidently seen much of the world. Endowed by nature with a strong constitution, he was enabled to endure hardships under which many men would have succumbed. Through all privation and exposure he preserved his constitution unimpaired. A number of years ago, however, he began to feel a strange undermining of his life. He noticed that he had less energy than formerly, that his appetite was uncertain and changing, that he was unaccountably weary at certain times and correspondingly energetic at others; that his head pained him, first in front and then at the base of the brain, and that his heart was unusually irregular in its action. All these troubles he attributed to some passing disorder and gave them little attention, but they seemed to increase in violence continually. To the writer he said:

"I never for a moment thought these things amounted to anything serious and I gave them little, it any, thought; but I felt myself growing weaker all the while and could in no way account for it."

"Did you take no steps to check these symptoms?"

"Very little, if any. I thought they were only temporary in their nature and would soon pass away. But they did not pass away and kept increasing. Finally, one day, after more than a year had passed, I noticed that my feet and ankles were beginning to swell and that my face under the eyes appeared puffy. This indication increased until my body began to fill with water, and finally swelled to enormous proportions. I was afflicted with acute rheumatic pains and was fearful at times that it would attack my heart. I consulted one of our most prominent physicians and he gave me no hope of ever recovering. He said that I might live several months, but my condition was such that neither myself nor any of my family had the slightest hope of my recovery. In this condition a number of months passed by, during which time I had to sit constantly in an easy chair, not being able to lie down, lest I should choke to death. The slight pains I had at first experienced increased to the most terrible agonies. My thirst was intense and a good portion of the time I was wholly unconscious. When I did recover my senses I suffered so severely that my cries could be heard for nearly a mile. No one can have any idea of the agony I endured. I was unable to eat or even swallow fluids. My strength entirely deserted me and I was so exhausted that I prayed day and night for death. The doctors could not relieve me and I was left in a condition to die and that, too of Bright's disease of the kidneys in its most terrible form. I think I should have died had I not learned of a gentleman who had suffered very much as I had, and I resolved to pursue the same course of treatment which entirely cured him. I accordingly began and at once I felt a change for the better going on in my system. In the course of a week the swelling had gone from my abdomen and diminished all over my body and I felt like another man. I continued the treatment and am happy to say that I was entirely cured through the wonderful, almost miraculous power of Warner's Safe Cure, which I consider the most valuable discovery of modern times."

"And you feel apparently well now?"

"Yes, indeed. I am in good health, eat heartily, and both the doctors and my friends are greatly surprised and gratified at my remarkable restoration, after I was virtually in the grave. My daughter, who has been terribly troubled with a pain in her back caused by kidney trouble has also been cured by means of this same great remedy and my family and myself have constituted ourselves a kind of missionary society for supplying the poor of our neighborhood with the remedy which has been so invaluable to us."

As the writer was returning home he reflected upon the statements of the noble old man with whom he had conversed, and was impressed not only with the truth of his assertions, but also with the sincerity of all his acts. And he could not but wish that the thousands who are suffering with minor troubles which become so serious unless taken in time might know of Captain Nicholl's experience and the manner in which he was saved. And that is the cause of this article.


Cutting the Gordon Knot—Sending Gen. Gordon to the Soudan.


The Weather Prophet looks for spring this month. The wise man looks for a blood purifier that will not injure his system; he can find what he wants in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the greatest of all blood purifiers. In large bottles at 50 cents.

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# PERSONALS.

**About the Queen — Prince Dolgrouki — Gen. Gordon — Victor Hugo — Queen Madagascar — and other great people.**

Sir John Lubbock intends to call attention in Parliament to the state of forestry England, and Dr. Lyons to bring in a bi for the reforesting of certain parts of the waste lands of Ireland.

Mr. Paul Claes, an eminent distiller, who died lately at Lemberg, Belgium, was head of an establishment founded by his family in 1690, which has made the fortune of the town.

Baron Tennyson took his seat in the House of Lords the other evening. He was compelled to borrow the robes of Lord Coleridge, his own robes having been recently stolen.

Mr Chenery was the only editor of the London *Times* who ever visited the United States. This he did several years ago, long before a tour here had become the correct thing for the inquiring politician.

At a recent sale of the library of the late Mr. Meek of Brantridge Park, in England, a series of nineteen letters written by Lord Byron to his mother during his travels realized the large sum of $1,412.

The Lasker incident has greatly excited Prince Bismarck. He is much emaciated, having lost over forty pounds in weight in a short time. This is regarded as a bad sign. The Prince's diet has been completely changed. His condition causes much anxiety.

Mr. Buckle, the new editor of the London *Times*, is only thirty. Mr. Delane was only twenty-five when he succeeded to the post. Mr. Mudford of the *Standard*, Mr. Hill of the *Daily News*, Mr. Edwin Arnold of the *Telegraph*, Mr. Hutton of the *Spectator*, and Mr. Greenwood of the *St. James Gazette*, are somewhere around sixty.

Permission has been granted to Captain East of Her Majesty's corvette *Comus*, and Commander Thornton, of Her Majesty's man-of-war *Kingfisher*, to accept gold medals from President Arthur in recognition of their conduct in assisting two distressed American vessels off Vancouver Island, in October, 1882.

Gen. Gordon, the commander of the English forces in Egypt, thus expresses his views as to a future life: "I think that this life is only one a series of lives, which our incarnated part has lived. I have little doubt of our having preexisted; and that also in the time of our preexistence we were actively employed. So, therefore, I believe in our active employment in a future life, and like the thought. We shall, I think, be far more perfect in a future life, and, indeed, go on toward perfection, but never attain it."

It is reported that Mr. Leigh Smith, the intrepid Arctic explorer, whose unfortunate voyage on the *Eira* and rescue by the *Hope* two years ago will be remembered, contemplates starting on another expedition, probably next summer. It is intended to have a new vessel built on the lines of the *Eira*, and the crew will be almost the same as that which accompanied the explorer on his last voyage. Mr. Smith was deeply respected by and gained the entire confidence of his crew, hence their desire to join him in his new enterprise.

The new Queen of Madagascar is young, of a pleasing expression of countenance, and singularly dignified and ladylike. On the occasion of her inauguration she wore a dress of ivory satin, with much gold embroidery. She had a train two or three yards in length of handsome dark crimson velvet, spangled with gold, borne by six officers of State. The gold crown was already on her head, and thus she stood upon the throne. The Prime Minister is her wedded husband, and old enough to be her grandfather. She is the third Queen who has been his wife.

Victor Hugo entered upon his eighty-third year on Feb. 26. The French Government struck a medal in his honor, the presentation of which was the feature of the celebration. In the poet's house, in the ave. called after his name, crowds of his friends and admirers flocked to pay him homage. His drawing room was filled with choice flowers sent from all parts of the country. A reception in the evening was almost forced upon him, but, in spite of his natural wish to retire early and seek repose, the aged poet, surrounded by the members of his family, had a kind word for every one who had come to congratulate him.

Prince Dolgorouki, who is known to be entirely in the confidence of the Czar, had lately an interview with the Emperor of Germany, and immediately proceeded on a visit to Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe, whither the Minister of War was presently summoned. It is the general belief that the object of this meeting is to consider the possibility of a reduction of the military expenses of both countries, which are such a terrible incubus upon them. The cost of the German army now reaches $116,000,000, and is met with much difficulty. It has been demonstrated that Russia, deeply in debt, can only borrow now on ruinous terms.

The Czar has just conferred a pension of $1,500 a year on the dramatic author Ostrofsky. The Russian is genuine, from Pushkin down, not yet worked by our native dramatists, probably from the difficulty of the language. Catherine II., wrote several pieces. She ordered tragedies, too, after the fashion of Elizabeth, from Lomonosoff and Tredyakoffsky, and the order was executed, but the result was not equal to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," which, by the way, curiously enough, was turned into Russian by the Empress herself, and figures on the Muscovite boards as "A Pretty Basketful of Linen."

Lesseps has a running account with sleep, taking twenty-four hours at a time, and at another none for five or six nights. In travelling he gets into the first compartment at hand, and sits anywhere; if he finds an agreeable companion he talks, if not he folds his arms and goes to sleep, never waking until he reaches his destination. When he went down the other day to Cheney, near Bourdeaux, he requested the guard to wake him least he should go beyond. On a voyage from Marseilles to Alexandria he slept 107 hours out of the 130 of the voyage, and then not for some days.

The passage in Queen Victoria's book respecting Dr. Norman Macleod's sermon on war in October, 1870, when he obliquely applied the to France denunciations of Isaiah, is not pleasing to French readers. One Paris newspaper says: "Her most gracious Majesty has revealed her political sympathies, and shown that she is still a German by birth and breeding." Another speaks of the stupid but widespread prejudice which made the cause of Germany that of justice and morality against corruption, and adds: "We have considered that Prince Bismarck's greatest adroitness at the time of the war was his creating a belief in German virtue and French vices. There was never greater success in defaming before assassinating."

## Time-Locks.

Since the first time-lock was made in England, in 1831, there have been many devices for time-locks, many of which have been the source of long-continued and expensive litigation. The application of dynamite to burglary has presented a new problem to the safemakers and the lockmakers. It was thought that the acme of protection was assured when the safemakers made a safe without any keyhole or any crevice by which an explosive could be introduced, or any exterior surface which could be drilled, or wedged or pried. But the latest device of the burglar to set the time-lock going, by concussion from the outside, presented a new problem to be solved, in order that the evolution of safe and lock-making should keep pace with the evolution of burglary.

It appears to be generally conceded that no safe can be made that cannot be opened by experts in a given time. The utmost that the safe and lockmakers profess to do now, is to make the burglars' work so difficult that they cannot do the robbery within the time in which a safe is most accessible to them. The latest problem for the time lockmakers was, therefore, to arrange their mechanism so that a dynamite shock from the outside of a safe would not either distodge the lock from its fastenings or set the mainspring free so that it would run down in a few seconds, instead of slowly unwinding until the proper time for releasing the protecting bolt. Some of the lockmakers claim to have accomplished this by means of two new appliances. One of these mounts the lock on springs, so that a dynamite shock that sends it out of place is expended on the springs, and when the shock is over, the lock returns to its place. This prevents the use of small charges of dynamite, which sometimes have been used to jar loose the mechanism of the clock without making a shock that would alarm anybody in the next room or in any part of the same room. The other protection against the dynamite fiends consists in a peculiar mechanism of the time-lock, by which any attempt to run it down before the specified time is defeated by the immediate change of conditions in the lock, so that even if the mainspring runs down after the shock the lock is not opened. It remains to be seen whether evolution in burglary will be equal to these new devices. —*N. Y. Sun.*

## A Colorado Mining Town.

It does not take many days to build the kind of town miners are willing to live in, and they don't care what sort of a place they put it in, either, if it is only near the mines. It may be in the very midst of a pine forest, or out on the steep, bare side of a mountain, all stones and rocks. They cut down a few trees, and leave all the stumps standing; or they clear away the biggest of the stones, enough to make a sort of street; and then every man falls to and builds the cheapest house he can, in the quickest way; sometimes of logs, sometimes out of rough boards; often only with one room, very rarely with more than three. When they wish to make them very fine they make the end, fronting the street, what is called a "battlements front;" that is, a straight square wall, higher than the house, so as to convey the impression that the house is much bigger than it is. It is a miserable make-believe, and goes farther than any other one thing to give to the new towns in the West a hideous and contemptible look. These log cabins, board shanties, and battlement are all crowded as near together as they can be, and are set close to the street: no front yards, no back yards, no yards at the sides,—but, around the whole settlement, a stony wilderness. It isn't worth while to put anything in order, because there is no knowing how long the people will stay. Perhaps the mines will not turn out to be good ones; and then everybody will move away, and in very little more time than it took to build the town it will be deserted. There are a great many such deserted towns in Colorado and California. They always seem to me to look like a kind of graveyard.

## Valentines, Past and Present.

The days of the valentine appear to be numbered. The good old-fashioned valentine, hideous in form, flimsy in material, and garish in color, with its halting sonnet and senseless compliment, at least, has vanished. The modern lover prefers more substantial allurements; at least his mistress does. And these are provided in plenty in the West-end shops—valentines elaborate in art, rich in embroideries, delicate satins, with sylvan scenes painted thereon; boxes enticing in their smartness and containing gloves by the dozen to fit the daintiest hands, or sweet-smelling perfumes, curious needlework, rings, bracelets, fine ribbons, fans laden with wonderful feathers, and fictitious flowers, all perhaps appropriate, but what prettier valentine is there for a lady on Valentine's day than a box of fresh-pulled violets?—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

## ECCENTRIC SUICIDES.

A deserter from the German army, Geo. N. Crooms, living at Boonville, Mo., shot himself because he thought Bismarck was after him.

The 13-year-old daughter of W. D. Masterton of Bluffs, Ill., swallowed Paris green because she was accused by a neighbor of stealing jewellery.

An old German named Goebling of Louisville attempted suicide because he believed his death was necessary to put an end to the flood in the Ohio.

Half our forebodings of our neighbors are but our wishes which we are ashamed to utter in any other form.

## A JUVENILE ROVER.

**Adventures of a Little Miss Who Put Her Baggage on Her Sled and Started out to See the World.**

About 9 o'clock one recent night a gentleman discovered a neatly dressed little girl near the corner of Dearborn and Lake streets, Chicago, drawing a sled upon which there was a bundle. As he was about to pass her she asked him to tell her the way to a hotel. He directed her to the Commercial, and then followed her to see that she went there, suspecting that she had run away from home. After she had entered he went to an officer and told him what he had suspected. The officer at once went to the hotel to investigate the matter. Upon entering the office, dragging her sled after her, she asked for a room. Mr. C. A. Wallace, the manager of the hotel, at once took in the situation, assigned her a room, and had her shown to it, the sled and its contents accompanying her. When asked by Mr. Wallace why she came alone, she said her papa had sent her there to remain all night, and she would go back in the morning. After she had been safely housed in her room the officer went up and got her, bringing her down to the office, where he closely questioned her for some time, but the story she told first was so firmly adhered to that the officer could not shake her in it, and was forced to retire without becoming any wiser than he was at first.

After the officer left Mr. Wallace took her to the parlor, where she played several pieces on the piano for him, and soon became communicative. In a short time he succeeded in learning from her that her name was Pepita Christianson, the adopted daughter of Mrs. M. Christianson, who resides at No. 270 Erie street. She said her father and mother were dead, and that she had been taken by Mrs. Christianson, as her own child. She had packed up her things, put them on the sled, and while her mamma was at the theatre, had slipped out, going over to Cass street, then south to some street near the river, west to State and from there had reached the Commercial Hotel by the direction of a gentleman.

Her outfit, which was wrapped in a shawl and a sheet, consisted of silk and woollen dresses, linen, stockings and sundry garments indicating that

SHE WAS WELL SUPPLIED WITH EVERYTHING

to make her comfortable. She had her jewellery, which consisted of elegant bracelets, rings, pins and earrings, a watch, and in her pocketbook was a plentiful supply of money, amounting to about $15. She was dressed in full winter costume, including an elegant cloak with fur cape and muff, plainly showing that she had not been ill provided for in any respect. She was about 11 years of age, and handsome and intelligent, her actions at the hotel showing that she was unusually bright.

By the time her story was secured by Mr. Wallace it was after 10 o'clock, and, realizing that it would be better for such a child not to remain alone at a hotel, Mr. Dabb, the proprietor of the Commercial, called a carriage, and took her to his home, at No. 75 North Morgan street, where he placed her in the care of his mother. He said that if she had run away from home she might run away from the hotel, and as she had told two stories it might take some time to learn what was the true situation, pending which she would be safe at his home. Before going, he instructed the police to take steps at once to discover the home and friends of the child. At 11 o'clock Tuesday night a reporter went to No. 270 Erie street, arriving a few minutes before the mother of the little girl. When she came in, and received information that her little one had wandered off, she was almost heart broken for a time until she realized that her child was safe and in good hands. A carriage was called at once, and the vehicle hurried to the residence of Mr. Dabb, where it was learned that the little one was in bed. Mrs. Dabb at once notified the child that her mother awaited her in the parlor below, Pepita immediately arose, hurriedly dressed, and in a very few minutes came running down-stairs opened the parlor door and was soon in her mothers arms, both exhibiting their joy in tears, while they clung to each other with a fondness that was touching to those who witnessed it.

When Pepita was asked why she had left mamma, the only answer she could give was: "I don't know, mamma, dear; I don't know. I want to go home, and never want to go away any more." It was some time before either could sufficiently recover from the shock to take their leave, which occurred after midnight, with many thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Dabb for their kindness. Mother and daughter were driven home as rapidly as the carriage could take them there. No mother was ever more happy to recover her child than was Mrs. Christianson to get her little child Pepita, and the child was in raptures to know that her mother had found her and was taking her to her happy home.—*Chicago Times.*

## PECULIAR ACCIDENTS.

Jennie Youngs of Hoosick Falls fells between the slats of her bed and was choked to death.

Deacon John Corwith, a wealthy farmer of Beaver Dam, Wis., lost his life by freezing his big toe.

John Barry of Brantford, Conn., while drunk, rolled off a lounge. His neck fell over the round of a chair and he choked to death.

The 11-year old daughter of Allen Taylor of Mayfield, Ky., while playing in a swing got her neck in the rope and was choked to death.

While having a tooth extracted, the young son of Joseph Dyson, of Fulton, Mo., became so frightened that he was thrown into spasms and died.

While hunting, Gustave Rotzler of Evansville, Col., stepped into the mouth of a mine shaft which the snow had covered completely. He was instantly killed.

Charles Downs of Atlanta chased a rabbit into a tall stump. While climbing, his left arm was caught in a split near the top, and he hung by his wrist. He opened his knife with his teeth in order to cut off his arm. He made several gashes, and then fainted. This caused his muscles to relax, and he dropped to the ground.

A witty Frenchman defines indigestion as remorse of the stomach, and remorse as indigestion of the conscience.

## Tax-Title Beer.

"Vhas dere sooch a thing as some tax-titles on a man's house and lot?" he asked as he entered the City Treasurer's office the other day.

"Why, yes. Sometimes the property is sold for taxes and bid in, and the bidder then has a tax-title to the land."

"How many folks can haf tax titles?"

"That is hard to say."

"Couldn't twenty men haf some tax-titles on me?"

"Probably not."

"Vhell, dot's shust vhat I tell my old vhomans, but she shake herself all oafer und cry like a shild. You see, about a week ago a stranger came into my place und says I vhas a good fellow und he doan' like to make me troubles. He has a tax-title on me, but he gifs it up if I treats him. Vhell, dot seems sheap enough, und he wipes of his shin und goes avhay."

"And another came?"

"Anoder! Vny, sir, I count oop more ash twenty! Eafery day last vheek somepody comes aroundt mit a tax title on me, und some days I haf three. Each man he comes in und says I vhas a goot citizen und he doan' like to make me troubles, und den he tells me dot he has some tax titles on my lot. I vhas kept so scart all der time I can't half do peesness."

"Have you one of the papers with you?"

"I see no bapers at all. Each man who has a tax title signs his name on a sheet of baper dot he quit claims on me."

He was told that it was a new wrinkle among the dead beats to drink his beer without pay, and when he fully understood the situation he smiled all over and replied:

"Say doot vhas a goot one on me, but you keep shtill; as soon as I get home somepody will come in mit a tax title on me. I tells him to sit down, and I looks der door und calls my dog und der olds vhomans und my poy Snon. Den dot tax-title vhill shump oafer tables und shairs und be knock-down und bit und dragged out until somepody can't rest. Like der poys say, I hitch on! Keep shtill! Tax-titles vhas going out of peesness on my shtreet!"

## A Girl's Mistaken Heroism.

An Irish nurse-girl in New York is possessed of coolness and heroism that deserves to be put to better use. Her name, more worthy to live in song and story than those of the knights and heroines of the middle ages, is Katie McDonnell. She had given her affections to one Dennis Hennelly, but, taking the advice of her brothers, and friends, refused to marry him until he should break off his evil habits. For this refusal he shot her at the door of the house where she was taking care of an infant. With a pistol-ball in her side she held herself against the railing, declared that she was not hit, and, while her brutal lover raised his arm to fire a second shot, urged him to flee to avoid arrest. With blood flowing from her wound she entered the house, went up to her mistress' room, took the infant she was caring for, and found her way to her chamber. There she fainted from fright and loss of blood. She never called for assistance, however. Suffering the most intense pain, and fearing every moment might be her last, she fondled the child and put it to sleep. Twice in the night the child cried for food, and the girl rose from the bed and obtained it, that its parents might not hear a noise and, coming to the room, discover her condition and notify the police. When found in the morning she was supposed to be dying, and was very reluctant to state how she had received her injury. She was afterward removed to a hospital, where she took all the blame of the affair upon herself, and expressed the hope that her brutal lover would not be punished. It is a shame that a girl possessed of some of the noblest attributes of her sex should have offered her devotion at so poor an altar. The brute that would attempt to murder such a girl deserves to share the fate of those who were devoured by wild beasts in the arena at Rome.

## A Big Hotel in London.

London will soon rival New York in the number and magnificence of its hotels. Yesterday another sumptuous caravanserai, not inferior in size and luxuriousness to the largest of the American establishments, was opened. Where all the guests are to come from who are expected to fill the three hundred bed rooms of the First Avenue hotel might puzzle one if it were not remembered that in this metropolis there are slumbering every night fifty thousands sojourners who were not here twenty-four hours hence. The population of a town is daily poured into this city and has to find lodging for itself somewhere. But the first Avenue hotel does not expect to find its account in casual visitors alone. It is supposed that many people tired of housekeeping, with all its attendant troubles, will take up their abode permanently beneath the roofs of the vast building in Holborn. The system, well established in America, has already gained a hold in this country. But if it is to be successful, the ways of the British hotel-keeper and some of his charges—especially in the manner of eating and drinking—will have to be altered a good deal. American hosts do not expect to pay the entire expenses of their business out of the wine which is "consumed on the premises."—*St. James Gazette.*

## Our Artillery at Shoeburyness.

Sir Thomas Brase, K.C.B., M.P., at the distribution of prizes to the Third Kent Artillery (Royal Arsenal Brigade), recently, said in addressing the brigade that he had been informed by Colonel Hozier that on the occasion of the late competitions at Shoeburyness, the corps, for almost the first time in its history, did not get the first place which it usually held; but they had been beaten by a party of volunteers from Canada, and if the men of the 3rd Kent were to yield the palm to any competitors, no rivals should be more welcome than their gallant friends from Canada. "The presence of volunteers from Canada," he said, "proves that the good example set by the home volunteers is being followed by the great colonial dependencies, and they know that the force is even more important with them than with us. Depend upon it, the emergency might be greater in Canada, and therefore we should rejoice that the Canadians, with our fellow-countrymen in Australia, have formed great bodies of volunteers," (Hear, hear.)

## A ROMANCE OF CHICAGO.

**Waiting Six Years for a Wife.**

The following story is a true one. If the names of the parties are not given it is because they object to publicity. The facts, however, are known not only to the employers of the husband, but to a number of friends.

Nearly seven years ago Mr. ———, a native of Chambersburg, Pa., was a confidential clerk for a New York house. He fell in love with and became engaged to a daughter of a wealthy Judge, who was a resident of Chambersburg. The day was set for the marriage, and all the arrangements were made by the father-in-law for a grand celebration such as he thought befitted the dignity of the occasion. Shortly before the wedding the prospective son-in-law was overtaken by misfortune. He had indorsed for a friend, the friend failed to take up his notes, and the young man lost what he had—a farm near Chambersburg, with considerable money, and also all the cash he had saved up during his service in New York. The moment that he learned of his misfortune he went to the Judge at Chambersburg, told him what had happened to him, and said that while as anxious as ever to marry his daughter he could not consent in view of the change in his circumstances to have as grand and costly a wedding as had previously been arranged for. He was

ANXIOUS TO MARRY HER

on the day appointed, quietly and unostentatiously, and then take her with him to share his fortunes. The Judge, however, a man of obstinacy, insisted in carrying out the programme in all its details. It was his daughter who was to be married, and he insisted that the ceremony should take place with all the pomp and parade of which he thought she was deserving. Mr. ——— declined, and left for New York that night. Early the next morning the young lady followed him. They were married in New York, lived together for two or three days, and then she returned to her home, he remaining at the metropolis.

Not long after the father-in-law died. By his will he disinherited his daughter, but perhaps in a moment of relenting, perhaps with a malignant desire to try their patience, he inserted a proviso that, if they should live apart for six years, never meeting, never corresponding, trying to keep no communication whatever, at the end of that time, if these facts were proven to the satisfaction of the trustees of the estate, the daughter might have a share. For nearly two years the husband lived in New York. Then, his health failing, he went to Denver. After staying there about two years he came to Chicago, entered the employ of a large manufacturing house, and soon became, by virtue of his natural abilities and his attention to business, their confidential man. All this time

HE NEVER SAW HIS WIFE,

never wrote to her, nor received letters from her. It is possible, of course, that he might have heard indirectly through his mother. But there is no evidence of this, and the wife's brothers, who were steadily on the look-out to see that none of the conditions of the will were broken, were unable to find anything which could justify the trustees in declaring that the Judge's requirements had not been lived up to strictly.

During the greater part of this time Mr. ———'s employers had no idea that he was married. He kept his secret to himself religiously, and it only came out last Thanksgiving-Day, when a dinner was given by the head of the house to his leading men, and then, the six years having expired, Mr. ———felt warranted in stating to the head of the firm that he was married and had been for six years. The trustees of the estate have decided that the terms of the will had been complied with, and that Mrs. ——— was entitled to her share of her father's estate, amounting to about $25,000—not what is nowadays called a fortune, but enough to enable them to live in comfortable independence. Soon after that, all business matters being settled up, the wife came to the city and met her husband, whom she had not seen for over six years. He remains in the employ of the firm, and they are both living happily together in pleasant quarters on the South Side.

The husband is a little exultant over the reward of his patience and endurance, just as Jacob felt joyous after he had served fourteen years and finally earned the hand of Rachel, and is not disinclined to tell the story of his early love and the long separation. The wife, however, is more sensitive; is unwilling to have the story known among the acquaintances whom she has made since she came here, and it is, therefore, rather out of deference to her wishes that the names of the parties are not given.

## GARNERED WITTICISMS.

Winter is the only thing that can bow around after its backbone is broken.

An Indiana jury sent in a written verdict of "Blone to peces bi the biler bustin."

If would is pronounced "wood" and could pronounced "cood," why isn't Gould pronounced "good."—Ex. Well,—perhaps because he isn't.—*Toronto Truth.*

The younger Dumas says: "Poverty destroys pride. It is difficult for an empty bag to stand upright." It would be just as logical to say: "Poverty makes no abatement on pride. An empty cask will stand as straight up as a full one."

"Richard Charnley, an immigrant, who has been in this country but a year, has fallen heir to $100,000." He isn't so fortunate as the majority of immigrants, who usually rise to affluence in a few months by being elected an alderman and running a saloon as a diversion.

It has been stated, and some sportsman will, no doubt, be sorry to hear it, that a fishing-pole has been invented that registers every fish caught. This will do away with all fish stories, inasmuch as the angler with a pole that doesn't register will always be regarded with suspicion.

If it will hold in check the rush of lecturers to our shores, let the idea continue to prevail in England that outside the city limits of New York and Boston the people live by hunting the wild beasts of the forests, and that among them the coonskins and wolf-scalps are used for currency.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, MARCH 27, 1884.

## POLITICAL MORALITY.

The developments which have come to light through the conspiracy case that has so agitated the people of this province and indeed the whole Dominion during the past week, is a sad commentary on the political honor and honesty of our public men. Naturally enough the two great political parties at once jumped at each other's throats over the affair, and judging from the leading organs, the Globe and Mail, not excepting the smaller fry who can only rehash their utterances, it is not so much now whether a great political crime has been committed as to which side can most successfully blacken and blackguard their opponents. The whole proceedings are highly discreditable to all concerned, and will tend to bring odium not only on the principals but on respectable men in both parties. The Reformers appear to be jubilant over the discovery of such a gigantic "Tory conspiracy," and appear to be only too well pleased that such disgraceful proceedings have taken place, and for which they throw the whole responsibility on the Conservative party generally, and yet hold up themselves, including the informers Balfour, McKim, Dowling, et. al., as models of purity and political innocence. The Conservatives, on the other hand, cry "Grit conspiracy," and in no polite terms denounce the informers for making the first corrupt proposals, and the Mowat Government for aiding and abetting to draw the accused into the unsavory plot to distract attention from their own illegal acts. Perhaps both sides are right for once. As we said before, it is a dirty piece of work for all concerned. That the Conservative party is at all implicated there has been nothing adduced to prove. There is, however, no doubt but Wilkinson and Kirkland had been negotiating with these certain Reform members for weeks, that those same members had pledged their words and some of them even signed a round robin to vote against the Government for stipulated sums. It would be remarkably strange if the cute Yankee and sharp Wilkinson would so flagrantly violate the law as to actually hand over the money to bitter opponents unless there were strong grounds for believing that "Barkus was willing." The "approached" members are evidently of easy political virtue. They played with the tempter too long and too secretly for upright honest men. They appeared quite willing and ready to sell themselves to the best possible advantage, and men who thus trade with their word and honor are not the ones to pose before an intelligent community as pure and undefiled patriots. Wilkinson, Kirkland & Co., if the charge is brought home to them, deserve to be punished, but do they deserve more odium as the persons offering the bribe than the persons offering to take bribes? This appears to be the relative positions of the two parties at Toronto. The honest and respectable men of both parties will not now fail to see the necessity of having the politics of this country purged of the mass of corruption that pervades it.

THE Ontario Legislature was prorogued on Tuesday.

THE PRELIMINARY trial of the Toronto conspirators has been going on all week. The evidence given is very contradictory, but is not yet concluded. The parties who were arrested in connection with the affair have been released on bail.

The first wheeled vehicle of the season appeared on the streets of Brandon, Manitoba, 17th of March, 1884.

The Kingston butchers have raised the price of roast and steak to fifteen cents per pound.

☞ TAKE NOTICE.—The TRADE supplied at WHOLESALE PRICES, with D. M. Ferry & Co's. New Garden Seeds by the *pound or ounce* or in papers at DEANS' DRUG & SEED STORE.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of the Queen City Oil Company in another column.

## "A GREAT COUNTRY!"

### *Which is now in a fair way of being thoroughly Developed.*

### MINES AND MINERALS.

A person making his first trip from Madoc to Maynooth over such roads and through such storms as was experienced about the first of this month, is not at all likely to be struck very favorably with the country. To drive mile after mile through a bleak and frozen wilderness of burnt pinery, rugged mountains and everlasting hills, relieved only at long intervals by the sight of a settler's "wigwam," is very apt to cause the uncomfortable traveller a feeling of sadness right down to his boots, and cause him to wonder "what such a country is made for anyway." This is the dreary side of the picture, however; the traveller's spirits will revive as he ravenously devours the settler's "pork and beans," and it takes but a few minutes conversation to show him that his drive along the Hastings Road is through the roughest, most uninviting, and sparsely settled portions of the whole of the northern townships,—the villages along the road excepted. Nevertheless, the settlers appear contented, prosperous and happy,—happy no doubt because everyone appears to think he has a valuable bed of minerals on his property. We hope they all have.

Our editorial pilgrimage was taken over this road and through this country a few weeks ago under pretty much the conditions and experiences above described. We were on a collecting tour, however, and therefore not calculated to see the brightest and most cheerful side of nature—especially the human article. We met many genuine friends, it is true, who tried to make our visit pleasant and profitable, but a big majority gave us a frigid greeting when we explained our errand, as much as to say "its a cold day to settle accounts," and their receipts for small amounts owing the REVIEW are still in our possession. This part of our trip was a failure, and in future some one else will have charge of this department of our business. It will be the means of creating a boom in the the Division Court before long.

We were pleased to witness in the leading villages of the north an activity that argues well for the prosperity of the inhabitants. At

MAYNOOTH,

commonly known as Doyle's Corners, so named after the first settler in that region, Mr. P. Doyle, we found a live business corner indeed. We were pleased to meet Mrs. and Mr. Cassell, a lady and gentleman who own and control a large and flourishing general business, and who can well exhibit the signs of their prosperity. Mr. Harvett, another merchant, Mr. George, Mr. McDavitt, and also the Reeve of the united townships of Bangor, Wicklow and McClure, Mr. P. J. Green, were enrolled as subscribers. Mr. Green keeps the "Union," and we can recommend travellers to his table for a "square meal," and him as a genial and obliging landlord.

Midway between Maynooth and Bancroft is a stopping place kept by Johnney Murphy, and here again is served up as good meals as a hungry traveller could select anywhere. Next comes

BANCROFT,

late York River, the rural headquarters of the Hon. Senator Flint. Bancroft is noted in that no liquor is sold in the place, but a large and commodious stopping place is kept by Mr. Wm. Davy. There are two large and flourishing stores here, kept by Messrs. George & Johnson and Mr. F. Haase. Mrs. J. C. George, an estimable and clever lady, is postmistress, and we were pleased to make her acquaintance. We also had the pleasure of meeting Police Magistrate Cleak, the good results of whose appointment to the position are easy to see. Mr. B. H. Sweet, the only constable in the northern townships, we believe, and whose name is a terror to evil doers, lives near here. Mr. Sweet will have a batch of our accounts to collect shortly, and he will collect them or know the reason why. We were shown through the extensive mills lately fitted up here by Mr. Flint, which are being run by Mr. Davy, consisting of saw, grist and woollen mills, all containing the best and most improved machinery, chair and bedstead making being part of the business. Bancroft has exceptional and unrivalled water power, and if the railway extension is carried out it will become a thriving place.

L'AMABLE

is a quiet but picturesque place, with two stores also, kept by Mr. B. Spurr and Mr. W. M. Spurr. There is no hotel, but an excellent stopping place is kept by Mr. Jarman, to enter whose door is to make a person feel at home. Mr. J. R. Tait, Crown Land Agent, has his residence and office here. Our next objective point was the celebrated Wollaston mine, on the way to which we made a call at Mr. D. Kavanagh's but were sorry to "find" that gentleman not at home.

COE HILL

has got to be a lively place, and we found everything in a state of bustle and activity. Capt. James, well known in Madoc, has the management and direction of the mining operations here, and he is evidently a specimen of "the right man in the right place." Through his kindness we were shown what had been and was being done in this one of the largest iron mines in the country. Since our last visit to this mine some extensive work has been done and big openings made. There is now mined and piled up ready for shipment over 40,000 tons of fine ore. The work is merely going down from the surface as yet, although there are numbers of test-shafts sunk from 40 to 60 feet down below these openings. Three large hoisting derricks operated by a steam engine, the boiler for which had been put in, brings the ore and rock to the surface, and these will be added to when shipping commences. This is expected to commence early this summer, the rails now being laid to Beaver Creek, about 15 miles from the mine. Pockets for letting the ore on the cars have yet to be built, but when the road is able to carry away the ore, as Capt. James says, there will undoubtedly be a "boon" around Coehill mine. One thing is certain, they are not likely soon to be out of ore, over 1000 feet of a lead being now exposed. The Coehill mine is a big thing, and it has been well named after the enterprising original owner, Mr. Coe. There are now 61 men on the pay list, and work here has been continuous since it was first opened over two years ago. In a future issue we will publish some interesting extracts regarding the work at this mine from a letter written by Mr. Coe to the Hon. Commissioner of Crown Lands for Ontario, which has been published in the Commissioner's Annual Report.

From here home our trip was short and uninteresting. We had only time to make a short visit to St. Ola, but this fixed the matter for our companion, Mr. Sine, V. S., who could stand it no longer, and Madoc was the one haven to be desired. We spent a few pleasant hours with Mrs. and Capt. Norman, at Millbridge, and enjoyed some reminiscences of the latter's service in the Crimea which was especially interesting to ourself as holding a Commission in the great Militia Force of the Dominion. We don't care for any "Crimea" on our programme, however.

We could not but be surprised at the number and standing of many people in some sections we visited who read every paper they can get hold of but never pay for one. They veritably "sponge" their knowledge of what is going on in the world through their neighbors' pockets—as one man remarked who did not take the REVIEW, "what is the use of buying milk when your neighbors' cows pasture on your farm." He is a postmaster and acknowledged reading the REVIEWS that came to his office! We would like to see Dr. Sine get the hearts of such men for analysis, if they would not be too small to operate upon.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all Druggists.

☞ Cross & Mouncey open out in their new shop on Saturday.

☞ Warner's Safe Cure only one dollar per bottle at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

The calling out of the Irish militia is regarded in Ireland as a sign that the Government is satisfied with the condition of the country.

☞ The New Garden Seeds from D. M. Ferry & Co., have arrived at DEANS' DRUG & SEED STORE! You can buy 2 papers for 5 cents, and don't you forget it!!

## *NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.*

E. GUS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.
☞ Private money to loan at lowest rates.

**FOR SALE.**

I HAVE a new Lumber Waggon which I will sell on reasonable terms, or exchange for a young horse. Also a double-seated family Carriage for sale.

J. W. SINE, V. S.

Madoc, March 25th. 361

**CARD OF THANKS.**

THE undersigned begs to return his sincere thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who assisted at the R. C. concert here on the 19th inst., Mrs. O'Hara, Misses O'Carral, Francis, Bristol, Deans and Seymour, Messrs. Deans and Weiss, whose services are much appreciated.

J. E. FREMAU,
Organist R. C. Church.

**RUSSEL PROPERTY, MADOC.**

**Village Building Lots FOR SALE.**

**MR. W. H. HASTINGS,**
SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)
H. & J. RUSSEL,
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

**Clover Seed.**

Guaranteed free from all foul Seeds.

Market prices.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

**WATCHES, WATCHES, WATCHES.**

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my
SHIRTS AND NECKWARE.
I ALWAYS BUY AT
S. C. RETALLACK'S
SHIRT FACTORY.
White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.
*Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock.* 360-6.

**Cheap Goods**

FOR THE NEXT SIXTY DAYS, at

**T. W. JEFFS, QUEENSBOROUGH.**

In order to make room for SPRING GOODS, I will offer the balance of my Winter Stock at greatly reduced prices, consisting of

**Dyr Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furs, Boots and Shoes, &c.**

Wincies, from 3 cents up.
Cottons, from 5 cents up.
Overcoats, from $4.00 up.
Ladies' Overshoes from 75 cents up.
Ladies' Leather Boots from 85c up.

All goods marked in plain figures. Produce taken in exchange. A call respectfully solicited.

T. W. JEFFS.

Queensboro, January 31st, 1884. (2m.)

C. G. WILSON,
CHEMIST
—AND—
DRUGGIST.

JAS. WHYTOCK,
GROCER,
PROVISION DEALER.
BUTCHER, ETC,
MADOC, - ONT.

## Latest Local News.

—Roads bad.

—So are the street crossings.

—Tuesday next is "All Fool's Day."

—Deer Creek is making the rampage.

—Rollins' saw mill commenced the season's cut on Monday.

—The rear part of Mrs. Moon's new hotel is well under way.

—Our exchanges say "the snow is rapidly disappearing." So say we.

—A canvasser for a new Ontario Directory was in this village yesterday.

—Next Wednesday evening, April 2nd, is the regular meeting of the fire company.

—WANTED—An intelligent boy to learn the printing business. Apply at the REVIEW Office.

—Mr. James Heyworth will take a trip to "old England," his native land, in a few weeks.

—Father Davis will have a new dining room and kitchen added to his dwelling this summer.

—Mr. W. H. Hastings has been appointed agent in this village for the Russel estate. See advt.

—Everybody but weather prophets are predicting an early spring. No doubt we will have one.

—License Inspector Mouncey took a trip up the Hastings Road last week. More fish to catch yet.

—A youthful fife and drum band had a little "12th of July" all to themselves Tuesday night. They played well.

—Mr. Sydney Ross will erect a handsome house in this village this summer, on Durham street, south of Mr. A. B. Ross's.

—Our "editorial table" has not been "sweetened" with the smallest bit of maple sugar yet. Is there none being made?

—Mr. T. Roberts, of the Madoc Boot and Shoe Store, sent a pair of fine boots to a customer in Belleville last week. Score another for Madoc.

—Men were at work cleaning the village streets and crossings yesterday, by direction of the Council. They were horribly dirty—(we mean the crossings).

—In our obituary notices last week was an error which is important enough to have corrected. The age of the late Peter Bartlett was given as 52, wherein it should be 42 yrs.

—Everything in the shape of a daily paper was eagerly gobbled up in this village during the past week. The political sensation at Toronto created the demand. We even heard of the *Ontario* being asked for as a last resort.

—*Grip* has offered to supply us with portraits of the leading conspirators at Toronto, Wilkinson, Kirkland, Bunting, Balfour, McKim, and others, for publication in the REVIEW at $1.50 each. Thanks, no. Their names are enough for our columns.

—"L. S's" letter in our last issue has been favorably commented on by some of the most intelligent ladies of the village, and the prospects of forming such a society has been discussed. If the ladies take hold of the matter it will be a success.

—The professional card of Mr. E. Guss Porter, barrister, of Belleville, appears in this issue. Mr. Porter has lately graduated from the law office of Mr. S. B. Burdett, which of itself ought to give him an excellent introduction. We wish him the the greatest professional success.

—On Monday evening White's Agricultural Band, to show that it was still in existence, played a couple of selections on Mr. O'Flynn's corner. The members can blow out good music, and we hope they will keep together and give us those open air concerts often during the summer.

—Merchants are busy taking in spring goods. As usual our intelligent readers will watch our advertising columns for an intimation of where the best goods can be found. The merchant who courts inspection of his stock and invites everybody to his store is the one to do THE business.

—We acknowledge a call yesterday from Mr. W. Urquhart, representing the *Toronto Morning News*. The *News* is the "livest" paper on our exchange list, and Mr. U. is evidently a "live" agent as he informs us he has raised its circulation some 7000 since he started on the road, in January. He secured a good many names in this village.

—Another plan for raising money at church socials has been discovered at Ogdensburg. It is called a weight social, and is managed as follows: The ladies are placed on a scale, and their names and weights put in sealed envelopes. Each gentleman draws an envelope, and on opening it he finds the name of the person whom he is expected to take to supper. Oysters are served. He pays for the same at the rate of half a cent a pound for as many pounds as his partner weighs. Light weights are in demand for once. These socials are said to furnish a great deal of amusement.

**Enterprising.**

The Wollaston Agricultural Society has decided to present every member with a supply of seed potatoes—The Beauty of Hebron—which is allowed to be earlier and better that the Early Rose. Steps have been taken also to secure a short horn Durham bull.

**Hard on Madoc.**

Mr. D. W. Wright a few weeks ago sent an application for insurance on his stock to the North British & Mercantile Insurance Co'y. The risk was declined, the company giving as a reason that they did not think Madoc had sufficient protection against fire. The company must have been maliciously misrepresented about Madoc. We would like to know what other village of the size in Ontario has a better equipped or more efficient fire company and engine. Madoc has good protection against fire.

**Auction Sale.**

Mr. Peter Gunsolus, lot 17, 7th concession of Madoc, advertises the whole of his farm stock, implements, &c., for sale on April 10th. Sale at 10 o'clock, a. m. See large posters for particulars.

**Court of Chancery.**

The spring sittings of this Court opened Belleville yesterday. The following local cases, out of 28 that are to be tried, will come up for hearing:—Moon *vs.* Price, Jenkins *vs.* C. O. Railway, Brooks *vs.* Conley.

**Lacrosse Meeting.**

A meeting of the Lacrosse Club of this village will be held in the REVIEW office on Tuesday evening next, to organize for the coming season. All old members, those who desire to become members, and everyone interested in our "national game" are invited to be present.

**New Millinery Establishment.**

Miss L. Elliott, well and favorably known to the people of this neighborhood, will open out on Wednesday next, a new and select stock of millinery, consisting of the latest styles of hats, bonnets, feathers, flowers, &c. Give her a call. Her business card appears in another column.

**The Wardenship.**

The taking of evidence in regard to the Wardenship question commenced at Belleville on Thursday last, the case lasting until Friday. Jas. McGregor, Reeve of Wollaston, John Caskey, Reeve of Madoc, and Mr. W. H. Hastings of this village were among those who gave evidence. A large number of members of the Council and outsiders who were present in the Hall when the vote was taken were examined, but the evidence was very conflicting. The Judge reserved his decision, and has not yet given judgment.

ꝺ. The new Blood Purifier, "Fountain of Health," one dollar per bottle at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

**Debate.**

The new Literary Society in connection with the fourth division of the Madoc Model School will hold another debate, in the school room, on Friday afternoon at three o'clock. The subject, this time, being:—Resolved—"That Oliver Cromwell was a man of upright character." The affirmative will be defended by Albert Love and Ida White, while the arguments in favor of the negative will be presented by Jennie Sinclair and Beatrice Cross. We would advise any who have a few moments to spare on Friday to go and hear this stirring debate.

ꝺ. Easter Cards and Birthday Cards just received at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

**A New School Paper.**

We omitted to notice last week the receipt of a new publication of school literature, called "*The School Supplement*," just started by Easton, Gibson & Co., No. 9, Toronto St., Toronto. It is a handsomely illustrated and printed monthly journal, of 12 large pages every one of which is filled with matter interesting and instructive to school teachers and students. The *Supplement* will give a valuable series of papers on "short hand," besides papers on other subjects of school work. It is only $1.00 a year. We consider it the most attractive looking publication of the kind we have ever seen.

ꝺ. Remember this—2 papers Ferry's New Seeds for 5 cents, at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

**Honor Roll.**

Report of 4th division Madoc Model School for the fortnight ending Friday March 21st: There are now twenty-five pupils in the fifth class. The total number of marks obtainable was 777, and the number required to entitle a pupil to a place on the honor roll, 388. The names of the pupils who obtained a place on the honor roll in order of merit are Minnie Geary 721, Maggie Breakell 720, Jennie V. Wright 720, Beatrice Cross 697. Jennie V. Sinclair 639, Alice Robertson 612, Annie Doyle 609, Minnie Lloyd 598, Lizzie Brown 591, Martha Whytock 567, Bertha Harris 557, Willie Moore 489, Emma O'Flynn 468, Jas. Burns 438, Alice Ross 416, Mary Kavanagh 416.

The total number of marks that could have been obtained in the fourth class was 665. Of these a pupil had to gain 332 to obtain a place on the honor roll. The names of those who obtained a place on the honor roll in order of merit are Gussie Grier 570, Annie McCoy 539, Maud Guffin 527, Maria Whytock 515, Allie Sinclair 479, Willie Morrison 479, Annie Miller 436, Alex. Robertson 431, Tena Guffin 425, Jennie Francis 410, Dennis Gillen 409, James Harper 404, Charles Morrison 389, Willie Fretz 384, Maggie Gillen 366, Libbie Thompson 338, John Bristol 337. There are now twenty-five pupils in the fourth class.

The public examinations of the school will be held on the afternoons of the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th of April. It is expected that those interested in the welfare of the school will endeavor to be present.

—A young man named Frank Taylor, Clerk in the Merchants Bank, Belleville, mysteriously disappeared last week. It was soon found that he had absconded with a registered letter containing $1,531. We understand the letter was from the Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn, of this village.

## *DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.*

On March 10th, a species of bazaar or lottery was held at L'Amable, in aid of the Episcopal minister's fund, which was well attended and a fair some sum realized; and on the 13th, a dramatic and musical entertainment was held in the Town Hall, Bancroft, in aid of the funds of Zion Church, which also passed off remarkably well.

Mr. Fuller, formerly of Bridgewater, is now residing at Bancroft, and will proceed at once to put up the machinery, and afterwards run the new woollen factory in this village. The factory will be a great boon to the back country, and supply a want that has long been keenly felt.

A rather singular incident has lately taken place on the Page Road, Farnday. Two young men residing here, named respectively P. McFarlane and P. Finnegan, were both married on the same day—their wives were duly confined on the same day—and afterwards both of them died on the same day, March 13th.

The Indians are making sad havoc of the deer just now. They hunt them on snow shoes and run them down with dogs in the neighborhood of Long Lake and Island Lake. What is everybody's business is nobody's business, is a maxim followed too closely, in this direction. Should anyone certify to the fact of having seen deer hunted down in this manner, to the County Constable, Mr. B. H. Sweet, of Bancroft, the delinquents will at once be prosecuted.

SYLVANUS.

Faraday, March 19th, 1884.

**"War Notes."**

Such is the martial title of a weekly campaign paper just started for the benefit of the general Scott Act Campaign inaugurated by the Dominion Alliance. It is issued by the *Witness* Publishing House, Montreal, at barely cost price—20 copies weekly for six months for one dollar. *War Notes* has in fact as well as in name the ring of battle, its articles being crisp and keen, its news got up in pointed style, and its headings and trumpet blasts well designed to rally the temperance clans. It gives news of the working of the Scott Act where it is in operation, as well as campaign news.

**A $20 Biblical Prize.**

The publishers of Rutledge's Monthly offer twelve valuable rewards among which is the following:—We will give $20 to the person telling us how many words there are in the Epistle of Jude, as recorded in the New Testament Scriptures (not the New Revision) by April 10th, 1884. Should two or more correct answers be received, the Reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner April 15th, 1884. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the May Monthly, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be published, and in which several more valuable rewards will be offered. Address Rutledge Publishing Company, Easton, Penna.


THOUSANDS SAY SO.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Giard, Kan., writes; "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver Complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by all Druggists.


## NOTICE.

I HEREBY forbid any person or persons trusting or harboring my wife, Sarah Ann Bronson, in any way as she has left my bed and board without any just cause or provocation.

LEWIS BRONSON.

Madoc, March 15, 1884. 360-2w

## MILK! MILK!

THE subscriber would inform the inhabitants of Madoc village that he has commenced the delivery of pure, fresh milk throughout the village, and respectfully solicits a share of their patronage.

He intends to make it a permanent business, and will guarantee to supply a good article.

PRICE 5 CENTS A QUART.

INA McCARTY.

Madoc, March 19th. 360

## Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased as a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

## Tenders Wanted.

TENDERS are invited until the 15th day of April next for the purchase of Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. No tender necessarily accepted. Offers strictly confidential. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,

Feb. 7, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

—See R. R. Casement's and E. L. Weiss' new advertisements in another column.

Mr. Archibald Hughes, of Hallowell, owns a calf which, when one day old, weighed no less than 101 pounds. It is from a very fine Ayrshire cow.

### Madoc Markets.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Flour, per bbl | $5 20 | to | $5 50 |
| Wheat, per bushel | 1 02 | to | 1 07 |
| Rye, " | 0 50 | to | 0 00 |
| Oats, " | 0 35 | to | 0 00 |
| Barley, " | 0 50 | to | 0 57 |
| Peas, " | 0 65 | to | 0 00 |
| Potatoes, per bag | 0 75 | to | 0 80 |
| Eggs, per doz | 0 20 | to | 0 00 |
| Butter, per lb | 0 20 | to | 0 00 |
| Wool, per lb | 0 00 | to | 0 20 |
| Hides, per cwt | 5 00 | to | 7 00 |
| Hogs " | 5 00 | to | 5 50 |

### Belleville Markets.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat, per bushel | $0 90 | to | $1 05 |
| Barley, " | 0 65 | to | 0 00 |
| Rye, " | 0 55 | to | 0 00 |
| Oats, " | 0 35 | to | 0 00 |
| Peas, " | 0 70 | to | 0 75 |
| Potatoes, " | 0 00 | to | 0 00 |
| Potatoes, per bag | 0 65 | to | 0 75 |
| Butter, per lb | 0 20 | to | 0 25 |
| Eggs, per doz | 0 20 | to | 0 25 |
| Flour, per bbl | 5 00 | to | 5 50 |
| Sheepskins | 0 70 | to | 0 00 |
| Hides, per cwt | 5 00 | to | 7 00 |
| Wool, per lb | 0 18 | to | 0 00 |


## *Wholesale & Retail*

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

**D. W. WRIGHT.**

## CHAMBERS & WHITE!

THE | BIG | TEA | POT | SIGN.

(Successors to J. A. Chambers.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, MADOC, ONT.,

where will be found a choice stock of fine

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE, &C.,

—ALSO—

FANCY CHINA WARE, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Fine goods always a specialty with us.

*James White.* *J. A. Chambers.*

## 1858—ESTABLISHED—1858

—G. D. RAWE—

Takes this opportunity to notify his numerous friends and customers, that his stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods is now complete, and has been selected with great care from the Best Houses in the Dominion.

His stock of Albums is the largest, cheapest and most variety in design that was ever (in Madoc) presented to those requiring such articles.

He would also call especial attention to the other portion of his stock, intended specially for Xmas and New Year Gifts, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, young men and misses.

One glance at the stock will prove that it is all new and offered at remarkably low prices.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, December 5th, 1883.

## GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. Please Give me a Call.

## *1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884*

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

# THE JAMES BOYS OUTDONE.

## The "Brilliant Bandit of the Wabash."

The "Brilliant Bandit of the Wabash," as Frank Rande loved to call himself, lies low in the prison hospital in Joliet, Ill., with two or three big welts across the skull, a bullet hole in his ear, and another in his side. Although desperately hurt, there are hopes that Rande will recover. He has been shot through and through before this, but has always managed to rally, so as to be a little tougher than he was before, if possible. There is not an officer or a convict in the penitentiary who, if left to himself, would not take pleasure in finishing this fellow's career in short order. He is probaby the most desperate man with whom the authorities of Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, have ever had to deal. Starting out in 1870, when about thirty years old, as a burglar and general thief, Rande visited almost every town of any size in Indiana and Illinois, stealing everything he could put his hands on. It made no difference to him whether the article taken was of value or not. If it was portable he took it. Doing his plunder up in bundles, and, when possible, packing it in satchels or trunks, he would leave these things at railroad stations, hotels, and express offices to be called for, giving in each case a different name as that of the owner. Hundreds of these satchels and bundles were in existence at a time, and very few of them were ever called for.

In the spring of 1872 he was arrested at Fort Wayne for a safe burglary, and on conviction was sent to the penitentiary at Michigan City for five years. His service in this institution seems to have hardened him. The keepers declared that he was

THE MOST TROUBLESOME MAN

they ever had in charge. It was one unending round of floggings, solitary confinements in dungeons on a bread-and-water diet, and punishments by ball and chain as long as he was there. He was a prolific writer, and in mapping out schemes of robbery and murder he had the ingenuity of the devil. Several times while confined at Michigan City he drew up elaborate descriptions of proposed prison deliveries, giving maps, diagrams, &c., of the penitentiary, the town, and the surrounding country, with the fullest directions to be observed by confederates on the outside. In one of these productions he went so far as to designate the particular people about the prison whom it would be necessary to kill. When his term of imprisonment was up the officials were very glad to part company with him. He left Michigan City and the State, threatening vengeance on all of his former keepers and promising to return some day and clean out the entire establishment.

Purchasing two magnificent revolvers of the largest calibre, he wore them outside his coat in a harness specially made for the purpose, which held the weapons about on a level with his vest pockets, so that with the slightest movement of the hands he could seize them. For several months nothing was heard of him, but during August he appeared in the vicinity of St. Elmo, Ill., where he made daily and nightly raids on houses, barns, and stores. On Sunday noon it was discovered that the residence of Woolford Pierce had been robbed while the family were at church, and a number of citizens started in pursuit of Rande, who was known to be hiding near that town. Starting him from his cover, the game ran him into a corn field, where, apparently enraged by the pursuit, he mounted a rail fence and gave a wonderful exhibition of his skill as a marksman. With a revolver in each hand he discharged both weapons at once, killing two men, Charles Belden and Charles McKeown, at first fire. His firing was so sudden and the execution so deadly that the pursuing party became panic-stricken, but he shot two more men before they could get out of the range of his pistols.

This tragedy caused the wildest excitement throughout Illinois, and the most exaggerated tales of the man's prowess were circulated. Many believed that the fellow was Jess James, and almost every day some imaginative farmer would drive madly to the nearest town to report that the James and Younger boys were in his neighborhood. Hundreds of men turned out and scoured the country in all directions, but nothing further was seen or heard of Rande for three weeks. One day in September John Scholes of Gilson, Knox county, Ill., found a thief in his house and gave chase. Overtaking the fellow in an open field, Mr. Scholes called out to him to halt. The thief turned squarely in his tracks

WITH REVOLVER IN EACH HAND

and put four bullets into Scholes, two in the head and two in the heart. A hundred men, well armed to the teeth, were soon in pursuit, many of them mounted. Overtaking the fugitive, Frank Barnes, who was slightly in advance, called out to him. "Halt! or you are a dead man." Rande's only reply was four pistol shots, two striking Barnes, and two penetrating the skull of Frank Wiseman. Both men fell dead in their tracks. Turning his fire then on the other men in the party, he dashed upon them with a yell, stampeding the entire crowd and wounding several of them.

Although the identity of the murderer was still unknown, it was soon decided that the St. Elmo and Gilson desperadoes were one and the same person. Heavy rewards were offered for his capture not only by several counties but by the State, and dozens of armed bands hunted for weeks in a vain endeavor to apprehend him. The search had been all but abandoned when news was received that the offender had been taken in St. Louis. On the morning of Nov. 17 Rande entered a pawnshop in that city to redeem a valise. The keeper of the place suspected the fellow and sent a clerk out to call the police. Policemen White and Hefferman strolled in, sized the man up, and concluded he was a bad one. As they reached for him, Rande sprang with the agility of a tiger three feet in the air, and before his feet touched the floor his revolvers were barking and bullets were flying so thick and fast that a panic seized everybody in the neighborhood. White received a severe wound in the leg, but Hefferman and the pawnbroker managed to hit Rande twice, the former sending two bullets through his lungs, and the latter putting one or two into his legs. White was carried away insensible, and died soon afterward.

When Rande received the bullets in his lungs he fell to the floor, saying: "Let me lie down now; I am dying. I am shot through the lungs." A moment later he had whipped out another revolver, and was about to use it on Hefferman, when the latter pounced on the prostrate murderer and wrenched the weapon from his grasp. Rande hissed through his teeth as he saw his last pistol disappear: "Half a minute more would have cooked your goose." In the ambulance, on the way to the hospital, Rande talked incessantly, declaring that he had already killed a dozen men, and that he had made up his mind on entering St. Louis to kill seven men there. He had, he said,

REGISTERED A SOLEMN VOW TO KILL

EVERY MAN

who attempted to arrest him, and he only regretted that he had not killed both policemen. It was thought at first that he could not recover, but in the course of a few weeks he was strong enough to be moved, and he was put into the Four Courts' prison. Here he was visited by many people from Illinois, and, being thoroughly identified as the murderer of Gilson and St. Elmo, he was reluctantly surrendered by Missouri to the Illinois authorities. No one dreamed that he could escape the gallows, and it was believed that he would be lynched before he reached Galesburg. Extra precautions were taken, however, and he was safely lodged in jail. Once secure behind the bars he held levees daily, reciting with evident pride, the numerous murders he had committed. He wrote a great deal for the newspapers, in prose and doggerel, and made no concealment of his intention to kill everybody who had been instrumental in bringing him to jail if he ever regained his liberty.

"I will kill you and you," he would say, "and that feller down in St. Louis when I get out of this." His enjoyment of the sensation he had caused was intense, and was marred only by the refusal of the authorities to let him wear his pistols. He begged piteously to have the weapons given up to him unloaded, of course, for he said he appeared much better with them on. The Sheriff finally consented to let the fellow have his picture taken with his harness and revolvers in place, and these photographs were sold in large numbers. While Rande was in jail at Galesburg he received a long letter from Jack Langdon, then under sentence of death in Texas for murder, in which the Lone Star desperado expressed the greatest admiration for the Illinois murderer. Jack had killed nineteen men in his day, but he magnanimously refused to claim greater distinction than that which he freely gave to Rande, for he said the quality of Rande's victims was higher than that of his, some of whom were only "niggers and half breeds," and "didn't count for much." Jack recited a few of the biggest things he ever did for the entertainment of Rande, and expressed a consuming desire to read the life of the Illinois murderer, which he urged Rande to write, if he had not done so already. He enclosed a copy of his own life and adventures, and only regretted that he had not been able to make the narrative still more interesting. Rande began work on an exhaustive biography, and continued his labors throughout his trial. The trial was a good deal of a farce, and resulted in a verdict of murder with a sentence to life imprisonment, fixed by the jury itself. The defence was insanity, but the only impression that could be made on the jury was in the direction of mitigation of sentence. The result of the trial was

A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT

to every citizen of Knox county, but there was no move in the direction of violence. During the trial Rande wore the same suit of clothes which he had on when he was shot in the St. Louis pawnshop, and there were ragged holes and blood stains very suggestive of the carnage through which he had passed. Some people believed that this fact, and the additional one that Rande was still feeble and apparently irresponsible for his mad-dog proclivities, induced the jury to forego the death sentence in his case.

In Joliet, Rande has been a troublesome prisoner. He had been feared and hated by his fellow prisoners, and the officers always kept him under a close watch. He had an idea that he was a sort of leader in the prison by reason of his pre-eminence in crime, and he used to refer contemptuously to "these crooks," as if they were far beneath him in social status. At first he devoted his spare time to writing novels based on incidents in his own career, in which he always figured as the hero. These works he called "The American Brigand." "The Knox County Desperado." "The St. Louis Pawn Shop Fiend," and "The Brilliant Bandit of the Wabash." When he discovered that none of these could ever be printed, he turned his attention to inventions, and during the last three or four months he has drawn plans and specifications for several curious contrivances. He had a scheme for perpetual motion which he was sure would do away with the use of steam on railroads. Besides a fire escape of some merit he got up what he called a criminal detector. If he could only get out of prison to perfect it, he said, no guilty man could ever escape. It would ferret out crime better than any detective. He had an entirely new plan in telegraphy, by which he could send information instantly to any distance without the use of electricity, and just before he made his last deadly assault on his keeper he was at work on the plans and specifications of a gun which was to shoot and kill at thirty miles range.

Rande is desperately wounded, but he may recover. He has had some rational spells, and in those he has boasted that he has killed thirteen men, and expressed the hope that the Warden would die, so as to make the fourteen. To all inquires as to his condition he says he is all right, and will be out in a few days, as he has had worse wounds than those from which he is now suffering and has recovered. It seems almost impossible to kill him. The ball which he received the other day in the ear was fired with the muzzle of the revolver not three inches from his head, and the bullet passed through the skull at the case of the brain, but the prison surgeons say that he will probaby get well.

Since the above was in type word has been received that Rande finished his career by hanging himself.

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A man in London has been teaching dogs to talk by writing the word "food" on a card, and placing it on a saucer so that the animal would know where his meal was. The average bull-dog does not require this kind of instruction. He is self-taught, and always knows where to locate the tramp's calf without any kind of label.

Michelet says woman is the Sunday of man. We differ with Michelet. We think on wash day she is rather more the Monday.

# INTERESTING ITEMS.

## New use for the Telephone—Population of Ireland—Gambling in Paris—Bathing Children. etc., etc.

A woman who contracted a cough in a newly plastered hotel at Cleveland has been awarded $2,000 damages.

The French railway companies are going to try a system of warming cars by pipes on long-distance, quick trains, in lieu of the feet warmers now used, the changing of which at night disturbs passengers.

At a fashionable dinner party recently in Piccadilly a telephone was found at the side of each plate. These telephones were laid on to a hall in which a band was playing so that each guest could get snatches of music between the courses.

A singular accident happened lately at a mill in Nashville, Tenn. A workman was thrown toward a circular saw, and thinking he would strike it, died from fright. When picked up he was dead, but there was no sign of a bruise on his body.

A prize of $10,000, open to all nationalities, is offered in France, in December, 1887, for a discovery enabling electricity to be applied economically either as a source of heat, light, chemical action, mechanical power, or a means of transmitting intelligence.

The *Berliner Tageblatt* states that sixty-eight months of imprisonment were during 1883 inflicted on the editors of six newspapers in the province of Posen alone, and that only two of the political papers there have at this moment their editors out of prison. Germans pay dearly for their United Germany.

For thirty years prior to 1850 the consumption of wine and spirits in Paris was at the rate of about 100 litres per head. Between 1850 and 1860 it rose to 119; between 1860 and 1865 it reached 160; in 1872 216; in 1881, 227. Those who ought to know say that the increased consumption has worked no improvement in health or morality.

The Duluth papers mention the discovery of a "certain cure" for gout. A peasant who was confined to his bed by a sharp attack was stung by a bee, and almost immediately he felt better and the next day he was well. A short time after another patient thought he would try the same remedy, and having induced a bee to sting him on the part affected, he also was cured.

The population of Ireland is now very nearly the same as it was in the year of the Union, 5,100,000, the great increase up to 1841, when it reached 8,199,000, having been entirely lost. But whereas in 1832, on the passing of the Reform bill, Ireland had 32 32 per cent. of the population of the United Kingdom, it has now but 14.81 per cent. and its electors who were 11.32 per cent of the whole in 1832, are now but 7.45.

The Bombay Chamber of Commerce has submitted a memorial to the Viceroy urging that railway extension be prosecuted at the rate of 2,000 or 3,000 miles annually for the next ten years, at a cost of $20,000,000 per annum. They recommend that this sum be raised by sterling loans in London, at guaranteed interest of 3½ per cent, in perpetuity. The greater the railroad extension in India, the less risk of famines.

The inexorable law of centralization is the cause of overcrowding in towns. In 1851 the rural population of England amounted to 8 700,000 and the town population 8,000,000. In 1881 the rural population was 8 600,000, and the town population 17,000,000; showing that in 30 years the town population was nearly doubled, while the rural population was diminished to the extent of 100,000.

Last year 220,922,650 lottery tickets were sold by the lottery offices in Italy, on which 71,826,683 francs were staked, being 2 francs 44 centimes on an average for each of the 29,000,000 inhabitants. The winnings on these ventures amounted to 44,411,528 francs, leaving a net profit of 27,415,154 francs to the State. Only forty-four winnings were above 10,000 francs each, the highest two being one of 78,000 francs made in Turin, and the other of 50,000 francs in Naples.

The appointment of a chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons "to read prayers with the House daily" commenced with the Long Parliament. Previous to that the rule was "that the litany be read every day and a prayer be said by Mr. Speaker, as he should think fittest for the time, to be begun every morning at half past eight, and every member making default to forfeit 4d. to the poor man's box." The present chaplain is the Hon. F. Byng, son of Earl Spofford.

The evidence seemed overwhelmingly against Edward Johnson, a colored man, on trial for burglary in Bativia, Ohio. His trial had lasted four days, and the audience in court thought him sure to be convicted. He asked permission to speak and talked for forty-five minutes. He fairly tore to pieces the State's network of evidence, plunged most of the jurors in tears, amazed the Court, captivated the audience, and made a speech which the Cincinnati papers say has no parallel in rude eloquence since the days of Chief Red Jacket. He was acquitted.

Apropos of the club gambling scandal in Paris a correspondent writes: Louis XIV. himself was not free from the vice of cheating. One day he was playing with the Marquis de Rohan, his first valet de chambre. 'I have got four kings,' said Louis.' The Marquis suspected a trick, as he held a king himself, and the Heathen Chinee was not yet invented. 'I have got five knaves,' capped the Marquis. 'How can that be?' 'On the same principle of your Majesty, who includes himself. Four knaves in my hand and myself make five.' A knave is called valet in French.

An extraordinary general meeting of the city authorities and representatives was held at Odessa, in Russia, on Feb. 23, convened for the adoption of special measures in order to arrest the alarming mortality from diphtheria, in Odessa and its environs. It is an indisputable fact that this disease has been, in a greater or lesser degree, epidemic in that city for the last twelve years. One of the speakers, a physician and city representative, declared the only thoroughly efficient means of arresting the progress of the disease was by the destruction by fire of certain surroundings and domestic accessories.

The Japanese women advertise the number of their years by the arrangement of their hair. Girls from 9 to 15 wear their hair interlaced with red crape, describing a half circle around the head, the forehead being left free with a curl on each side. From 15 to 30 the hair is dressed very high on the forehead and put up at the back in the shape of a fan or butterfly, with interlacings of silver cord and a decoration of colored balls. Beyond 30 a woman twists her hair around a shell pin, placed horizontally at the back of the head. Widows also designate themselves, and whether they desire to marry again.

The London *Truth* gives the following particulars respecting the cheating in the club of the Rue Royale, which has led to so much discussion in Paris: "Those who have been members of the club for a certain time have an open credit of 20,000 francs on which they can draw. The member whose malpractices have been brought to light, having exhausted his 20 000 francs, borrowed the credits of two other members. He soon lost these 40,000 francs, and then borrowed money of a card waiter. This supply being lost, the waiter proposed to him to accept him as a partner. This ill luck continued, and the waiter's money followed that of the member. Hence the use of the marked cards, which M. Hottinguer detected by the touch when dealing them. The matter was brought home to the peccant member by a careful examination of the card accounts, in which the use by each member of his credit is set down."

A London sanitary paper says: "The agony caused to many delicate children through the ignorance of mothers and nurses by making them stand in cold water of in a cold room in the depth of winter (while frequently the process of bathing is anything but a brisk one), must in a good many cases make the bath, instead of being a pleasure and a luxury, a very trying ordeal to the shivering little victims. To none but the very strongest is a perfectly cold bath in cold weather either pleasant or profitable. The water, as a general rule, should be of the same temperature as the body, so that no disagreeable shock is caused by plunging into the bath; while on no account (in the case of the daily bath) should it be so warm as to prevent the invigorating and refreshing sensation on emerging. Sir James Paget, the eminent English surgeon, says, "have the temperature of the water just as you like it."

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## A Tremendous Task.

Whatever they may say, all that they are doing at Panama looks to the construction of a canal that must have 124 feet lockage, and will then cost $200,000, in addition to the $100,000,000 called in on stock, or obtained on bonds. About $20,000,000 has gone to the founders and sub-founders; about as much more for the purpose of the Panama Railroad, and ten per cent. in advertising and extra fee to bankers; and as much more to contractors as a bonus. I have it from an engineer, conversant with the work, that every cubic metre of hard ground excavated costs $2 50, which is five times what it should cost even there. But the difficulty, even for a lock canal, is to get rid of the excavated material. An enormous amount of excavation will be required to get proper slopes in the Culebra cut. This is almost wholly in earth, and the summit level of the railroad is a mere "hog's back,"—that is to say, it has very steep grades on both sides. The cut was made twenty-five feet deep, because of the tendency of the earth to slide. In fact a train was caught in this gap by a slide, and it required days to dig it out. The earth had to be carried off in buckets and it was like putty. If the canal has a lockage of 125 feet then the deep cut will be at least 200 feet. So you see what a cut in width it must be, and what the land slides will be after heavy rains.—*Rear-Admiral Ammen.*

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## An Old Warrior.

If any man deserved to be buried with military honors, it was the veteran Gen. Schramm, who was recently laid to his rest at La Courneuve in France. The departed warrior must certainly have been the oldest General, if not the oldest soldier, in the armies of the world, having been born nearly ninety-five years ago, and having entered military service at the age of ten. The Emperor of Germany and Marchal von Moltke were in their cradles, and the fathers of Gen. Gordon and Lord Wolseley probably not born, when Schramm first came on parade eighty-five years ago. When Austerlitz was fought Schramm was an old soldier with six campaigns behind him; and when after Waterloo, he retired for a time into private life, he had earned his repose by fifteen years of active service, which included the terrible Russian expedition of 1812. He emerged in 1830, and for a quarter of a century afterward took an active share in all the military affairs of his country, became War Minister under the Second Empire, and, as an able old veteran, lived to see the armies of the nation he had helped to crush at Jena take their revenge a second time at Gravelotte and Sedan. The "Chronicle of the Drum," as told by Schramm, should have been worth hearing

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## An Earthquake Observatory in Japan.

An earthquake observatory is being started in Japan by Prof. Milne of the Imperial Engineering College in Tokio. This novel observatory is fitted up deep down in the coal mines of the island of Takashinto, not far from Nagasaki. Instruments are placed at different levels in the mines, which will afford measures of the relations of time, intensity, &c., between earth-tremors below ground and those observed at the surface. These minute and almost imperceptible movements of the earth's crust have already been the subject of experiments, in the researches into the lunar disturbance of gravity by the brothers Darwin, who suggested two or three years ago the necessity of underground observations in order to get rid of the accidental disturbances which seem to be fatal to successful experiments at the surface.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

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Being entertained by a romance isn't what is usually meant when the types say "a novel entertainment."

A rural friend wants to know what is the best thing to feed hogs on. He might feed them on the ground, or, if he wishes, in a trough. We never did approve of fixing up up mahogany tables with marble tops for hogs.

# MORSELS FOR SUNDAY READING.

We write our blessings on the water, but afflictions on the rocks.

Patience is not passive; on the contrary it is active; it is concentrated strength.

The beam of the benevolent eye giveth value to the bounty which the hand dispenseth.

Nothing except what flows from the heart can render even external manners pleasing.

Noble examples stir us up to noble actions and the very history of large and public souls inspires a man with generous thoughts.

All along the pathway of life are tombstones, by the side of which we have promised to strive for heaven.

Never expect women to be sincere so long as they are educated to think that their first aim in life is to please.

Prejudice and self-sufficiency naturally proceed from inexperience of the world and ignorance of mankind.

He who can irritate you when he likes is your master. You had better turn rebel by learning the virtue of patience.

No man was ever so completely skilled in the conduct of life as not to receive new information from age and experience.

Philosophy and science can lead us only to the probability of immortality, and there is a vast step from probability to certainty.

There is not in the world so toilsome a trade as the pursuit of fame; life concludes before you have so much as sketched your work.

Four things are greviously empty: A head without brains, a wit without judgment, a heart without honesty and a purse without money.

Envy, if surrounded on all sides by the brightness of another's prosperity, like the scorpion confined within a circle of fire, will sting itself to death.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company.

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

Prejudices are most difficult to eradicate from the heart whose soil has never been loosened, or fertilized by education. They grow there firm as weeds among stones.

No money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is dressed as well as other people, and the wife is pleased that she is dressed.

The greatest of fools is he who imposes on himself, and in his greatest concern thinks certainly he knows that which he has least studied, and of which he is most profoundly ignorant.

Bind together your spare hours by the chord of some definite purpose, and you know not how much you may accomplish. Gather up the fragments of your time that nothing can be lost.

Happy is the man who eats only for hunger, and drinks only for thirst; who stands on his legs, and lives according to reason, and not according to fashion; who provides for whatever is necessary and useful and expends nothing for ostentation and pomp.

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## FACTS AND FIGURES.

At present about 19 000 persons are exiled to Siberia annually, and about sixty per cent. are nobles.

In France there are 2,150 lady artists, of whom 602 are oil painters, 107 sculptors, 193 miniature painters, and 754 painters on porcelain.

There were in England in 1883 paupers numbering 1,069,296, in a population of 26,700,000, or one pauper to every twenty-five of the population.

Russia produces annually about $4,000,000 worth of honey, or over 18,000 tons, besides 5,000 pounds of wax worth $2,000,000. It is nearly all consumed in the empire, however.

There are said to have been 500,000 Christians in the world at the end of the first century, 10,000,000 in the time of Constantine, 30,000,000 in the eighth century, 100,000,000 at the time of the Reformation and 450,000,000 in 1883.

The imports of wool in the United States have increased since 1876 about seventy-five per cent., and last year was 70,575,478 pounds. The home clip has increased about thirty-five per cent., amounting now to 290,000,000 pounds annually.

In New York city, according to some figures recently published, there are more than 800 rag-dealers, and the pickers, who are mostly Italians, gather $750,000 worth yearly in the streets and roads, while the money realized for cotton rags alone in the United States is put at $22,000,000 per annum.

The gross value of the city of London in April next will be £4 237,000, and the rateable value £3 582,000, while the gross value of the rest of the metropolis will be £30,745,000, and the rateable £25,372,000. Thus despite the rapid growth of the metropolis, the one square mile of the city keeps up its proportion of about one-seventh of the rateable value of the whole 120 square miles.

Statistics are being collected in France for the purpose of forming an estimate as to whether the total number of inhabitants in the country will be greater or less than it is now at the close of the century. Thus far the figures tend to show that there is likely to be a decrease rather than an increase in the population. There are not upon an average more than two children now in each family in France, and though there has always been an increase in the population since 1806, the rate of the increase has been constantly declining from 38 per 10,000 yearly to 26 per 10,809. Returns also state that out of every 100 inhabitants of Paris only thirty-six are born in the department, fifty-seven coming from the provinces, and seven from abroad. Moreover, while the number of births remains nearly stationary in France, the rate of infant mortality is enormous, being as much as 27 per cent. in Normandy and 15 per cent. for the whole of France.

# A Scientific Experiment.

(CONCLUDED.)

"Excuse my interrupting," said Miss Darant, "but I thought you might want to smoke, so I brought Tom's cigar-case which fell out of his pocket on the sofa."

"A mere excuse, Tom," whispered Spencer.

Miss Darant turned to go, but Spencer detained her by saying:

"We were talking of you, Miss Darant, just as you came in."

"Indeed?"

"Yes," said her lover; "Jack has been letting me into a few of the secrets of his profession. It seems he's a great mesmerist, and was saying that you were a capital subject."

"Am I? I've never been mesmerized in my life. What is it like?"

"The simplest thing in the world,' said Spencer. "You only drop off into a kind of dream."

"And then the mesmerist makes you do what he likes," added Tom.

"How curious! I should like to try it," said Amy.

"I'll mesmerize you with pleasure if you like," said Spencer.

"You will be bound to answer all his questions truthfully," said Tom warningly.

Amy looked up rather annoyed.

"One would imagine you were of opinion that truthfulness was not one of my usual characteristics," she said. "I'm not afraid of the test."

"Shall I go on?" whispered Spencer to Tom.

"Yes," said Tom desperately, "fire away."

Amy was quite ready. Following Spencer's directions, she seated herself in a chair and fixed her eyes steadily on a small disk which he placed on the wall.

"You'll be sure and wake me afterward?" she said.

"Oh, yes; that's a matter of no difficulty."

Amy settled down to the operation, with the remark that it was like being photographed.

Wilkinson stood behind her, anxiously watching the progress of the experiment, while Spencer began making slow passes.

"When you feel drowsy let your eyes close," he said quietly.

In a very short time Amy seemed to be feeling the influence of the operator, her eyes closed, and she appeared to be fast asleep.

"Is she off?" whispered Tom.

"I think so, but we will leave her a few moments and make quite sure."

"Can she hear what we say?"

"Oh, no."

"I'm half ashamed about it," said Tom; "upon my word I don't think she really cares about Bartlett."

"Wait a few minutes and you will know for certain."

After a few moments more and a powerful pass or two, Spencer gently opened her eyes, which were quite fixed.

"There she is, you see," he said to Tom.

"Are you certain she's off?"

For reply Spencer gave her ear a pinch.

"You see she is absolutely unconscious," he said; "You might cut off her arm and she would not feel it. What shall I ask her?"

"Ask her about the ball," suggested Tom.

"Very well; I'll make her believe she is at the Kestertons' dance. Miss Durant!"

"Yes," replied Amy dreamily.

"Can you hear what I say?"

"Yes."

"Do you know who I am?"

"No."

"You ought to know my voice," said Spencer. "I'm Tom Wilkinson."

"I say, Jack—" interrupted Tom.

"Shut up! Have you enjoyed the evening?"

"Very much," was the eager reply.

"Have you danced with Mr. Bartlett to-night?"

"Yes, several times, and I'm engaged to him for another waltz."

"Ah, I see him coming," said Spencer; "I must resign you, I suppose."

"Now," he whispered to Tom, "Quick, here's your chance; I'll make her believe you're Bartlett."

Tom came forward.

"Can I speak in my natural voice?" he asked.

"Yes; but try and talk intelligently, like Bartlett."

But Tom could only make a few vapid observations, till Spencer told him to begin dancing, as he was making Amy believe the waltz had begun. Tom put his arm around her waist and slowly moved her round the room.

"I haven't often had this pleasure to-night," he said, speaking in his character of Bartlett.

"Oh, how can you say so, Mr. Bartlett; this is the third waltz you've had."

Tom looked daggers at Spencer, who encouraged him by a look to go on.

"Aren't you afraid Mr. Wilkinson will be jealous?"

"Oh, let him be if he likes," said Amy; "don't let us talk about him; let's talk about something pleasant."

"You dare to—" burst out Tom; but Spencer put his hand over his mouth and dragged him away.

"You had better leave it to me, if you can't control yourself," he said. "I must make her believe that I am Bartlett."

"You had better take care what you are doing," muttered Tom angrily.

"We must carry it through now it's started," said Spencer.

He led Amy to her chair, and willing that she should believe the dance ended, let her sit down.

"My dear Miss Durant," he said to her, "how it pains me to see you engaged to such an unappreciative man as Wilkinson."

"You villain!" cried Tom, "are you going to try and prejudice her against me before my face!"

"Will you be quiet? I'm Bartlett now, not Spencer."

"He is not a model lover, I acknowledge," said Amy.

"Ah if I only had the happiness of showing you how I could appreciate you," said Spence.

"But you, Mr. Bartlett, are not the only one who does."

The two friends exchanged glances. What is coming out next?

"Golon," said Tom resolutely.

"Who else is there?" asked Spencer.

"Do you like him very much?"

"Yes, but don't tell Tom."

"No, I won't. Who is it?"

"It's Jack Spencer."

"Jack Spencer!" he exclaimed. "I!"

"You! No; you are Mr. Bartlett."

"Yes, yes, of course I am," said Spencer. He turned to Tom. "I think we had better stop now," he said.

"Go on," replied Tom; "I insist. Ask her if she has danced with you to-night."

Spencer obeyed.

"Only twice," was the sorrowful reply.

"Tom," said Spencer, "it's all a delusion—a mistake. I only danced with her once the whole evening."

"Don't attempt to deny it," cried Tom. "You yourself told me she must speak the truth."

"But she isn't—"

"Go on! Wait a moment; make her believe that I am you. No nonsense, now."

Tom looked threateningly. Spencer obeyed, wondering what would be the result.

Wilkinson at once began. Evidently his mind was made up.

"Mr. Bartlett's a nice fellow—isn't he, Amy?"

"Yes, but not so nice as you, Mr. Spencer."

"Tom," said Spencer, "she doesn't mean it."

"Silence!" was Tom's reply.

He continued to talk in his assumed character of Spencer, the real owner of the name standing by helpless.

"I've not seen you much lately," said Tom.

"No; Tom is so jealous. I say, Jack, do you remember that lovely walk by moonlight last week?"

Spencer could not stand this.

"Tom, on my honor," he said, "I was out of town the whole of last week."

"So you say," was the contemptuous reply.

"You told me then you liked me," continued Amy.

"Tom," interrupted Spencer, "If I never speak another word—"

"You won't if you don't keep silent now," was the savage retort. "Why, Amy, so I do," he said to her.

"Then won't you kiss me, Jack, as you did then?"

Tom left her with a bound, and seized Spencer by the collar.

"You abominable villain!" he cried.

"Let me go!" shouted Spencer, "or I'll smash this bottle on your head!"

Wilkinson gradually relinquished his hold.

"What have you to say for yourself?" he asked. "Are you satisfied with your scientific experiment?"

"Tom," said Spencer earnestly, "no one could be more surprised at the way things have turned out than I am; it is contrary to every scientific law—I can't explain it."

"But you shall explain it. We are no longer friends—we are rivals."

"I deny it," cried Spencer; "I deny that I aspire to the affections of Miss Darant. There is some incomprehensible mystery about this; let us ask Miss Darant herself to explain it."

"Yes we will; undo your miserable spells."

Spencer proceeded to go through the usual process by which mesmerized persons are restored to their normal condition. For some reason it had not its usual effect. Amy still remained unconscious.

In spite of Spencer's efforts to conceal his anxiety, Tom soon discovered that all was not going properly. When some minutes had elapsed, and no sign of returning consciousness appeared, it would have been hard to say which was the more alarmed.

"Shout in her ear," suggested Tom.

It was tried without effect. "Willing," seemed to have lost its power. "Amy, Amy!" was cried in vain by the frightened lover, who would have been ready to murder the operator on the spot, but for the knowledge that if he couldn't wake her no one could.

"Try some water," suggested Spencer; "throw it in her face."

Tom seized the bottle, and was on the point of deluging her when her eyes gradually opened.

"Where am I?" she asked dreamily.

"In my room," replied Spencer reassuringly; "don't be frightened."

"I remember now, you were going to mesmerize me. Did you?"

"He did," answered Wilkinson, "and no mistake."

"I've been having such funny dreams,' said Amy; "I thought I was at the Kestertons' again."

Wilkinson whispered to Spencer.

"I thought you told me they never remembered what had happened?"

Spencer could only look puzzled.

By this time Amy was completely recovered, and Tom thought it best to get over the necessary scene as soon as possible.

"Miss Darant," he said, "I am sorry I must ask you a few questions, rendered necessary by what you said during your trance. Did you dance with either Mr. Bartlett or Mr. Spencer at the Kestertons'?"

"Of course—you saw me. Why do you ask me such a question?"

"Did you meet this man by moonlight one night last week?" asked Tom, fixing his eyes on her.

Amy drew herself up.

"I refuse to answer," she said.

"I have asked Spencer," went on Tom; "he denies it, but I believe falsely. I ask you for the last time."

"I will not lower myself by replying to such a question," returned Amy, moving toward the door.

"Ah, you cannot deny it," burst out Tom. "Oh, Amy, you have basely deceived me, you have confessed unconsciously in your sleep that you don't care for me, but that others own what you call your heart. Now I know the truth, and I resign you and happiness forever."

"Very well," replied Amy calmly, "if you choose to act so stupidly without cause, you may do so."

"Without cause!" ejaculated Tom sarcastically.

"Without cause," repeated Amy. "Can you listen to reason, for a moment? though you don't deserve to have it wasted on you. When Mr. Spencer thought he had mesmerized me I had simply shut my eyes to induce the trance. I therefore heard your conversation, and gathered that I was to be made the subject of an experiment to gratify your jealousy. I need not say I carefully acted as if I were in a real trance and did my best to pay you both for your unwarrantable proceedings. I hope I frightened you well. Now, gentlemen, are you not ashamed of yourselves?"

Spencer was the first to reply.

"Miss Darant, I have been a most uncompromising scoundrel: there is my arm, kindly return the pinch I gave you with tenfold interest."

Tom stood silent, it was not so easy for him to speak. At last he decided to throw himself upon her mercy.

"Amy, what can I say in extenuation of my conduct?"

"That, sir, is for you to discover: it is not my part to find excuses for you."

"I have none," said Tom humbly. "Will you forgive me?"

"Perhaps—conditionally."

"Any conditions you like," said Tom earnestly.

"The first is you are never to be jealous again."

"Never," cried Tom. "What else?"

"That you are to forgive me if I have given you cause for jealousy," whispered Amy.

"I won't do so again."

"Why, my darling, you are turning the tables on me."

"Perhaps, after all," she said softly, "table-turning is better than mesmerism."


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2nd.—Name an Ethiopian who delivered a prophet from danger.

3rd.—Name a wife given as a reward of valor.

These are the Bible questions that *Truth* propounds in the new competition just now opened. They are certainly difficult, but any clever Bible student ought to be able to answer them, and to secure one of the magnificent rewards offered. We will give them in detail, as it will, no doubt, interest our readers.

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[illegible] hand. I like [illegible] these print 38 [illegible] on their [illegible] balance of [illegible] would

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in all styles of Moulding, very cheap.

**N. M. MAYBEE.**
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

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# HARDWARE. - HARDWARE.

We have the following Brands of Axes and Saws in stock at lowest prices:

**AXES.**

CHOPPERS' TRUST,
SOLID STEEL,
SILVER STEEL,
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BURRELL'S DIFFERENT BRANDS
BROAD AXES.

**SAWS.**

LANCE SAWS,
SHIRLEY & DIETRICH,
MAPLE LEAF,
SMITH'S CHAMPION.

Also a full stock of all other Lumbermen's supplies.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Madoc, Oct. 25, 1883.

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**Established - in 1862.**

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*OUGHS— Ploughs— PLOUGHS.*

WE ARE MANUFACTURING

EEL AND IRON PLOUGHS

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armers will consult their own interest by asing from us as we keep on hand repairs, y doing away with delays.

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We are now prepared to GUM Saws.

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**HEALTH FOR ALL.**

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## THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

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Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

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And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

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## AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

**$10,000 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market**

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the

**NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.**

Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut **away down.**

Boots and Shoes *MUST BE RUN OFF* inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.

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## Overcoats and ready-made Clothing

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## O'FLYNN & O'HARA'S,

We are offering tremendous bargains. Don't fail to see them.

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ALL KINDS OF

*HOME-MADE WORK*

FOR SALE,

*OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,*

—AT—

**MORRICE'S**

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*Terms in Future Strictly Cash.*

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

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